

—The—
Red and White

Commencement Issue



RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

RUTLAND, VERMONT

JUNE, 1927

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PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



Editors



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Second Vice-Principal



FLORENCE M. BEEBE
Consulting Editor.



Editorials



DAMUS GRATIA.

Another school year has rolled by, and the Red and White has passed another milestone in its career.

Our success we attribute to many sources, to our principal, Mr. Johnson, to our Consulting Editor, Miss Beebe, to the conscientious efforts of our staff and to the vigorous support of the students.

Therefore, it is my duty to thank all those whose efforts have made the Red and White a success and to wish the incoming editor and his assistants the greatest joy in their work of producing an even better and larger Red and White.

FAREWELL.

As we Seniors leave the time-worn portals of Rutland High, to emerge into a wider world of learning and industry, we feel that we owe a great deal of gratitude to our principals, Messrs Abbot and Johnson and to the respective teachers, who have, through four pleasant years, allowed us to partake of their knowledge and thus make us more fitted for our duty in life.

As we go to our different positions of work, some to enter into the business world, some to college, and others to earn their living by engaging in manual labor, we all feel that the four years spent at Rutland High were worthwhile, for although we have learned much from books, yet we have learned much more than knowledge, for we have obtained poise, self-consciousness has been effaced, and our views on the world at large have become more cultured, more refined, and less partisan.

Memories of the happy days spent at Rutland High School will often return to us, and bring fresh to our minds the joyful and care-free days, which are the most cherished possession of men and women. And as we bid the school farewell forever we cannot help but recall to our minds the words of "Amici,"

Our strong band can ne'er be broken
Formed in Rutland High
Far surpassing wealth unspoken
Sealed by friendship's tie.

J. L. '27.

THE STAFF.

One of the main reasons for the success of the Red and White this school year is The Staff. Now a position on the staff of a school paper is rather a thankless job; for the staff receives no letters, the staff receives no outstanding praise. Although they do not receive these honors yet they earn them as much as anyone in the other activities of the school. They should consider that the joy of their work is its own reward.

A school paper should be a credit to the school, for it is the one thing that goes outside our city. Yes, even outside our state, that proclaims what our school is able to do in work outside of athletics, and other important activities of our place of learning.

A school paper in order to be a credit to the school must have a conscientious staff, one which will do its best work for the good of the paper.

The Red and White was indeed fortunate in having a well balanced staff, whose efforts all tended to the producing of a paper worthy of Rutland High.

Praise is due to the editors of the various departments, to Joseph Avery, our Business Manager; to Bernard Dick, the hard working Joke Editor; to Harry Holden, the Athletic Editor, and to Robert Wilson, the Artist of the staff. And the work of Mildred Cheney in the News Department, Mary Phillips' labors in the Alumni Column, Charlotte Robinson's efforts in making our Literary Department a great asset to the paper, and Nathalie Lewis' work in the Exchange Department all deserve the greatest praise.

The Reporters, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen come in for credit too, for the success of the Red and White can be attributed in a great measure to their efforts.

In closing, I wish to thank Miss Beebe in behalf of all the staff for her great help in all our work, and let it be said that to her belongs considerable credit for having a paper of which we may be justly proud. In future years we wish her happiness and success in the production of any paper that she may supervise.

—The Editor.



THE STAFF



SENIORS

MELBA
ROSE



ETHEL AIKEN

General Course

Ethel is of a very quiet nature. She seems to keep her bashful poise, but we prophecy that she will attract attention when she steps out into the world.



MARY ALEXANDER

Commercial Course

"Pickles"; Senior Chorus.

We present Mary whose favorite occupation is always eating but who can dance anything from an Irish jig to Black Bottom.



ELSA ANDERSON

General Course

Friends of this girl's childhood say that it was absolutely impossible to teach her the alphabet. She refused to consider any other letter but the one marked "A". This obstinate trait is still with her, and the teachers continue to humor the child in respect to it.



JOSEPH AVERY

General Course

Freshmen Reception Committee '25; Junior Prom '25; Assistant Manager Red and White '26; Chairman of Class Ring Committee '25; Senior Play; Senior Reception '27; Captain of Debating Team '27; Business Manager Red and White '27.

Joe is one of those guys who likes every one, especially the fair sex, and whom every one likes. His ready wit has been a source of constant amusement for all of us.



ALICE BAIN

General Course

Chorus '26, '27.

Alice is one of the girls who makes the world go 'round. If you've never heard her giggle you've missed something.



JEANNETTE BALDWIN

College Course

Chorus '25, '26, '27; Senior Representative to A. A.; Red and White '26; Baseball Fair '25; Class Picnic Committee '27; Class Flower Committee; Class Basketball Team.

We all know "Jobie" by her irreproachable neatness. Personality and a sunny disposition both belong to her.



MILDRED BALL

General Course

Honor Roll '24, '25; Chorus Accompanist '26, '27; Secretary of Class '27; Red and White '26, '27; Junior Prom Committee '26.

Here's "Skinny"—"You'll have to step high, wide and handsome because she's full of push, pep, and integrity and just 'rarin' to go."



FLAVIA BARTALENA

General Course

Chorus '27; Lunch Room '26, '27.

Flavia has a fine character and a pleasing personality but she never favored a male with the slightest side glance. Do look this way Flavia.



VIRGINIA BELDEN

College Course

Basketball '27; Chorus '27.

A frank, impulsive, good-natured person is Virginia. Even in the short time that we have known her she has proven an agreeable classmate.



MILDRED BILLADO

Commercial Course

"Milly" is always ready for everything, whether its chasing along to a basketball game or chasing downstreet for an ice-cream soda.



LUCY BINGHAM

General Course

Chorus '24, '25, '27.

"A drum, a drum
Lucy doth come."

Lucy lift your feet, we know your walk now.



CATHERINE BOYDEN

College Course

Chorus '24, '25, '26, '27; Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Senior Play; Baccalaureate Committee; Class Baseball Team '27.

"Kit", a good pal and a good sport who was never lacking in school spirit.



EDWARD BRIGGS

General Course

"Pickles"; Chorus '27.

We wonder if the people on Killington Ave. know "Ed" as we do. If they do, they must like him.



WALTER BROWN

Commercial Course

"Walt" is a reliable, fun-loving and good-hearted fellow, whom we'll miss.



EMMA BRUZZA

Commercial Course

Emma has obtained the "sweetest personality" during her stay in High School. May she always keep it.



HAROLD BURKE

Commercial Course

Chorus '27.

Serenely indifferent, always dependable, such is Harold.



MARY BUTTERFLY

General Course

Chairman of Class Color Committee; Class Gift Committee; Chorus; Honor Roll '24, '25, '26, '27; Graduation Theme.

Mary is a member of the quiet group and we've failed to find her faults in school but we've heard rumors, Mary!



ROBERT CAMPBELL

General Course

Magnanimous, frank and energetic, "Camp" is a loyal adherent of R. H. S.



DONALD CANTY

Commercial Course

Orchestra '24, '25, '26, '27.

"Don" and his fiddle will be missed in the orchestra. Good luck, Donald!



DOROTHEA CARBINE

General Course

"Pickles"; Senior Chorus.

"Dot" can almost beat her friend, Marie, as a conversationalist and a flutterer; nevertheless she is always more than welcome.



ROBERT CARBINE

General Course

Football '26, '27; Baseball '25, '26, '27; Track '25, '26; Chorus '25, '26; R. H. S. A. A.; Tres Decem; Chairman of Senior Reception '27; Chairman of Junior '26.

Yes, "Bob", you held your place in our class. Never in a hurry but always on time. You have made many friends; among these we might mention one fair flapper in the Junior Class.



JOHN CARRIGAN

General Course

Chairman of Freshmen Reception Committee '27; Chairman of Class Night Committee; Junior Prom '26; Senior Chorus.

"Foggy" has a laugh up both sleeves and a pin in each hand. If anything ever happened at school he did it—for verification ask any one.



ANNETTE CHAMBERLAND

General Course

Chorus '25, '27; Orchestra '26, '27.

A tall girl is Annette and one who is capable of living up to her height.



HARLEY CHATTERTON

College Course

Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Chorus '27.

Four years at R. H. S. have not changed the talkative, cheerful nature of "Ick". His optimism and geniality, combined with his willingness to aid, will surely help him in the swift race of life.



MILDRED CHENEY

General Course

Junior Prom '26; Senior Reception '27; Chorus '26, '27; Red and White '26, '27.

We present "Min" who believes "variety is the spice of life." She gets a lot of joy out of life, but she puts a lot into it, too.



ANTOINETTE CIOFFI

Commercial Course

Orchestra '24, '25, '26, '27; Chorus '26; "Once In A Blue Moon"; "Rose Maiden"; Junior Prom '26.

Gifted with the art of drawing, Antoinette has made her life one lovely "sketch" after another.



FRANCIS CLIFFORD

Commercial Course

Francis is a long time getting started but when he does, he goes with a "bang"! Look out!



EDNA COLE

Commercial Course

Costume Committee for "Pickles"; Senior Gift Committee; Senior Chorus.

Always smiling, always happy, we have found "Eddy" to be a good sport.



RUTH CORCORAN

General Course

Chorus '24, '25, '26, '27.

A little girl who leaves a gap as big as a barn door in R. H. S.



RICHARD DAGGS

General Course

"Dick", our Eagle Scout, we are very proud to number you among us. Three cheers with a big Rah on the end! All together.



ALBERT DAVIS

General Course

"Albie", the proud owner of a "Flying Lizzie", surely you've seen both.



JAMES DAVIS

General Course

Jimmy's troubles always caused a laugh. For instance did you ever see him driving his buggy up Woodstock Avenue?



JEAN DAVIS

General Course

"Pickles".

A rather shy little girl in school, but remember the pep with which she tripped through "Pickles"?



JESSIE DAVIS

General Course

Chorus '25, '26, '27; "Pickles".

Another little giggler who dispels care because of her constant good humor. They say she's in love—lucky guy!



KENDRICK DAY

General Course

Red and White; Junior Prom '26; Senior Reception '26; Class Gift Committee; Track '26, '27; Chorus '27.

A true lover of sports, a spectator at all activities and a steadfast friend, "Ken" has gained admittance to that select body of persons known as "regular fellows".



OLIN DE FORGE

General Course

Winter Sports '27; Track '27; Chorus '27; Junior Prom '26.

Endowed with a personality that makes friends easily, a nature that is cheerful and buoyant, and owning a social calendar that is always filled, Olin is one of our most popular fellows.



THELMA DESMARAIS

Commercial Course

Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Senior Chorus.

Though Thelma is quiet she has a good sense of humor, and never fails to see the joke.



BERNARD DICK

College Course

Football '24; Basketball '26, '27; Baseball '25, '26, '27; Editor of Joke Department Red and White '26, '27; Tres Decem.

There's no one among us who hasn't heard of Ben's "quips", and cranks, and wanton wiles. He has a line that could raise the Lusitania and a vocabulary that would put Webster to shame. We'll miss you, "Ben".



HELEN DON LEAVY

General Course

Quiet and retiring but greatly admired, is the blushing Helen.



HARRY DORIAN

General Course

Basketball Manager '27.

When Harry took over the reins as manager of the Basketball Team, he had a man-sized job. He handled it efficiently and capably and thus won our respect. No need to say that success awaits him.



JULIAN EATON

College Course

"Pickles"; Chorus '27.

Fun-loving, carefree and amusing "Junk", like all stout people, fairly radiates with cheerfulness and enthusiasm.



ETHEL EDDY

College Course

Senior Play; Senior Chorus.

Quiet, restful and with a frank understanding nature, Ethel has won many friends at R. H. S.



FRANCIS EDDY

General Course

Hockey Team '27; Skiing Team '27.

Happy-go-lucky "Zeke" has endeared himself to us because of his ability to shed trouble and care.



EDITH ERICKSON

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus.

Edith commands respect because of her dignity.



JANET FISKE

Commercial Course

Vice-President '26, '27; Vice-President of A. A. '27; Tres Decem; Senior Play; Chorus '24, '27; Junior Prom '26; Senior Reception Committee '26; Red and White '24; Baccalaureate Committee.

"To know her was to love her
To name her was to praise."



HELEN FRANKIEWICZ

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus; Chairman of Class Picnic.

Helen is one of those cheerful girls who answers your smile with a wink and—(an extra scoop of ice-cream.)



LAURA FRANZONI

General Course

Meet this quiet lass, one of the speediest typists in the Commercial Department. We tried to find her faults but failed miserably.



CARL FRESE

General Course

Quiet, always pleasant and a loyal supporter of R. H. S.



STEPHEN GALLIPO

Commercial Course

An easy going and reliable fellow, is Stephen.



REBA GILLESPIE

Commercial Course

Pickles; Chorus '27.

Reba is very petite, but you know the rest. The twinkle in her eye and her soft musical voice have captivated thousands!



HOWARD GODDARD

General Course

Football '23, '24, '25, '26; Basketball '25, '26, '27; Tres Decem '26, '27; President of class '26; President of Tres Decem '27.

As a classmate and friend he is known by all as "How".

ANTHONY GARUSSO

General Course

His ont-standing characteristic is "agreeableness".



HUBERT GOSSELIN

College Course

Class President '26, '27; Class Treasurer '25; Football '24, '25, '26; Track '25, '26, '27; Tres Decem; Harvard Book Prize '26; Assistant Track Manager '26; Track Manager '27.

If you don't know Hubert personally you must have heard of him or seen his car—You'll find it parked on Grove street most any night. Tire trouble?



BERNICE HALL

General Course

Lively, energetic and always happy, spells Bernice.



CHARLES HALPIN

General Course

Track '24, '25, '26; Chorus '27; Freshmen Reception Committee '27; Junior Prom '26.

Si, yes, here's "Mickey". Nothing ever really happened 'till he arrived, either in one or the other of his speed boats, "Tessie" and "Gwendolyn".



ROY HANNON

College Course

Cantata '26; Senior Chorus; R. H. S. Dance Orchestra '27; "Pickles".

Roy and his educated fingers can sure roll off the jazz. A bright future awaits him.



GERALD HARRINGTON

General Course

Senior Play Committee; Senior Chorus.

A classmate who is ever ready to lighten a task.



RUTH HATCH

General Course

Ruth, though a quiet sort, makes loyal and staunch friends, the kind R. H. S. likes.



NELLIE HAYNES

General Course

The "I can't do that girl", yet she always manages to find a way.



OTIS HEWITT

General Course

"Otey" is quite keen on forestry we understand—here's to his success in his chosen field of work.



PAUL HILL

General Course

Track '25; Winter Sports Team; Hockey Team '27.

"Shorty" Hill was enough to say and a good time started. Good-luck, cheerful Hill.



MARTHA HINCKLEY

General Course

Chorus '27.

An inconspicuous but ever-willing member of our class. Here's to you, Martha.



THEODORE HINCKLEY

General Course

Winter Sports '27; Track '26, '27.

"Ted" is the type of fellow who will overcome the obstacles of life as easily as he overcame them on the cinder path.



HARRY HOLDEN

College Course

Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Red and White '26; Athletic Editor '27; "Pickles"; Chorus '27; Class Color Committee; Class Day Committee.

A true book lover and a logical thinker, Harry is well informed on all subjects. In the race for success his genial and magnetic personality will win him a place on the topmost round of fame.



GUNNAR HOLMQUIST

Commercial Course

An ambitious chap. Good luck to you!



CLARA HUNT

General Course

Chorus '25, '26, '27; Freshmen Reception Committee '25; Prom Committee '26; Class Basketball Team '27; Class Play Committee '27.

Clara was always a diligent and conscientious student, a faithful and loyal friend. Though she has been absent during the last mile of our journey, yet we know she has been with us in spirit.



YVONNE HUTCHINS

College Course

Chorus 27.

A staunch supporter of Benson High, until Rutland appealed to her. We haven't known you long, Yvonne, but we are glad to call you one of us.



BEATRICE INGALLS

General Course

Another of the cheerful ones; a girl of many and varied interests.



PALMER JILLSON

General Course

Football '25, '26, '27; Hockey team '26, '27.

Silent, peaceful, "Posstey" has spent four years in our midst.



LEO KEEFE

General Course

Football '26; Manager of Baseball '27; Basketball '25, '26, '27; Basketball Captain '27; Class Picnic Committee; Tres Decem.

Will anyone ever forget "Bunsey"? Rather bashful until you know him, then you are captivated by his pleasing personality and true sportsmanship. He suggests popularity—plus!



LAURA KNIGHT

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus.

Her greatest worry is that nothing thrilling ever happened to her, but even this woe can not keep the smiles away.



SARAH KNIGHT

General Course

Chorus '25, '26.

Sarah brightens every hour—we predict her life, as one of joy and happiness.



OLA LA ROSE

Commercial Course

No one enjoys life more than Ola. Just to see her tripping about town proves this fact.



HOPE LA VALLEY

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus.

An earnest, scholarly, even tempered person who never shirks a task, be it great or small.



EDWARD LAYDEN

General Course

Junior Prom '26; Basketball '26, '27; Baseball '25, '26; Baseball Captain '27; Football '25; President of R. H. S. A. A. '27; Tres Decem.

Smiling and friendly, "Ed" has been one of the most popular fellows in school. A great sport, a good pal, and a splendid athlete.



MARGARET LEAR

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus.

This one has not yet become acquainted with the whirl of high school life, and even now she only smiles about once a week—but what a smile!



NATHALIE LEWIS

College Course

Chorus '26, '27; Red and White Exchange Editor '27; Honor Roll; Lunchroom '27; Invitation Committee; Class Motto Committee; Senior Play; Freshmen Class History; Graduation Essay.

Nathalie, who is proficient in classes, efficient in athletics, sufficient when a good pal is needed, and deficient—never.



JOHN LIVAK

College Course

Assistant Editor of Red and White '25, '26; Reporter '26, '27; Class Motto Committee; First Prize Winner of Chemistry Essay Contest; Salutatorian.

Among books John goes farther than expectations, an admirable fellow who is an inspiration to us all.



GERTRUDE LOYD

Commercial Course

Chorus '26, '27; Spelling Match '25.

A little Irish Lass is "Gert" who keeps more or less in seclusion, but whom we understand is very likeable.



MILDRED LONGE

General Course

Chorus '24, '25, '26, '27; Junior Prom '26; Cantata '26; "Pickles".

Talented and music-loving "Mil" has endeared herself to us.



DONALD LORETTE

General Course

A fun-loving, understanding chap is "Don". Nature endowed him with a brilliant mind but he is so retiring that his qualities are not generally known.



HOLLIS McCLOSKEY

General Course

Introducing the original "he-man" of our class who craves the great open spaces.



DONALD McCORMICK

General Course

President of Class '25; Junior Prom '26; Football '24, '25; Captain '26; Baseball '26, '27; Tres Decem.

"Dee" has proved to be a true friend, a brilliant scholar and a real gentleman.



DOROTHY McCOY

General Course

Class Basketball; Chorus '25, '26, '27.

The only living "human newspaper". Ask "Dot" she knows!



DONALD McINTOSH

General Course

Senior Play.

Silent, brisk and a deserving student, Don, despite his grave manners has a fun-loving disposition.



DONALD MacGILLIVRAY

College Course

Basketball '27; Football Manager '26; Track '26, '27; Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Junior Prom '26; R. H. S. A. A. '26; Class Treasurer '27; Senior Play; Tres Decem.

One need never fear to trust "Don"—we know he will always tell "Nothing but the Truth". His pleasant disposition and ready laugh have gained him hosts of friends.



GERALD McLAUGHLIN

General Course

Chorus '26, '27; Red and White '26; Editor in Chief '27.

Another "old faithful". He could write a History Book from memory. The best of luck, Gerald.



STANLEY MAHAN

General Course

Stanley was rather quiet in school and rather reckless outside. You know what we mean.



ROBERT MANGAN

General Course

Football '25; Junior Prom '26; Dance and Concert Orchestra '27.

Blessed with a sunny disposition he holds an envied place among us. Although addicted to blowing his own horn he confines these outbursts to the school orchestra.



THEODORA MARCEAU

General Course

Orchestra '24; Chorus '27; "Pickles".

A quiet, attractive girl possessed of unusual determination and mental ability.



CHARLES MARRO

College Course

Honor Roll '24, '25, '26, '27.

A brilliant student who is endowed with a winning personality and an unfaltering optimism.

BERNARD MECIER

General Course

One of the shining lights of the Class, and not entirely because of his hair either.



RAYMOND MOORE

Commercial Course

Chorus '26, '27; "Pickles".

An energetic fellow with an agreeable disposition, admirably fitted to live up to the fullest.



RAYMOND MORSE

General Course

Baccalaureate Committee.

As far as we can find out Raymond is a firm believer in the old adage. "Tis love that makes the world go around." At least he supports the belief.



MARIE NICHOLS

Commercial Course

Chorus '25, '26, '27; "Pickles"; Senior Reception Committee. A peppy little senior with a perpetual giggle.



EVELYN NOYES

General Course

A cheerful disposition which ever radiates good nature.



ELIZABETH OLSEN

General Course

"Liz" is one of the industrial commercialites who is working, and will graduate with us, too. More power to her.



GLENN PARSONS

General Course

One of the dependable vertebree of the back-bone of the school, who never allows the darts of cupid to interfere with duty.



WILFRED PERRY

General Course

Track '25; Chairman of Senior Play Committee; Chairman of Banquet Committee for Senior Play; Debating Committee '27.

A quiet sort of fellow who doesn't have much to say except at a committee meeting. Then he makes up for lost time.



KATHLEEN PHELPS

College Course

Honor Roll; Senior Chorus; First Prize Winner in Chemistry Essay Contest.

Besides having a keen interest in her studies Kathleen is both peppy and fun-loving.



MARY PHILLIPS

General Course

Red and White '24, '25, '26, '27; Baseball Fair '24; Vice-President of Class '25; Honor Roll '26; Junior Prom '26; Senior Reception '26; Tres Decem; Class Night.

"There's something nice about everyone but there's everything nice about Mary."



GORDON PIERCE

College Course

Debating Team; Senior Chorus; Honor Roll; Valedictorian. Determination and mental ability have gained the top of the ladder for Gordon.



HAROLD PRATT

College Course

Quiet and unobtrusive, Harold was endowed with a brilliant mind which he has used to advantage. Annapolis is his next step.



GORDON PROUSE

General Course

Football '25; Baseball '26, '27; Class Basketball Team '26, '27; Chorus; Senior Play.

And here's "Gordy"! Enough said, if you don't know him—you've never heard of R. H. S.



MARCIA PUCKRIDGE

General Course

Chorus; Baseball Fair '26.

Marcia whom we once deemed fickle! But now—she's showing the world how she'll make a happy, domestic wife.



ELIZABETH PURDY

General Course

Baseball Fair '25; Senior Play Committee.

"Lib" is an attractive addition to any social event. She takes life as it comes and is never bothered by worry.



EARL RABIDOU

General Course

Football '27; Hockey '27; Basketball '27; Baseball '27.

Earl is our smallest man. Nevertheless his ardent love for sports and agreeable nature have endeared him to our hearts.



STEWART RANGER

General Course

One who disapproves of the spectacular but does his part in a quiet, willing manner.



JAMES REEDY

College Course

Honor Roll.

None of us have had the chance to know "Jimmie" very well, he spends most of his time at the library. We wonder if it's history that he reads?



JAMES REILLY

Commercial Course

Baseball '27.

A good fellow, quiet and friendly but an earnest supporter of all school activities.



JOHN REILLY

General Course

Football '26, '27; Track '25, '26, '27; Hockey '26, '27; Chorus. With a perpetual smile and a friendly "Hallo" John affiliated himself with R. H. S.



LILY RIBOLINI

Commercial Course

A timid but very efficient little girl from "Center".



MABLE RICE

General Course

Basketball '24, '25, '26, '27; Manager '27; Chorus '25, '27; Baseball Fair '25; Hiking '27; Cantata '26.

A true lover of sports—"Pete" excels as an athlete.



MILDRED RISDON

General Course

Senior Chorus.

We all know Mildred by her blush, what's the reason we wonder.



CHARLOTTE ROBINSON

Commercial Course

Baseball Fair '24; Chorus '24; Junior Prom '26; Senior Reception '26; Red and White '26, '27; Senior Play; Class Night Committee; Class Motto Committee; Class Prophecy; Honor Roll.

Ambition is Charlotte's middle name. The wittiest girl in the class, she has also been one of the most popular.



EARL ROUTIER

General Course

Red and White '26, '27; Honor Roll '26; Chorus '27; Class Poet.

Earl was one of the meekest looking specimens that entered with the class of '27; there wasn't a flaw in his character and then he got mixed up in the movie business—



CHESTER RUTKOWSKI

College Course

Baseball '26, '27.

How "Chet" could play baseball, and maybe de didn't pull the A's. We'll bet on him at M. I. T.



LUIGI SABATASO

Commercial Course

Baseball '26, '27; Track '26, '27; Change Booth; Senior Chorus.

"Gigi", the lucky guy, "four out of every five have it" and he was the sixth.



FRANCIS SABOURIN

Commercial Course

Football '25, '26, '27; Track '25, '26; Captain '27; Basketball Team '26; Chairman of Class Gift Committee.

"Nanny" is our bet in any race, what will future track meets be without him?



RUTH SALMONSON

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus.

Loyal and steadfast with a firm constitution and a sure gaze, is Ruth.

ROBERT SANDERS

General Course

"Bob" belongs to the intellectual class. He has read everything and personally owns a traveling library. That is, his books do a lot of traveling, he supplies the students with the "VERY latest in literature".



EVA SHELTON

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus.

To those of you who don't know "Little Eva" very well, follow her around sometime, you'll be some surprised.



ROBERT SHERIDAN

General Course

Chorus '26.

Here we have "Bob", the very soul of dignity and a gentleman to his finger-tips.



CECELIA SLATER

Commercial Course

Senior Chorus.

Cecelia believes in the old adage, "the end results are what count."



DORIS SMITH

General Course

Class Picnic Committee; Chorus '24, '27; Baseball Fair '24; Class Basketball Team; Senior Play Committee.

Rather elusive but greatly admired is Doris. Simply knowing her brightens the world a great deal.



WINTHROP SPENCER

College Course

We hear that Winthrop is trying hard for M. I. T. Surely a fellow with such an ambition is bound to succeed.



IRMA STONE

General Course

Chorus '24, '25, '26, '27; "Pickles".

Irma, who shows the influence of Alice's giggles in her smiling countenance.



RAYMOND STOODLEY

General Course

An extremely modest fellow whom we would all like to know better.



HELEN STRUBBE

General Course

Chorus '24, '27; Baseball Fair '24; Freshmen Reception '27; Secretary of Class '25, '26; Secretary of Tres Decem '27; Class Color Committee; Class Flower Committee; Class Night Committee; Junior Prom '26; Senior Reception '26; Red and White '27; Senior Play, Senior History.

Popularity, as shown by the above record of her school days, combined with pep and personality, makes our Helen one of the favorites of R. H. S.



ROBERT SULLIVAN

General Course

Football '26; Track '25, '26, '27; Chorus '27; Junior Prom '26; Freshmen Reception Committee '25; Tres Decem.

Good old "Bob" with the laugh we love to hear. Sportsmanship and personality both are yours.



STELLA TOSSI

General Course

Stella agrees with Washington in avoiding all entangling alliances—thus she faces a successful future.



CECIL UTLEY

General Course

Cecil will usher things through life just as he ushers people through the Grand.



ROLAND WALKER

General Course

Never do we see "Rolly" without the Hudson and never do we hear him without the drawl. He'll roll right into success somewhere.



WALTER WALSH

General Course

"Pickles"; Senior Chorus.

"Wa-Wa" who never lets duty interfere with pleasure. We don't know how he gets by with it, but the fact stands.



AILEEN WOOD

Commercial Course

A demure little nursemaid who is well prepared for the future.



ROBERT WILSON

General Course

Art Editor Red and White '26, '27.

"Bobby" with his ready wit will be missed by all of us. And have you ever seen him draw? He wields a wicked pencil.



JOHN LIVAK

SALUTATORY.

On behalf of the graduating class of 1927, it is my privilege to bid you welcome here this evening,—this evening which terminates four happy years spent at Rutland High School. As we go out into the wider world to tackle larger problems, we feel that we owe to our principal, to our instructors and to our parents our sincerest feeling of appreciation for giving us the opportunity to increase our chances of success in life and for making this graduation possible. Furthermore, to show us your love, you have come here to share with us the last evening of our high school career. Therefore, it is in all sincerity that we extend to you a word of welcome.

WOODROW WILSON.

As you entered the hall this evening, probably not one of you were thinking of the great crisis in which America played such a glorious part,—the World War. Probably not one of you were think-

ing of that grim, tragic figure, who steered the United States through the perilous straits of doubt, of bloodshed, and of anarchy, cautiously and without flinching, and who, after the war was lost and won, immediately set about to restore the United States to a normal economic condition. It is concerning this man, about whom so much controversy has raged, that I am going to speak.

Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia on December 28, 1856. His family moved to Augusta, Georgia, the next year, and it is here that the early life of the man later to be President was spent. He received his education in private schools and in September, 1875, he went to Princeton, where he received the regular four year college course of the time.

After graduation, he adopted the law as his profession, but being an impatient youth, the study of law seemed slow and tedious, and he, therefore, abandoned it. In 1890, he became a member of the faculty at Princeton, and for twenty years he made Princeton his home. In 1910, he became Governor of New Jersey, and on March 4, 1913, he became President of the United States.

The principles and ideals that Wilson adopted in his early manhood, he used as policies when he became President. He was a theorist, it is true, but his theories were the result of intensive research, of deep thinking, and of reading what great political masters before him had said on the subject. He read books as thoughtfully as he listened to men talk, and he usually found what he was searching for. When he became President, practical politicians had misgivings as to how this "theorist," "this scholar in politics" would manage men at the Capitol. Cartoonists pictured him in cap and gown shaking his ruler at Congress, and yet, little by little, the "schoolmaster," with a quiet confidence and unruffled tenacity, established his power over the Senate, the House, and the Cabinet. Within six months, he had made himself the most complete master of Congress since the days of Thomas Jefferson.

The program of the new democracy was hardly launched before the World War broke out. Wilson, conscious of the fact that the United States was composed of members of many nations, proclaimed our neutrality. However, hardly a year passed before the unjustified sinking of the Lusitania roused Wilson to the true intentions of Germany. His warnings to Germany were scorned, and the German submarine attacks on unprotected American merchant vessels continued. On April 2, 1917, Wilson called a special session of Congress and delivered his declaration of war against Germany. In part, he stated, "We have no quarrel with German people but only

with the military despotism of Germany. The world must be made safe for democracy. . . . We desire no conquest of dominion We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when these rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them." Congress unanimously agreed with him, and on April 6, 1917, a formal declaration of war against Germany was issued. The result we all know.

The President, as the spokesman of the Allied Powers played a dominant part in the complicated negotiations with the enemy powers which led up to the Armistice. He laid down the accepted bases of the peace, the cornerstone of which was to be a new world organization,—a League of Nations. When, therefore, representatives from the different nations met at Paris in January 1919, to discuss permanent world peace, Wilson broke a century old precedent, (that of no President leaving the territory of the United States while in office) and set sail for Europe. He played a vital part in reconstructing the nations of the world, and by the exercise of sheer personal power, he secured the immediate adoption of a world League of Nations. He returned to his country and found that his support was crumbling, that both the Senate and the House of Representatives had Republican majorities, and that the people who so eagerly went into the war, determined to maintain his ideals now were forgetting their noble purpose, and were, instead, turning to the joys of a new prosperity.

The Senate refused to ratify the League of Nations, contending that no express recognition was given to the Monroe Doctrine; that there was no clause restricting the League from expressing a judgment on matters of domestic policy; that the right to withdraw from the League was not expressly recognized, and that the Constitutional right of Congress to all questions of peace and war was not sufficiently safeguarded. Wilson, in a supreme effort to force the Senate to act, decided to appeal to the people. He had been warned of his impaired physical vigor; he had been told that such a campaign would end disastrously. Nevertheless, he kept to his project. He delivered forty addresses in twenty-two days, he traveled six thousand miles, a feat as amazing intellectually, as it was physically. But the forces against him, including his physical weakness, were too strong, and he retired from public life, a broken if not disillusioned man.

Wilson was not only a politician, he was also a man of letters. Prior to his ascendancy to the Presidency, he devoted his leisure time

to writing on subjects which dealt with American history and American institutions. All these articles that he wrote illustrate admirably his growth as a thinker, and also disclose his keen interest in politics. Among his best literary efforts are the volumes entitled, "An Old Master And Other Essays," "Mere Literature," and "When a Man Comes to Himself." All three reveal the industry and range of interest of the author, in addition to giving us his viewpoint on history and the humanities.

Woodrow Wilson was primarily an idealist. In all his writings and speeches we can outline his lofty ideals and his sound theories. His most cherished ideal, world democracy, he saw shattered by the practical people, who regarded the present, and not the future. He was also a scholar, probing his subject to the innermost depths, obtaining a clear and distinct insight of the causes, and then expressing his discoveries in language well nigh faultless.

Wilson considered the Presidency as a great popular trust, and conceived it his duty to be the leader of the American democracy. He was a firm believer in the capability of the masses to govern themselves, and was always amenable to the counsels of the rank and file of the people, whom he regarded as the real foundation of a true democracy.

The most valuable thing about Mr. Wilson was that in the midst of the strain of war, in the midst of the crash of arms he would sit quietly in his room and enjoy a book that led his thoughts off from everything American, could wander in fields of dreams while every other man was feverish with the immediate contest. He could, therefore be trusted, for it is only the man who can withdraw himself that is able to see affairs as they are. Wilson's patience, his courage, his keen insight, and his universal sympathy have already given him a niche in the hearts of his countrymen, but it is only as time advances that his true greatness will be realized.





MISS NATHALIE LEWIS

MADAME CURIE, HER LIFE AND WORK.

Of all the women who have become internationally known, Madame Curie is, in my opinion, the one who has been of the greatest value to humanity through her discovery of radium, which cures surface cancers, warts, and the like. It has lately been used for the bloodless removal of tonsils.

Madame Curie is of Polish descent; her maiden name was Marie Skłodowska. Her parents were educated and desired that she should go to school, despite the lack of funds. Accordingly, she began her studies in private schools and later attended those of the government. These schools were closely watched by the Russian police to see that no child should speak Polish. Naturally, little Marie found it very difficult not to be able to speak her own language, and so her early schooldays were robbed of the freedom which we enjoy today. The death of her mother, also, made her early life seem dull and empty.

Marie found that poetry and music strongly appealed to her, but mathematics and physics lured her more. She quickly grasped as much of these latter subjects as was taught at that time in the

government schools. Her father helped her, but, owing to the fact that there was no laboratory, experiments could not be performed. It was all work for little Marie, except during the few school vacations granted her.

Having completed her high school course and rested a year, at the age of sixteen, she planned to teach in the free schools, but, on account of her father's ill health, she accepted a position as governess. In her spare time, she organized and conducted a class for the village children, who could not be educated under the Russian government. Still, she kept up her own studies, working every evening when her other duties were done. Even then, she did not realize that science would be her life work for sociology, literature, and science were equally fascinating.

Finally, she chose science, and she planned to earn money enough to attend a school in Paris. Difficulties continually confronted her. To begin with, she found her scientific education not advanced enough for entrance at the Sorbonne, and then her plans for further education had to be abandoned when her sister decided to study medicine; however, she did not give up. In Warsaw, she had access to a laboratory for the first time in her life, and here she spent her evenings and Sundays. She had to experiment alone and so met with many difficulties, but made, also, several important experiments.

In 1891, Madame Curie went to Paris and lived in one room, very scantily furnished. Often hungry and cold, she decided to follow the physics' course at the Sorbonne for, in spite of her redoubled efforts, her scientific education received in Poland did not rival that of France. While there, she knew of nothing but study. She was so quiet and reserved that she associated but little with the other students. She passed the examinations at the same time as the rest of the class. Her brother-in-law referred to this time of study as "The heroic period of my sister-in-law's life."

In 1894, she met Pierre Curie, a kindly, sympathetic man, entirely absorbed in physics. The next year they were married and they determined to carry on combined scientific research. At that time, Monsieur Curie was a professor in the School of Physics and Chemistry in Paris.

The Curies led a very simple life, yet one very attractive to them. After a long day in laboratories or in school, they would spend the rest of the day in the woods and fields. They worked together as one. She helped him prepare his courses, which, at the same time,

advanced her in her education. Monsieur Curie did not have a private laboratory, and, therefore, had to use that of the school. Madame Curie undertook an investigation of the magnetic properties of steel, which work was completed in 1897.

Her attention had been drawn to the work of Henri Becquerel, who had shown, that by placing some uranium salts on a photographic plate covered with black paper, the plate would be affected as if light had fallen on it. It was the effect of the special rays emitted by the uranium salts. Monsieur and Madame Curie were both very much interested, but she spent more time on it than he. They analyzed different minerals for radioactivity and found that in pitchblende many radioactive elements existed. After much analyzing and scientific study, they announced the discovery of radium.

The work did not end here, however. They had no money, no laboratory, and no friends to help them to continue their study. Nevertheless, they began work on residues, tons of it, in search for more radium. As Madame Curie herself states: "With this material was prepared all the radium I had in my laboratory up to the date when I received the precious gift from the American women." The Director of the School of Physics gave them the use of a shelter, glass-roofed, but leaky, and the heat was suffocating. Old pine wood tables with furnaces and gas burners was their equipment. It could not have been pleasant working under these conditions, but Madame Curie remembers them as the happiest years of her life. Sometimes she would spend a whole day stirring a boiling mass with a heavy iron rod. Another day would be passed in the minute work of concentrating the radium.

When this had been accomplished, she then devoted her time to the purification of the metal, while her husband studied the physical properties of these rays. In 1902, she was able to determine for the pure chemical unit atomic weight, much higher than that of the barium from which the radium was extracted. She then possessed one decigramme of very pure radium chloride—the result of four years hard labor, which, under suitable conditions, might have been accomplished in one year.

The discovery of radium broke up their secluded life, a life given over to the work of research. The position of assistant professor at the Sorbonne was accepted by Monsieur Curie, and Madame Curie was made a professor at the Normal Superior School for Girls at Sevres. Letters arrived and Curies were well known to the people at large.

In 1903, Madame Curie finished her doctor's thesis and obtained

her doctor's degree. The same year, the Nobel prize was awarded to Becquerel and Monsieur and Madame Curie. This called for lectures and once again their peaceful life was intruded upon. It was, indeed, very annoying to Madame Curie, with all her modesty. In 1904, she was named chief of work in the laboratory to be created by her husband as a professor at the Sorbonne. In 1906, Monsieur Curie died, leaving her alone with her two daughters. Discouraged and disheartened, she did not wish to continue her work, but when the faculty of Science of Paris offered her the position of her husband, she accepted it after much hesitancy. Her children were placed under the care of a guardian, but educated in the city of Paris, largely by their devoted mother. In 1906, Mr. Carnegie donated to her laboratory an annual income for research fellowship, which enabled some advanced students and scientists to devote their whole time to investigation. While preparing several decigrammes of pure radium chloride, she arrived at a new determination of the atomic weight of radium. In 1910, she was able to isolate the metal. Because of the very small proportion of radium in the ore and the difficulties and expense of extracting it one gramme now costs \$70,000.

In 1911, worn out by her intense work under great handicaps, Madame Curie fell seriously ill. The same year the Nobel prize was awarded to her, alone, for the discovery of the new elements and the preparation of pure radium. In 1912, although refusing to accept the direction of the new laboratory founded at Warsaw, she organized the course of study for it.

The Pasteur Institute was associated with the Sorbonne, with two departments of biology and physics. The war hindered scientific progress of this combination. With the threat of a German attack on Paris, Madame Curie safely hid her radium.

The new hospitals in France had, as a rule, no installation for the use of X-Rays. Accordingly, Madame Curie gathered all the apparatus she could find in laboratories and stores and, in September, 1914, she established several stations of radiology, operated by volunteer helpers. These rendered great service during the battle of the Marne. But, as they would not meet the demands of the hospitals she fitted up a radiologic car with the help of the Red Cross. This car could come at the call of any hospital near Paris. About two hundred radiologic installations were established or improved in the zones of the French and Belgian armies. The number of radiologic cars increased to twenty, and proved to be of great service to the army. The Board of Health, realizing the importance of these stations, created a radiologic service of its own. Madame Curie, herself,

went to her different stations, took charge of hospitals doing intensive work, and her efforts and aid were appreciated by many. Since chauffeurs were scarce, Madame Curie learned to drive these cars and did in many cases.

Because of the necessity of obtaining trained assistants to operate her apparatus, she proposed that a department of radiology be added to the Nurses School founded at the Edith Cavell Hospital. In 1916, the course was organized and it provided for the training of one hundred and fifty operators. She offered to furnish bulbs of radium emanation to the Health Service. She, alone, prepared these bulbs, a very delicate task.

Madame Curie feels greatly indebted to Mrs. Meloney for collecting funds for the gift of a gramme of radium. The idea of the gift was that it would come exclusively from the American women. Those who donated to the funds for the radium were women in social organizations, especially college women. Others who donated were those cured by radium therapy. More than one hundred thousand dollars was collected in this way. Madame Curie came to America to receive the gift. She was well received here by President Harding. She states that is a trip never to be forgotten.



MISS MARY BUTTERFLY

SOME FAMOUS WOMEN OF AMERICA.

This country has been richly blessed in its women as well as its men, of patriotism, intelligence, usefulness, and moral worth. Indeed, it has been a marvel to many in the Old World that the women in the New have been, in many instances, so thoroughly cultured, so admirably developed, morally and intellectually, amid so much that was new and, therefore, crude in society, in a freedom which the women of European nations have never enjoyed, and of which Asiatic peoples never dreamed. A record of the noble and useful lives of many women in our broad land during the century of American independence, will prove, that, though society might be in an imperfect state, yet prosperity and growth consist ever of a righteous freedom, and a true liberty, which is under holy law.

The life which any woman of the century has led goes to make up the character and glory of the land and of the age.

Like Ruth in the Scripture record, we find that the women of Israel were notable, and exercised good and wide influence in their day. Indeed, the names of some who dwelt in classic lands are the synonyms of graces and virtues that well might be imitated in a later age.

Some of the pioneer women, like Widow Storey, deserve much praise and honorable mention. On her Salisbury, Vermont farm she worked hard for many years to support herself and her ten children. Along with Widow Storey, we find other pioneer women whose names have gone down in history,—Molly Stark and Mrs. Lincoln. We find others whose names will go down in history, among them, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

It is impossible to overestimate the amount of consecrated work done by the loyal women of the North for the army, during the Civil War. The bravery and patriotism of Barbara Freitchie has been fitly told by Whittier, when we read:

Up rose old Barbara Freitchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Fredericktown,
She took up the flag, the men hauled down.

America has furnished her full share of women useful and notable with the pen. Probably one known to all is Harriet Beecher Stowe, who will live as long as there are lovers of freedom and haters of slavery. She has written many graphic sketches of New England life in earlier periods, which are extremely popular, but probably her greatest work was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Along with Mrs. Stowe, we find Louisa Alcott, author of "Little Men," and "Little Women," and at the present time Kathleen Norris, author of "Rose of the World," and Edith Wharton, author of "The Age of Innocence." Our country has also had some poets, as shown by the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Julia Ward Howe, and at the present time much talent has been shown in poetry, especially by Edna St. Vincent Millay, author of the "King's Henchman."

Women of America have succeeded in art, not only in the earlier centuries, when the freedom of Christianity was not known, but ever since she has been progressing in the practise of that art, which creates the beautiful. May Alcott should not be forgotten among artists, since her sketches have so enlivened the pages of her sister's stories. Neither should we forget our present day sculptor, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has done some very beautiful works, one of the best being the Aztec Fountain, exhibited in the Pan-American Building in Washington. In another field of art,—in music, we must not forget Marion Talley, the twenty year old Metropolitan Opera Singer, whose name will be long remembered.

Many of women's inventions have been patented under men's

names. The invention of the cotton gin, which revolutionized the industries of the world was due to a woman—Mrs. Greene, though the work was done and the patent taken out by Eli Whitney. Other inventions could be mentioned such as, improvements on the sewing machines, elevators, musical instruments, submarines, and telescopes. These will, to a great extent, be exhibited as man's.

Education is a magical word in some regions. It means more than most persons imagine. Its derivation implies the idea of a leader; and such wise and faithful leaders to draw forth the ideas, and help the intellectual growth of the people, our country has happily known among her women as among her men.

President Eliot of Harvard College has presented the idea that high education is hereditary. If so, it is true in regard to mothers and daughters as well as to fathers and sons. In these days of advanced civilization, women of extensive literary, economic, and heroic attainments and sound culture of mind and grace are many.

The Boston Journal says of women students, "It is felt that if women should become great scholars, able thinkers, and well-informed persons generally, and yet in the process should lose their crowning grace,—then the advantage would be attained at too great a loss."

Whittier writes:

"Ah me! beyond all power to name, the worthiest tried and true,
Crave men, 'fair women,' youth and maid, pass by in hushed review."

—Mary Butterfly.





GORDON PIERCE

FINGERPRINTS.

On May 2, 1906, the first successful application in this country of the thumb-print test was announced by the "Evening Post" of New York.

A noted criminal had robbed the wife of a prominent novelist in London of 800 pounds and had made his escape to America. After having committed a robbery in one of the large hotels in New York City, he was finally captured. A print of one of his thumbs was taken by the Bertillon Bureau of the Police Department and was sent without any other information, to New Scotland Yard, London, where he was promptly identified. He was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. From that time on, the fingerprint system has been used very extensively in this country, especially in the police departments of our large cities and in the state capitals, where central bureaus of identification have been established.

If we examine carefully the inner surface of our fingers or thumbs, we find that it is made up of numerous creases and ridges. These marks have two very interesting characteristics which adapt them to the requirements of personal identification. First, the pat-

terns formed by these numerous ridges vary widely in individuals. In fact, no two people have yet been found whose fingerprints are absolutely alike. It is believed today that there are no two fingerprints which are exactly the same. Second, these lines, on any one individual, do not change in their general pattern from childhood to old age. There seem to be no visible parts of the body except, perhaps, deep scars or tattoo markings, which can compare in their persistence to these minute and formerly disregarded ridges.

It is believed that the use of fingerprints as a means of identification was of very ancient origin and was known from the earliest days in the eastern countries of China and India. However, the honor of having developed the system of fingerprints and placing it on a scientific basis is due to Sir Francis Galton, an explorer and scientist, born in England in the year 1822, and who died in 1911. The very first to conceive the idea is not known.

The fingerprint system is now used extensively throughout the world. Some countries have adopted universal fingerprinting, which has proven a pronounced success. A very remarkable development along this line has taken place in Argentina and in several other South American countries. In Buenos Aires, voluntary but universal fingerprinting is the practice. Every resident there, whether a citizen or an alien, is provided with a little identification book which includes his physical characteristics, his photograph, his signature, and his fingerprint. It is significant that the persons who are most enthusiastic over this system are the Americans who live in that country.

At times, fingerprint evidence has been offered in court, although people are seldom convicted on this alone. Sufficiently clear prints are rarely found and, in the absence of a general fingerprint record, will seldom serve for the conviction of a criminal upon whom the detection of guilt is not already securely fixed.

About four years ago, two bank messengers were returning from a bank in New York with a bag containing \$43,000 in currency. As they were preparing to mount the elevated railroad stairs, a high powered automobile glided up to the curb. Five bandits stepped out and followed the messengers, leaving the car with its engine running. Without a word of warning, without even a demand to throw up their hands, the two were shot dead. The five bandits grabbed the bag, dashed for the car and disappeared. Twenty-four hours later the police found a car which they thought might possibly have been connected with the murder. On the windshield were the faint prints of a man's fingers. Upon examination, it was found that the marks

coincided with those of a criminal whose record was in police headquarters. Four days later, this man and two of his fellows were arrested in Cleveland, and about half the stolen money was recovered. The two other bandits were later found. Had not the fingerprints of one of these criminals been in the files of the criminal identification bureau these five criminals might still be at large.

A person's fingerprints are taken as follows: A special preparation of ink is carefully smoothed over the surface of a glass plate. The finger, or fingers, to be printed are very firmly rolled over the ink on the plate. Then the finger is, with considerable pressure, rolled from one side to the other on a piece of white paper, thus making the print.

It has been advocated by very influential men that everyone should be fingerprinted. The time may come when such will be the case, although at the present time there is much public prejudice in this country toward fingerprinting. People seem to resent the plan and regard it as an invasion of their personal rights. Or, perhaps back of this, in the mind of each individual objector, there is the fear that possibly some day he, also, may become a criminal. However, if we had universal fingerprinting, fingerprints could be used far more effectively in other ways than in criminal matters; for instance, missing persons could be traced more easily if we had a record of their fingerprints.

It often happens that a man, in order to inherit a certain piece of property, is required to prove his identity. This could be easily done if there were complete fingerprint records.

Suppose that a man were found dead and the question arose as to whether he was the one who carried a life insurance with a certain company. His heirs claimed that he was. The insurance company claimed that he was not. If his fingerprints had been placed on the policy the question could easily be decided correctly.

If a person were unjustly accused of a crime, his fingerprints might prove his innocence.

The time may come when, besides making their signature on checks, documents, and other legal papers, people will also put their fingerprints on them, and in this way do much to prevent fraud and forgery.

Thus we see that fingerprints are a great protection to innocent people; especially to those who are recorded. No doubt fingerprints will be used more and more in the future, as a

means of identification. They are playing and surely will continue to play a most important and interesting part in the progress and development of mankind.

VALEDICTORY.

Classmates:

We have completed our studies at the Rutland High School and must now face whatever the future has in store for us. The past four years of our high school career have opened a new world to us and have given us the ability to see things in a broader light. During these four years which we have enjoyed together, we have formed many friendships which we hope will continue in the future. On the whole, we feel that the knowledge and experience which we have gained at high school has been invaluable to us.

Therefore we wish to express our sincere appreciation to our parents who have sacrificed so much in order that we might have a high school education. We wish also to extend our gratitude to our former Principal, Mr. Abbott, to Mr. Johnson, our present Principal, to our teachers, and to the School Board for their help in making such a course possible.

As we go out into the world, let us hope that the coming days will bring to every one of us joy and happiness.

Wherever we are, may we always keep in mind that determination to do our best, cheerfully and unselfishly, in whatever field of service we shall choose. The future lies with us. Let us make it worthwhile.

Yet in the midst of our duties and pleasures, we shall often look back to a happy period in our lives and always remember, without regret, the many pleasant days spent at the Rutland High School.

—Gordon Pierce.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS

As I have had the honor of serving as president to the class of '27 for the past two years, it falls to my lot this evening to give the customary address to the class and school. The humerous side of our class life has already been given so it is my duty now to be a little more serious.

"There is a Tide In the Affairs of Man But There is No Gulf Stream Setting Forever in one Direction." These are the words upon which my talk this evening will be based.

We are put upon this earth not to seek the things which are fairest provided they could be, but first find the things that can be made thus and then do all in our means to make them so.

In the vast Atlantic there is a current which flows from the Gulf of Mexico northward and thence to England. It is called the Gulf stream and is responsible for the existence of the Anglo-Saxon race. It carries with it warmth and because of this England is habitable. Otherwise it would be like Ireland. If we cast a bottle into the stream somewhere near the coast of Florida, it would eventually reach England, but it would take several years to get there and then too we would not know what part of the British Isles it would reach. This is the driftwood. But on the other hand take a steamer which is directed by the intelligence of trained intellect, it can make the same voyage in about a week. It does not drift, it starts out and then goes directly to its destination something which the bottle could never do.

Upon the earth, we may be compared to a bit of driftwood or a mighty ocean liner. Our life itself is often compared to the sea. You say and I say that we are tossed about on the stormy sea of life. So it is with the ocean liner; so it is with the driftwood. But what a difference! One is guided by the innate intelligence of mankind while the other has only the forces and fortunes of nature behind it with no guidance or control.

Those who are content to drift with the vagrant currents of life's seas, those who follow the lines of least resistance will accomplish about as much as they deserve, which is the fortune of the driftwood. Students we have labored together side by side through many problems in the past four years. We have seen some who started with us fall by the wayside and drift. Did you ever question

yourself why you went on and those others dropped out. In many cases it was because they did not have the grit to stick, they were content to drift.

Therefore the first requisite for us as we leave school, for a successful life is to know where we are going. A life without a goal is like a ship without a rudder. We get out of life about what we are entitled to. If we set a goal for ourselves, if we have a destination, we will probably reach it. At least we will accomplish more than if we drift. If we are content to drift, trusting to luck for something to turn up we will find that the things that come to us are not the rewards that come to those who have a destination and strive to reach it. We will get nowhere, which is exactly where we started for in the beginning.

Set a goal and never take your eyes from it and if you work with unceasing dilligence you will reach it. In this age, there are many attractions which beckon us from a certain set path which we may have chosen. It is very easy to turn and leave the route but is exceedingly difficult to regain and hold the path once we have foresaken it. The trouble with our modern life is that it offers too many side shows. We find out too late that we have spent all our time and effort viewing the side shows and when our Master declares that our time is up we have not seen the main show at all. Set your goal and drive unceasingly until you reach it. Look about you for a moment. Study the men and women who have made a success of this life and you will find that they are the ones who knew where they were going then went there. Then examine the unsuccessful ones and you will find that they have drifted from place to place, from one thing to another, that they have scattered their efforts, and therein lies the secret of their failure. They have not concentrated their efforts. The race of life today is too strenous for the man who cannot concentrate on the task before him. Others are doing it and if we must compete with them we must carry on, or we will soon find ourselves outclassed by them.

One of the first things which we must learn is the value of teamwork. Without it, it would be impossible to send the ship across the ocean, and without it we have little chance to succeed under modern conditions.

The good teamworker doesn't carry a chip on his shoulder. He doesn't look for slights or is he always on the alert fearing that his dignity be insulted.

He must also be a diplomat. He must recognize that others,

especially his superiors are entitled to their own convictions and opinions. He is more concerned about getting things done than about getting credit and in every case put the good of the team first. Ability to get along with other people is another of its essentials.

It calls for tolerance and good fellowship but it is worth a great deal more than it costs.

If we take care of the little things we will find out that the larger ones are easy because all great things are made of little things. The trivial things which seem so tedious to us now are but the mortar with which we fasten together the great things of life. They are the problems that teach us to solve the great questions life puts before us.

There are tides in our lives that would affect us if we permit. There are tides that would draw the ship from its course if the helmsman permitted. Usually, we will find that the tides that promise to help us in reality draw us away from our port or destination if we trust them alone. Even if they do bear us in the right direction they are slow and tedious when compared with the forces within us which we can conquer and command if we but will. You must remember that there is no gulf stream that will carry you swiftly and irresistibly to your destination. And even if there were, who wants to be dependent upon outside forces. Surely that is not the purpose for which we were put upon this earth. If it is, why were we given the intelligence and instinct of mankind? The man who sits and waits for the tide to carry him to his destination seldom reaches it; or when he does, he finds that these who traveled under their own power arrived far ahead of him and reaped the rewards, and have moved on to conquer other fields.

Yet do not forget that what the world deems as success is often but an empty bubble. If you can answer the questions of your conscience, then you are to be numbered among the happy few who are at ease in the silent watches of the night. True happiness and true worth comes from within you. The world may call you a failure yet if you can honestly tell yourself that you have given the best that lay within you, if there are no inward accusations then you may know that you have been a success in the eyes of all seeing. You may not have the ability or the opportunities that others have had but if you have given as much as they, then you are their equal and your reward shall be equal. Your comfort lies in what you aspired to be, even if you did not reach the goal of your ambition.

There is no disgrace in honest failure, the disgrace lies in giving

up. Your true success lies within you, no man can take it from you nor give it to you. If at the end of your tasks, you can say to yourself that you have not been a drifter, that you have traveled under your own power and not under that of outside forces, that you have given the best that was in you, then you have been a success whatever may be the opinion of the world about you.

Classmates, I hope we may re-unite at some future time, but whether we do or not, let us endeavor to be an honor to our class, our school, and ourselves.

So in closing, in behalf of my class, I wish to bid farewell to Rutland High, Mr. Johnson, and the faculty who have served us faithfully for the past four years.

—Hubert Gosselin.

FRESHMAN HISTORY.

In September 1923, we were ranked and filed as innocent, unintelligent, bold, carefree, but, most of all "green,"—Yes, the whole 193 of us, according to the Seniors. We were innocent, yet wise, unintelligent yet exceptionally bright, carefree but very important, according to the point of view of the Freshmen. On the whole, however, we were "dumb but happy."

Not only Seniors, but even the faculty and Principal looked down upon us with contempt. Remarks like these were not few nor far between: "It's the worst class I've ever seen," "They're absolutely lacking in principles," "Too much fun and late nights" and so on, ad infinitum.

A lot of starch was taken out of us, in November. Many of the boys found out that starch and cold water don't go very well together. The upper-classmen were "stuck up"; they made fun of us. They even ducked some of the boys!

That year we won the tournament, for the first time. Those basket-ball boys would not have won had it not been for our cheering.

The first honor-roll proved our lack of study. The number which attained that coveted position for the first marking period was seven. Determined to improve this, we worked and worked—and the result was

Much encouraged, we repeated the process and the effect was amazing—. Elated we thought it would be splendid to do even better for our final marking period that year. The result—

The class of '27 was so well organized and far superior to the

upper classes which had class officers that we needed none. According to that decision—we had none.

The only thing which hindered our progress was the name "Freshman," and, by June we were very glad to assume the more dignified title, "Sophomores."

—Nathalie Lewis.

THE CLASS OF '27 AS SOPHOMORES.

In September 1924, we, the Class of '27, found ourselves in a new and strange world. All around us were grinning and jeering Juniors and Seniors who seemed to delight in tormenting us, by reminding us of the fact that the year before we had been Freshmen and had made the acquaintance of the watering trough. But it wasn't long before we clenched our fists, ground our teeth and craved revenge. So we set out to accomplish this task with the vim that has marked our class throughout its career, and needless to say, a good many of the Freshmen were introduced to the "Aqua Pura" which fills the trough.

As Freshmen we failed to elect any class officers, and so when we became Sophomores we did things up right and elected "D" McCormick, President; Mary Phillips, Vice-President; Helen Strubbe, Secretary; and Hubert Gosselin, Treasurer. With this quartet as leader, we soon made our elders sit up and take notice of us.

We presented several vaudeville acts at the Freshman reception, which were coached by Miss Gage. The Red and White of November 1924 complimented us by saying: "The Sophomores have much dramatic talent for the school." We lived up to this statement by having a large number of our class in the play which won so much praise, "Once in a Blue Moon."

The first six weeks we had only four on the honor roll, but we soon got the best of our feelings and became accustomed to our surroundings, so that by the end of the year we had increased the number to sixteen or seventeen.

Our four horsemen: McCormick, Carbine, Gosselin, and Jillson, made their debut on the gridiron in the fall of 1924, and maybe it was because of this fact that Coach O'Brien remarked that the team in '24 had the best scholastic record of any team he had ever coached in Rutland High School. For beginners in interscholastic sports, we were well represented in Basketball, Baseball and Track. That was the year that Ed. Layden and Nanny Sabourin both stepped

out,—Ed. to the pitcher's box and Nanny to the Cinder Track. Rutland High had a very successful year in athletics when we were Sophomores. We were Champions of Southern Vermont in Basketball and runners up in the state meet at Burlington, where we were defeated by Montpelier by one point. Later we were defeated by Rogers High School of Newport, R. I. by one basket in the Championship Tournament at Tufts College. We were champs in track that year, also. The fact that these championship teams were made by the help of the boys of the class of '27 make us feel proud of our record.

The twenty-first annual Baseball-Fair, which was destined to be the last, was held that year and it was a great treat for us, because many of us took part in it. In the spring of the year, we bade farewell to Mr. Abbott who had led us thru the mists for two years.

The days of that eventful year sped swiftly by, as days will sometimes do, and the next September found us haughty Juniors, and another glorious year of school life was nothing but a happy recollection to us.

—Joseph Avery.

THE CLASS OF '27 AS JUNIORS.

In September 1925, the class of '27 again entered the portals of good old R. H. S., but this time under slightly different circumstances. First, we were Juniors, and only those who have known the glory of being a full-fledged, next-to-a-Senior Junior can appreciate the thrill of pride that enveloped us. Second, we had a new principal, Mr. Johnson. Curiosity assailed us, our imagination soared. Would he be kind or harsh? Would he be liked or disliked? Would he be understanding? Did he have pep? We came, we saw. We were convinced. We hard-to-please Juniors were satisfied. Mr. Johnson was a success.

We started the year by electing a body of most capable officers. Hubert Gosselin was elected president; Janet Fiske, vice-president; Helen Strubbe, secretary, and John Lawrence, treasurer. These four performed their divers duties adequately all the year.

For the first time in our school history, a successful Athletic Association was organized. The organization soon grew into a full-fledged, up-and-doing one, supported by a good percent of the school.

Its purpose was two-fold. First, it gave the entire student body a chance to cooperate, and second, it made possible the issuing of reduced rates to the games for all those who were enrolled as members. This organization is a vital part of our school and should be continued.

The result of our football season, although not as successful as that of some previous years, was something of which we should be proud. Out of the eight games that we played we won four. Granvill, Fair Haven, Bellows Falls and Winooski were our vanquishers, while we won from Lyndon Institute and Spaulding High School, and tied with Goddard Seminary and Montpelier Seminary.

In October the welcoming party of the upper classmen for the unsophisticated (?) "frosh" was a great success. Our bit in the entertainment was cleverly handled by some of the talent of our class. It consisted of a burlesque on Hamlet which was extremely comical.

The winter saw the opening of other fields of sport. Our hockey team, for its primer year was certainly fine. We made a fine showing in the Winter Carnival. The cup for the team having the highest number of points was won jointly by R. H. S. and Chester High School of Chester, Vermont. The team had its share of '27 boys.

The basket-ball and baseball season showed other successes. In basket-ball we were the winners of the Southern Vermont Championship Tournament, sponsored by the Rutland Rotary Club, while out of the nine games played in baseball, eight were ours.

For our track team we saw another victorious year. In the three meets in which we participated, Norwich at Northfield, the State meet at Burlington, and the Tri-State meet at Brattleboro, we carried off top honors.

Our Junior Prom was, perhaps, the crowning success. It was the first time that third year students have ever given a "prom." Let's hope that Junior "studes" will, in the future, follow our example.

Mr. Phillips helped us along by his presentation of "The Rose Maiden" cantata. The chorus and the orchestra were well drilled and made a pleasing result.

The year was filled with social and athletic events and it was not without some regret and a bit of sorrow that we passed out of the old building in June, dignified Seniors. Our Junior days were gone forever.

—Catherine Boyden.

HISTORY OF SENIOR YEAR.

September 7, 1927—what a glorious day! At last we were Seniors, dignified, sophisticated Seniors. No longer were we to be looked down upon; it was our turn to do the looking and it was up to us to lead. For this purpose, we chose as class officers: Hubert Gosselin, President; Janet Fiske, Vice-President; Mildred Ball, Secretary; and Donald MacGillivray, Treasurer.

The first social event of the year at which we demonstrated our entertaining ability was the Freshmen Reception. We decided to welcome the Freshies with something amusing. The minstrel show given by several senior boys was a decided hit, and we immediately won the favor of our youthful audience.

The Senior society was the first to attempt student government in the halls, and they ably handled the task.

The Class of '27 was not to be outshone in athletics. To every branch of sports we gave a captain. Donald McCormick led his football team through one of the most successful seasons in Rutland High School. Out of eight games played, we won six and tied two.

In Basketball we were not as fortunate; nevertheless our boys fought hard and well. Leo Keefe, the boss of this group, was accorded the individual honor of being picked as guard on a second "all state team." For the first time in three years we failed to become Southern Vermont Champs. Yet is it not as glorious to lose as only true sportsmen can lose?

On the other hand, the girls' basketball team met with great success and made a name for themselves in girls' athletics. They were managed by Mable Rice '27, who also acted as captain in the latter part of the season.

The Baseball team, captained by Edward Layden, in spite of a schedule shortened because of a rainy season, did their very best.

"Twenty-seven" contributed participants to another branch of sports recently introduced at Rutland High, namely Hockey and Ski-jumping. James Reedy, a Senior, placed high in the latter event at a contest held in Bellows Falls.

Fortune also smiled on us in Track. Although we did not win first place at either Norwich or Burlington, our boys won or placed in the majority of events. Of these, we might mention Captain Sabourin '27 who won the half-mile and tied the state record at Burlington.

Another outstanding event of our Senior year which won its well-

deserved praise was the Senior play, "Nothing But the Truth". In this was shown the dramatic ability of the class.

Scholastically and musically, also, we claimed our just rewards; we contributed many to the orchestra and chorus, several times this year we have led in the number of pupils on the Honor Roll and to Kathleen Phelps and John Livak, both Seniors, were awarded first prizes for the best chemistry essays in the state.

Of the one hundred and sixty pupils entered as Freshmen, the majority of us will graduate. Together we have spent four, happy, never-to-be-forgotten years. Probably there is no accomplishment of the class which will live on forever in the records of the school, still we have done our part and have made life-long friends among classmates and teachers. The first big step in a long march is completed and now we must move on. We are loathe to leave the place wherein we have spent so many pleasant hours, the old walls, the very seats and even the "shack" at the rear of the building hold memories, but it is all inevitable, life beckons, we must pass on, as have our predecessors to new environments, new friends; yet we hesitate—

High School, yes we love it
And we know we hate to part,
Hate to see the door's last closing
Dread to cease where more will start;
Back we'll gaze where oft we linger
Hearts will ache and voices sigh
We'll be old and long forgotten—
Nothing more than "Alumnae".

—Helen Strubbe.

CLASS WILL OF 1927.

We, the undersigned, being of sound mind (?) and healthy body, do will and bequeath, this our last testament.

Ethel Aiken leaves her wistful smile to Frances Parker.

Mary Alexander wills her knowledge of the fruit business to J. Quigley.

Elsa Anderson wills her love for boys to Irene Chamberland.

Jeannet Baldwin leaves Tillie Ballard, and that's her tough luck.

Alice Baine leaves her double chin to "Ginna" Kent.

Mildred Ball leaves her text books to Elinor Glynn.

Flavia Bartalena leaves her new-found love to Francis Tree.

Virginia Belden leaves her flapper love to Phil Quirk.

Mildred Billado wills her Buick and the times therein to Joe Paul.

Lucy Bingham leaves her brains to be examined by Mr. Bump.

Catherine Boyden leaves her singing ability to the Victor Company.

Emma Bruzza wills her aching heart to Victor Bove.

Mary Butterfly bequeaths her position as lunch counter clerk to H. Hostler.

Dot Carbine leaves her glasses to Edith McCauley.

Annette Chamberland leaves her height to John Quirk.

Edna Cole wills to Buddie Mattison her latest work in toe dancing.

Ruth Corcoran leaves her shortness to Grass-hopper Cioffi.

Jean Davis wills her art of dancing to Clarice Mintzer.

Thelma Desmarais leaves her position in the library to Hanson Ramson.

Helen DonLeavy and Edith Erickson leave their Charleston ability to the best dancer in the Freshman class, Mike Livak.

Ethel Eddy wills her dramatic talent to Raymond Conant.

Janet Fiske wills her wonderful personality to the Junior Class.

Laura Franzoni and Helen Frankiewicz leave their powder compacts to the smokers in the boiler room.

Bernice Hall bequeaths her marriage intentions to Shirley Negus.

Laura Knight and Sara Knight leave their boldness as knights to Barbara Farnsworth.

Hope LaValley leaves her chewing gum to the Rutland Tallow Co.

Nathalie Lewis wills her Indian manner to the Boy Scouts for experimental purposes.

Gertrude Lloyd leaves her shyness to the regular callers at the office.

Mildred Longe leaves the school steps to be repaired.

Dorothy McCoy bequeaths her art of "Seeing it all" to Margaret Huffert.

Marie Nichols wills her Irish laugh to Sarah Newman.

Elizabeth Olsen leaves her affections for Donald McCormick to a certain resident in Pittsford.

Mary Phillips wills her Tres Decem arm band to the Salvation Army.

Elizabeth Purdy leaves John Hinsman to Frances Parker. "To the victor belong the spoils."

Marcia Puckridge leaves the unused hot dogs of the lunch room to Hudson's meat market.

Mable Rice leaves her strength to Jean Phillips.
 Charlotte Robinson leaves her giggles to anyone who can stand them.
 Cecilia Slater leaves her shoes to Robert Lanahan.
 Doris Smith leaves her Joe to the competent care of Pauline Lamb.
 Stella Tosi leaves her slim figure to "Brute" Billings.
 Aileen Wood leaves an autographed picture of Smith Bros. to Howe's store.
 Irma Stone leaves her love for the High School Faculty to Ted Olsen.
 Theodora Marceau leaves her love for star milers to Charlie Spencer's admirers.
 Ola LaRose and Margaret Lear leave school with a sigh.
 Helen Strubbe leaves her love for bald-headed men to anyone in the Freshman class caring to have "Eggy" Quigley around.
 Mable Risdon leaves her agricultural instinct to Lucille Rowe.
 Kathleen Phelps leaves her position in Jimmie's Lunch Room to Brother Earl.
 Evelyn Noyes leaves her love for her brother Nosey to anyone willing to make the supreme sacrifice.
 Jessie Davis leaves her cheers for the Rutland City Five for our future cheer leaders.
 Ruth Hatch leaves her sleeping powders to Mary Lanahan.
 Nellie Haynes leaves her post in the High School Curriculum to return to Middletown Springs.
 Martha Hinckley leaves a front lawn to the High School.
 Mildred Cheney leaves her desire for good-looking fish to Jean Simpson.
 Beatrice Ingalls leaves a flower plant to the front window.
 Lily Robolini leaves her inconspicuous life to Joe Cantona.
 Ruth Salmonson leaves a bus for the Center Rutland "trade" to this school.
 Eva Sheldon leaves a smoking set in the boiler room.
 Yvonne Hutchins leaves her boy friend to the Randolph Agricultural School.

MALE ELEMENT

Joe Avery leaves his flaming blonde to anyone who can find her.
 Ed Briggs leaves his portrait to the home for the blind.
 Harold Burke leaves his "Rolls Royce" to the stone crusher.

Doggan Canty leaves the money he spent for milk at the lunch counter.
 Bob Carbine leaves Jean to be taken care of by "Zip" Gemo.
 Harley Chatterton leaves all of his "flat tires" to Tom Eddy.
 Olieo DeForge leaves the dimple in his chin to Hambone Crowley.
 Junk Eaton leaves one of his old Cadilacs to the Tupper Lake Bus Line.
 Trooper Eddy leaves his big feet to the U. S. Medical Company.
 Carl Fresell leaves his seat in the fire station to Ed Pike.
 Stephen Gallipo leaves his curling iron to Mr. O'Brien.
 Howard Goddard leaves his beard to the Passion Players.
 Hubert Gosselin leaves Frances Mason to the Nash Motor Company, "His two best friends."
 Charles Halpin leaves his ford to the museum of natural art.
 Roy Hannon leaves nothing; he is taking Jean Davis with him.
 Gerald Harrington leaves his girlish walk to John Keefe.
 Otis Hewitt leaves his knowledge of American history to the library.
 Paul Hill leaves his pipe to the health board.
 Ted Hinckley leaves his school-boy complexion to Joyce Plunkett.
 Gunnar Holmquist leaves his odd name to the new high school.
 Palmer Jillson bequeaths his fondness of girls to Jack Lanzillo.
 Ed. Layden leaves his pitching arm to Justine Palmer.
 John Livak leaves his string of heartbroken women to Dick Wall.
 Hollis McCloskey leaves his ford to the sub-high.
 Donald McCormick leaves his love for "Liz" Olsen to a certain party in Pittsford.
 Donald MacGillivray leaves Babe, but not for long.
 Don McIntosh leaves his motor bike to Mr. Phillips.
 Gerald McLaughlin leaves his home in 'Nebraska' for an uptown job.
 Stanley Mahan leaves his striped suit to the Police force.
 Robert Mangan leaves his trumpet to Gabriel.
 Charles Marro leaves his Latin profile to Wallace Amidon.
 Raymond Moore leaves his middle name, Mildred, to Maynard Welch.
 Glenn Parsons leaves the freight house to Al Penta and sons.
 Wilfred Perry leaves his illustrious career to his brother Francis.
 Gordon Pierce leaves his Latin "Trot" to the Barker Livery Stable.
 Joe Avery leaves his hot air to the American Balloon Company.
 Robert Campbell leaves an oil stove for future use in the hut.

Francis Clifford leaves his brains on a hatrack opposite room 36 for future use by the bookworms.

"Dick" Daggs leaves all of his Boy Scout pins to Kitty Grandy.

Albert Davis wills his antique overcoat to the Rutland Poor Farm.

Jim Davis leaves his motorcycle to the city dump.

Hammar Day leaves track shoes to Miss True.

Bernard Dick leaves his ten-cent wit to Joe Mangan.

"Red" Dorian leaves his short sixty minute speeches to Bill McGinnis.

Harold Pratt leaves his level head and his six feet to the Freshman Class of '31.

Gordon Prouse leaves his line to the Foley Laundry.

Earl Rabidou leaves his grit to his brother Al.

Stewart Ranger leaves the High School to the fire department.

James Reedy leaves his skis to the Rutland Ski Club.

"Foggy" Carrigan leaves a bright shining rolling pin to Miss True.

Antoinette Cioffi leaves her artistic ability to the Red and White's future "Bud Fishers".

Earl Routier leaves his hair groom to Dan Farnsworth.

Chester Ruthowski leaves his trigonometric knowledge to Harry Miele.

Luigi Sabataso leaves his knickers to the tent factory.

Francis Sabourin leaves his half-mile record to be lowered by Alec Smart.

Robert Saunders leaves his aspirin tablets to Liggett's Drug store.

Bob Sheridan leaves his photograph to the City Hall.

Bob Sullivan leaves his sheikish ability to Tom Porter.

Raymond Stoodley leaves his hike to Mill Village to the mail man.

Roland Walker leaves his knowledge of motorcycles to Babe Minard.

Donald Lorette leaves his Miss Willis' "Trig" Class to Bull Manfreda.

James Reilly leaves his Center Rutland "jog" to George Ianni.

Raymond Morse leaves his Sherlock Holmes hat to Pete Taylor.

Harry Holden leaves an opening in the High School Athletic "News" Department to any aspiring writer.

Winthrop Spencer leaves a throbbing heart to the High School Faculty.

Bob Wilson wills his terpsicorian ability to Teid Levins.

Anthony Carusso leaves another record for some Junior to beat, namely "four years of hard work."

Reba Gillespie leaves her cute smile for some Freshman to cultivate.

Bunsy Keefe leaves his charming lisp to Claire Wall. Companionship breeds similarity.

John Reilly leaves his spiked shoes to Fat Frenier for future roadwork.

"Wa Wa" Walsh leaves his managership of the smoking team to John McGarry.

Signed this first day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven.

CHARLES HALPIN, Trustee.

Witness:

Class of 1927.

CLASS ELECTIONS, '27.

Best Looking Boy	Ed. Layden
Best Looking Girl	Janet Fiske
Best Dressed Boy	Bob Sheridan
Best Dressed Girl	"Lib" Purdy
Most Popular Boy	Ed. Layden
Most Popular Girl	Janet Fiske
Best Boy Dancer	Olin DeForge
Best Girl Dancer	Helen Strubbe
Best Boy Sport	Bunsie Keefe
Best Girl Sport	"Skinny" Ball
Class Cut-up	John Carrigan
Class Goat	Gordon Prouse
Wittiest Boy	John Carrigan
Wittiest Girl	C. Robinson
Smallest Boy	Earl Rabidou
Smallest Girl	Ruth Corcoran
One most likely to succeed (boy)	John Livak
One most likely to succeed (girl)	C. Robinson

Best Boy Athlete	"Nanny" Sabourin
Best Girl Athlete	Mabel Rice
Class Baby	Ruth Corcoran
Woman Hater of the Class	"Nanny" Sabourin
Man Hater of the Class	Flavia Bartelina
Tallest Girl	Annette Chamberland
Tallest Boy	"Ted" Hinckley
Class Shiek	Olin De Forge
Laziest Boy	"Bob" Carbine
Laziest Girl	"Lib" Purdy
Best Lunch Customer	"Ben" Dick
Best Boy Actor	Don MacGillivray
Best Girl Actor	C. Robinson
Driver of the School Taxi	Wilfred Perry
Most Bashful Girl	Aileen Wood
Most Bashful Boy	Palmer Jilson
Champion Gum Chewer	Marcia Puckridge
Boy who talks most	Harley Chatterton
Girl who talks most	Jessie Davis
Teacher's Pet (Girl)	Marie Nichols
Teacher's Pet (Boy)	Gerald Harrington
Always Tardy	Don Lorette
Most Dated Up	Mary Phillips
Spends most time in the office	John Carrigan
Most Musical	Mildred Ball
Most Dramatic	Charlotte Robinson
Boy who has done most for his class	Hubert Gosselin
Girl who has done most for her class	Mary Phillips
Class Grind	John Livak
Class Grouch	Stewart Ranger
Girl with the most pleasing personality	Janet Fiske
Boy with the most pleasing personality	"Bob" Sullivan

CLASS PASTIMES.

Now you have all heard of our class elections

And these are the class of '27's selections.

Edward Layden is our best looking boy

Edward is handsome—Edward is coy.

We choose Janet Fiske for our best looking girl

Doesn't looking at Janet put your head in a whirl?

To Bob Sheridan goes the title of best dressed boy.

Even buying a necktie, to him is a joy.

Our best dressed girl is Lib Purdy

A choice that I'm sure you all think is worthy.

Our most popular boy is Ed Layden

Lindberg himself is not with titles more laden.

Again I must call on Janet Fiske

That she's our most popular girl I'm sure is no myth.

And now we come to the best boy dancer

And Olin De Forge is certainly some prancer.

Our best girl dancer is Helen Strubbe

When it comes to prizes Helen never gets the booby.

Our best boy sport is Bunsie

There isn't a sport in which he is clumsy.

Our best girl sport is Skinny Ball

Skinny is there—if she isn't very tall.

The class cut-up is Johnnie Carrigan

There never was any trouble but what Johnnie began.

Charlotte Robinson is said to be our wittiest girl

You have to watch your step when Charlotte's tongue begins to whirl.

27's smallest boy is Earl Rabidou

Now doesn't Earl's size appeal to you?

Of all the girls Ruth Corcoran is the smallest

But Ruth can cover ground just as well as the tallest.

And now we come to the boy most likely to succeed

To introduce John Livak there is certainly no need.

Of all the boys Johnnie Carrigan is the wittiest

Whenever there's a wise crack John's is the niftiest.

The girl most likely to succeed we think is Charlotte Robinson
Charlotte's lofty brow convinces that we chose the right one.

Nanny Sabourin is '27's best boy athlete
With Nanny, I tell you, there's no one can compete.

Our best girl athlete is Mabel Rice
Now Mabel's not only an athlete, but she's also pretty nice.

Ruth Corcoran we voted to be the class baby
And when we say that we don't mean maybe!

Of the class Nanny Sabourin is the woman hater
We wonder if this will be so ten years later.

The man hater is said to be Flavia Bartelena
But that isn't true, at least sometimes when I've seen her.

Of all the girls Annette Chamberland's the tallest
There are times, I suppose, when she wishes to be smallest.

Ted Hinkley is the tallest boy in the class of '27
But by that, you see, he's much nearer heaven.

Olin De Forge is our class sheik
All he needs is a tent for the girls to fall at his feet.

Of all the boys Bob Carbine is the laziest
When it comes to knowing what it's all about, Bob sure is the haziest

The laziest girl we decide is Lib
We hate to do it,—but just found we couldn't fib.

Ben Dick is the best customer of all of our bunch
You have to beat him to it if you want any lunch.

Don McGillivray's our best boy actor
In dramatics he sure is some factor.

Charlotte Robinson in acting is certainly sublime,
And believe me, dear audience, that is no line.

When you see Wilfred Perry, and you're in a hurry,
Just stand on the corner and holler, "Taxi!"

Our most bashful girl is Aileen Wood,
The boys would date her up, if they could.

Palmer Jillson is the most bashful boy,
Just look at him, isn't he coy.

Marcia Puckridge is our champion gum-chewer
When Marcia's jaws get started, you have to hand it to her.

Harley Chatterton is the boy who is said to talk the most,
He'll probably still be talking when each of us is a ghost.

Jessie Davis is the girl who talks the most in '27,
She'll probably argue with St. Peter to be let into heaven.

Marie Nichols rates as teacher's pet
But she's someone else's, you can bet.

Another teacher's pet is Gerald Harrington
When it comes to running errands, he's always the one.

The one who's always tardy is known as Donald Lorette
He isn't in a hurry, but he'll get there yet.

They've chosen Mary Phillips (that's I) for the most dated,
I certainly must admit, that it makes me feel elated.

John Carrigan of '27 spends the most time in the office
Whenever you're in there you'd think it were his.

For musical ability we have chosen Mildred Ball,
We know she's good at music, but that's not all.

The boy who's done most for his class is Hubert Gosselin.
If you ever want anything done, just seek out him.

They've chosen me for the girl who's done the most for the class
Just to have to tell it to you is certainly a task.

John Livak was voted, the class grind,
But then it's a cinch his marks aren't behind.

For the class grouch we've chosen Stewart Ranger,
Of all our selections there is none more stranger.

The girl with the most pleasing personality we vote as Janet Fiske,
And when we voted that we certainly took no risk.

Bob Sullivan's personality we vote is most pleasing,
His pink cheeks and bright eyes to girls are most teasing.

—Mary Phillips.

CLASS PROPRECY.

It was the year 2042. Rain was pattering down steadily on the tin roof of the attic where a girl was rummaging around for something to do. It was rather dark up there—just light enough

to distinguish things—old trunks pushed against the wall, dusty broken chairs, and, away by itself in one corner, a quaint old dresser. The girl peered into the mirror, and was almost startled by the dim, ghostly reflection of herself which looked at her through the thick dust. She opened the drawers one by one—nothing interesting there—just old odds and ends of dresses, pieces of half finished embroidery, some tattered books. One little drawer, which was hardly noticeable at a first glance, so cleverly was it concealed in the carving, was filled with newspaper clippings. There should be something interesting in this, the girl thought as she looked through it idly. No, there were just funny old reports of births, deaths and weddings. But what was this? Oh, a letter! She took it over to the window where there was better light. The first of the several closely written pages was headed "Rutland, Vermont, June 28, 1942" and the letter began "Dear Dorothy."

"Why, isn't this funny!" exclaimed the girl. "This must have been written to my great-grandmother just one hundred years ago today."

Rutland, Vermont
June 23, 1942.

Dear Dorothy:

Here I am being very slow to answer your nice letter, just as I usually am. I received it early in May and here it is June 23, and I am choosing a very important day on which to write? Do you remember that this is the fifteenth anniversary of our graduation from Rutland High School? It is quite appropriate that I should be writing you all the news of the class of '27 on this day, isn't it?

Yesterday, I went downtown and tried to be especially observing so that I could see things, and remember them to write about them to you.

As I turned down Merchants' Row, my eye was immediately attracted to a large cleverly drawn poster which announced the coming of Marie Alexandra, famous interpreter of Spanish dances. This of course is Mary Alexander's stage name, and the very attractive poster was drawn by Antoinette Cioffi.

I stopped in at Olin Deforge's office to get an appointment to have my teeth filled, and while there, I met Doris Smith. She was really worried—she and Joe can't decide whether to make a basketball or football star out of little Joe, and they are awfully upset. She showed me a letter from Janet Fiske who, with Mildred Ball, is in South Africa doing special research work. Mildred plays the

piano for the natives, and when her music has soothed their savage hearts, Janet sneaks up with a camera and takes their pictures.

These are sent home and developed by Bob Mangan who now owns Chalmers' store, and they are exhibited to the public by Earle Routier who runs the Grand Theater. Johnny Carrigan, old friend of the Grand, still comes there occasionally, but you would never know him now, because Helen's gentle influence has calmed him down so much.

The automobile business is a flourishing one here. Hubert Goselin is still selling Nash cars. His wife, Frances is absolutely content except for the fact that when she meets Jeannette Baldwin Ballard, Jeannette always begins to rave about the Oaklands that HER husband is selling. Gordon Prouse and Julian Eaton are also in the same business. Junk does the work, and Gordon—well, you guessed it—does the talking. He is now doing his best to have the next Auto Show held on Killington or Pico.

Harold Burke and Walter Brown having recently been tied in a contest for the best dressed men in America have taken their prize money and gone to Paris. Latest reports state that they are having a great time rushing the little French Girls.

Gordon Pierce is principal of the new High School. Nathalie Lewis has been teaching there, but there are rumors that she is to resign because of her approaching marriage to Wilfred Perry. Mabel Rice is gym instructor, Paul Hill is janitor, and Donald Lorette runs the lunch counter. Other work for the children of the city is done by Catherine Boyden who plans their duties, and John Livack whose dairy furnishes high grade milk for the babies.

Bob Sullivan is on Easy street now. He opened a beauty shop and made millions from that and the sale of his book called "Secrets of that School Girl Skin."

A new actor has come to the front in the last few years. Yes, it's Joe Avery, whose interpretation of the "School Boy Lover" has won him world-wide recognition.

The lure of the footlights called to others of our friends, Ruth Corcoran and Annette Chamberland are appearing in a vaudeville skit called "The Long and Short of It."

Lib Purdy is a leader in our society. She runs a gown shop where Mary Phillips and Mildred Cheney are her leading models.

Paul Whiteman's orchestra has been succeeded by Roy Hannon and his Jazz Gang. Another member of his gang is Don MacGillivray who travels all over the country. "Babe" objects to his wild

life, but since he has promised to tell "nothing but the truth" she can always check up on him.

Bunsey Keefe is working hard to support those recently left at his front door by that famous bird the stork.

Marcia Puckridge has just persuaded her husband to build her a new house. This is to be designed and furnished according to the tastes of Harley Chatterton, our promising young interior decorator.

The Evening News and the Rutland Herald are now edited by Bob Sheridan and Gerald McLaughlin, respectively. These two obtained their training on the Red and White staff, and have been rivals ever since.

Don MacIntosh is director of the new Ziegfield Follies, with Marie Nichols as his star, and Sara Knight, Jessie Davis and Dot Carbine in his chorus.

"D" McCormick, now a resident of Pittsford, leads a rather quiet life, although he occasionally brings his kids down to see a football game. Don intends to enter politics soon by entering the race for the office of Sheriff in that large and beautiful country.

"Birds of a feather flock together" so Robert Campbell has joined the rest of his family in the soup-making business.

Cecelia Slater and Emma Bruzza have gone into partnership as public accountants, and Hope LaValley is court stenographer for Judge Raymond Stoodley.

Have you noticed the charming portraits on the covers of "Life" Magazine lately? They are designed by Bob Wilson, and he is becoming noted for his snappy bathing beauty pictures.

Mildred Longe is making a big hit in Grand Opera and is called a second Marion Talley. Walter-Walter-alas-poor Walter-Walsh. He was disappointed in love so he withdrew to the seclusion of that large and beautiful farm of the people, located on Woodstock Ave. viz. the Poor Farm.

Ethel Mary Eddy and Edward Briggs give riding lessons at the select spot. These two are constantly falling—off their horses, and for each other. Other members of the Poor Farm Staff are Mary Butterfly and Flavia Bartalena who preside in the kitchen and whose delicious salads and sandwiches are the delight of Rutland's 400. More R. H. S. training—do you remember the old lunch counter days?

Raymond Morse is running a chain of grocery stores, and though a successful business man, he isn't his own boss—no, Edna Cole rules that partnership.

Winthrop Spencer and Richard Dagg have succeeded Dan Beard and Mr. Berry as the patron saints of the Boy Scouts. They tried to reform our notorious sinner, Charles Marro, but failed, so Charles is spending the summer at Windsor, cracking stone in a striped sweat shirt.

Jean Davis is making a big hit in New York with her Argentine Tango and other snappy dances.

Edith Erickson is private secretary to our rising lawyer Luigi Sabatasso and has helped him immensely on his road to success.

Mildred Billado has a little flivver and serves as a visiting teacher in our country schools. She was arrested for speeding the other day by Stephen Gallipo who has succeeded Danny Brown as motor cop.

Elsa Anderson and Laura Franzoni are doing slum work in the Bowery in New York. To the little East Siders they are known as Blonde and Brunette, and their work has done much for these children.

Bob and Jean Carbine celebrated their fourteenth wedding anniversary the other night. It was quite a party. Francis Sabourin, wealthy "man about town" entertained with his famous "Bachelor's Love Call" and Helen Frankewitz, poet laureate of Vermont, read her poem called "Sorrows of a Soda Fountain Susy." The evening closed with three boxing bouts given by six of Ed. Layden's thriving family.

You remember the hit Micky Halpin made in "Pickles"? Well, he's in the movies now, and surpasses Valentino as a matinee idol. Francis Eddy is employed as his secretary, to receive the thousands of love letters which come to Micky from his feminine admirers.

Dot McCoy's abundant hair serves her well now. She stands in a store window holding its curly length in one hand and a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo in the other, advertising this famous product. She has a competitor, Red Dorion, who in the shop across the way lets the sun shine on his crowning glory, in an effort to induce the people to try Henna Rinse.

Ted Hinkley is travelling for the Mellin's Food Company. During his absence, his sister Martha, and wife Theodora keep the old maids' hall together.

Mildred Risdon, Laura Knight and Nellie Haynes are running a soup kitchen in China. Albert Davis is also there, having been sent as a missionary from the Congregational Sunday School.

Bernard Dick and Howard Goddard are in Greenwich Village

together. They maintain an exceedingly Bohemian apartment, write poetry for a living, and pursue "wine, women and song" for a pastime.

Gerald Harrington is in Paris designing hats for a millinery shop owned by Lucy Bingham, and Dame Rumour has it that they will soon form a life-long partnership in the presence of a justice of the peace.

Harvard's all star football team of last fall was coached by Palmer Jillson, who is athletic director there.

Stanley Mahan has recently won the International Cross Country races, and Otis Hewitt, having rescued his motor-cycle from the city dump, won a booby prize of twenty-five cents in the same event.

Ola Larose is proprietor of the Elmore Hotel and has a very efficient staff of helpers. Hollis McCloskey is her cook, Raymond Moore and Glen Parson are chamber maids and Earl Rabidou is head bell hop.

Bernice Hall and Helen Don Leavy are employed as window trimmers by the Woolworth Company, and Lily Ribolini is head floor walker for the same corporation.

Donald Canty and James Davis made a lot of money recently. When the Old High School was torn down, they bought all the furniture, and these genuine antiques netted them an immense profit.

There is a new reading room in the library, furnished by Chester Rutkowski, our wealthy financier, and dedicated to his old pal, Jimmy Reedy, who spends ALL his time there now, instead of only part time formerly. A similar kindness was extended when James Reilly donated a leather armchair to the fire station for the greater comfort of Carl Fresell who is now a permanent fixture there.

Harold Pratt and Harry Holden having graduated from Annapolis are in the navy now. They can't decide whether to resign from the navy and embark on the stormy sea of matrimony with Beatrice Ingalls and Ruth Hatch or continue their present state of unwedded bliss.

Aileen Wood and Yvonne Hutchins have gone into partnership and have formed a Nurse Maids' Union for the purpose of obtaining shorter hours and higher wages for working girls.

The call of the city came to two others of our class. Stella Tosi is in New York creating gowns for a Fifth Avenue Shop, and Evelyn Noyes is owner of a dainty delicatessen Shop.

Kathleen Phelps, like Hetty Green, became very wealthy from

Wall Street negotiations. Elizabeth Olson stands in well as her personal maid, and Gunnar Holmquist is her butler.

Ethel Aiken and Virginia Beldon are trapeze performers in Bob Sanders' great three ring circus and Francis Clifford is the lion and elephant trainer.

Eva Sheldon is cashier in the Marble Savings Bank, being the first woman to ever hold this position, and Ruth Salmonson has charge of the Christmas Clubs in the same establishment.

Rutland girls have a drag a Skidmore College as Thelma Desmarais is Dean of Women there.

Gertrude Lloyd and Margaret Lear have entered into the wholesale farm produce business and are progressing very rapidly. Only the other day, Gert sold a dozen of eggs to some rash tourist.

Well, Dorothy, I think that's about everybody, don't you? I have tried to tell you carefully about everybody in our old crowd. You can see for yourself that the class of '27 has carried out its good beginnings, for all our members have done very well and have more than added their share of glory to the name of Rutland High School.

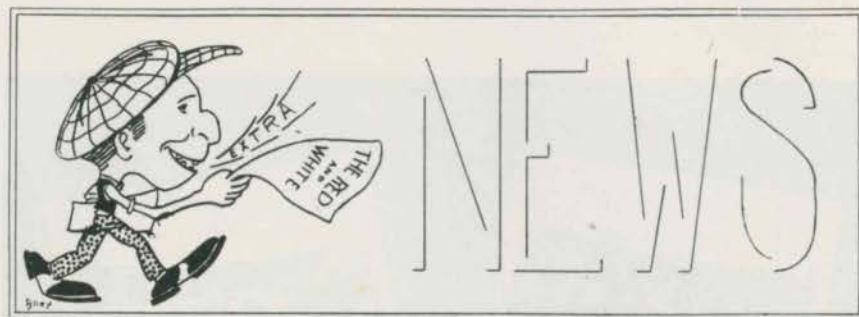
It is lunch time now so this letter must close.

Much love,

CHARLOTTE.

When the girl had finished reading the letter she sat for a few minutes looking at it thoughtfully. Then she went over to the drawer and put the letter carefully back in its place in the little hidden drawer. "I will put it away where grandmother placed it so many years ago," she said to herself, "some day perhaps my granddaughter will find it here and read, as I have, of people and school days that were such a happy memory to the girl who wrote the letter and to that other girl who put this letter here. Who knows?"





THE SENIORS

THE SENIOR PLAY

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE

Wilfred Perry, Chairman

Doris Smith

Elizabeth Purdy

Gerald Harrington

CAST

Robert Bennett	Donald MacGillivray
E. M. Ralston	Harry Dorion
Dick Donnelly	Joe Avery
Clarence Van Dusen	Gordon Prouse
Bishop Doran	Don MacIntosh
Gwendolyn Ralston	Janet Fiske
Mrs. E. Ralston	Ethel Eddy
Ethel Clark	Nathalie Lewis
Mable Jackson	Charlotte Robinson
Sable Jackson	Helen Strubbe
Martha	Catherine Boyden

Senior Class Meeting

Senior Chorus practice began two weeks after "Pickles". There are about seventy of the Seniors who have entered the ranks. One period a week is set aside for the purpose of practice. This will continue until Graduation when, at that time they will show what has been accomplished.

HONORS FOR THE YEAR

1927

SENIORS

MARY BUTTERFLY
EDITH ERICKSON
HARRY HOLDEN
JOHN LIVAK
JAMES REEDY
CHARLOTTE ROBINSON
CHESTER RUTKOWSKI

JUNIORS

DOROTHY BOYDEN
ELLA CONGDON
EVA CORSONES
ADA HALEY
HELEN JASMIN
MARY MORRIS
EDGAR STICKNEY

SOPHOMORES

RUTH BERRY
IRVIN BEINHOWER
WILLIAM BURKE
BARBARA BUTTERFIELD
VIRGINIA KENT
VESTA RIDLON

FRESHMAN

WILLIAM BRISLIN
HELEN CONGDON
ELIZABETH CORCORAN
EEDWARD MARCEAU
DOROTHY WILLETT
RUTH WINSLOW

The Freshman assembly held March 15, was under the direction of Miss Ballou. It was composed of a one-act play, "Three Pills in a Bottle", taken from the collection of Harvard Workshop Plays.

The cast of characters was:

Tony Sims	Mary Ellen Hodsdon
Widow Sims	Florence Baldwin
Rich Man	Marion McHugh
Rich Man's Soul	Jean McKay
Scissors Grinder	Jennie Cioffi
Scissors Grinder's Soul	Betty Ashley
Scrub Woman	Alice Chalmers
Scrub Woman's Soul	Ruth Wilkins

The Freshman assembly held March 29, was under the supervision of Miss Maxfield. It comprised various recitations and musical selections rendered by members of the Freshman class.

The program was as follows:

Violin selections—"Minuet in E"—"Son of Tuzch".... Mary Conway
 Piano solos—"Venetian Barcarole"—"Ghosts" Dorothy Krans
 Recitations—"Experiments" Edward Marceau
 Vocal solos—"Little Boy Blue"—"Slumber Boat" Betty Ashley
 Violin duets—"Humoreske"—"In a Little Spanish Town"

Marston McCarty and Joseph McDonough
 Recitation—"Penrod's Letter" Joyce Plunkett
 Ukelele selections—Dorothy Austin, Jean McKay, Virginia Chamberland, Florence Baldwin, Ruth Bucklin, Mary Stearns, Amelia LaParle, Louise Baldwin, Ruth Wilkins, Joyce Plunkett, Geraldine Corpron, Loraine Russell and Mary Hodsdon.

THE JUNIOR PROM.

The Junior Prom given by the class of '28 was probably the leading social event during the year. John Quigley who was Chairman of the dance chose as his co-workers the following students: Harriet Mattison, Thomas Eddy, Sarah Newman, Charles Spencer, and Jean MacLeod under the direction of Miss Louise Willis.

The hall was very attractively decorated in the Junior Class colors, which are Cerise and Gray.

THE CHEMISTRY PRIZE.

The Chemistry Prize of \$20 in gold given every year by F. P. Garrahan was won by Kathleen Phelps '27 who submitted a composition of about twenty-four hundred words on "Chemistry in Relation to Health and Disease." John Livak also won first prize for his essay on "Chemistry in Agriculture. The presentation was made by President Moody of Middlebury College.

THE ASSEMBLIES.

The Assemblies this year have been very interesting. The most interesting address this year was Reverend Nehemiah Boynton's talk on the Chinese. He gave a very impressive and instructive speech.

Another interesting assembly was at the time when some of the Seniors' business class presented "Wild Nell," the part of Wild Nell, the pet of the plains, being taken by Helen Strubbe. We think that Helen has exceptional talent as a dramatist.

Memorial Day Assembly the last which the Seniors were to attend was held in honor of Memorial Day. Reverend Yantis was the chief speaker.

As a whole we have had most interesting assemblies this year. We owe a great deal to Mr. Johnson for obtaining such excellent speakers.

THE OLDER BOYS CONFERENCE.

The Fifteenth Annual Conference of the Older Boys of Vermont was held at Bennington, December 10, 11, and 12. These conferences are held yearly in the larger towns and cities of Vermont and are sponsored by the state Y. M. C. A. The delegates to this year's conference numbered 411 boys and speakers, representing over 100 towns and cities of Vermont.

Talks on subjects which are instructive and helpful to boys of high school age are given each year by speakers, each an expert on his particular subject, these talks range from religion to athletics. This year's speakers and their subjects included: Governor John E. Weeks of Vermont who spoke on "The Influence in Life of Early Habits;" Rev. John T. Dallas, Bishop of New Hampshire, whose talk was "The Christian Adventure;" William K. Cooper, whose subject was "The Value of Personal Influence;" Phillips P. Elliot, "The Greater Loyalty;" Yacoub Fam of Cairo, Egypt, who spoke about "World Brotherhood;" and Clarence DeMar, noted Marathon runner, who gave a very interesting talk on his experiences in the Olympic Games. Byron N. (Dad) Clark, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was the leader of the conference.

Those attending the conference from Rutland High School included: Robert Allen, vice-president of the conference; Harley Chatterton, Harold Pratt, Harry Holden, John Hinsman, Philip Billings, Tom Holden and Harry Whitney.



Literary



DRAMA.

If Life were a play of cheerfulness
In which tragedy had no place;
If Life were a play of easiness
In which hardship hid its face;

If man had one path to choose from—
The path that is narrow and straight;
A path that is free from perilous jumps,
A lane without question of weight.

Life to the cast would be Paradise;
An Eden without tales of woe,—
A garden without blemish or blight;
But the Wise Man hath said "No."

For Life to the player is sweeter,
If, in his play of strife,
Hardship has caused him heartaches—
For happiness follows in life.

Life to the victor is bigger
If he has had to debate,
"Shall I take the path that is wider,
Or take the one that is straight?" B. D. '27.

MY TREASURE BOX.

I have the rarest treasure box,
I'd show it to Princes and Kings
It is the dearest thing of all my possessions
You wonder what I have in my box
That I challenge any King?
I have no diamonds, rubies, or precious stones
Only a bunch of faded, scribbled, childish letters;
Inside of the folds are bits of paper dolls,
Little rabbits, bears, and little rhymes of childhood.
I shall cherish them for ever—
My dearest friend can write no more. S. T. '27.

BOOK REVIEW.

Lloyd George

by F. Dilnot

F. Dilnot has obtained most of his information for this biography from personal acquaintance with Lloyd George himself, and also through friendship with many of Lloyd George's friends. For the authenticity of the story of Lloyd George's early life we will have to trust to the integrity of the author, but for the later years, we ourselves know what Lloyd George has done.

In telling this story, Dilnot tells us that David Lloyd George was born in Manchester, England on January 17, 1862. His early education was received in the elementary school of the Village where he lived. He had a natural aptitude for learning and was always among the first in his class, not on account of any excessive study, but more on account of his keen brain and ability to grasp essentials. When Lloyd George's father died, Lloyd and his mother went to live with an uncle, and it is, perhaps, to this kind old man that Lloyd George owes his present greatness. His uncle planned for his future and to this end, planned his education carefully. He taught him French and Latin personally and in many other ways gave him a broad education.

Law became Lloyd George's profession, and at the age of twenty, he was admitted as a solicitor. He quickly gained attention by his manner of trying cases, and his audacity to the judges who held full sway in the courts at that time. From then on his career was one of distinction, until he finally became Prime Minister of England. Lloyd George's services to the world and to England are practically unlimited. Everyone knows what he did for the world during the war; this is the time when he reached the high point of his career. His fine judgment and statesmanship during this time of worry and rest have probably never been equalled by any man in the history of any country.

Certainly there is no greater man who has made history during the twentieth century, or who has done more for humanity at large, than David Lloyd George. It seems fitting to mention with him, two other great men, Woodrow Wilson, the great American, and Clemenceau, the Tiger of France. What a trio! Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson and Clemenceau! Certainly the world today would profit by more men like them. D. M. '27.



"The Live Wire"—High School, Newbury, Vt.

Good editorials! A few cuts would add a great deal to your paper.

"The Dial"—High School, Brattleboro, Vt.

You have an excellent literary department, although a few more poems would make it even more interesting.

"Chips"—High School, Richmond, Vt.

Your Poet's corner is very interesting. Why not enlarge the joke department a little?

"The Oracle"—High School, Gloversville, New York.

"The Oracle" is a winner all right. A fine literary department!

"The Standard Bearer"—Rome Free Academy, Rome, N. Y.

Your paper is well illustrated. The news is interestingly written.

"Station B. H. S."—High School, Bristol, Vt.

You have a snappy joke department. Why not add a few cuts to your paper?

"The Whisp"—High School, Wilmington, Delaware.

You are to be congratulated on your fine paper. It is very attractive and well written.

"Tech News"—Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

You have a very newsy paper. A few good jokes would make it even better reading.

"The Beach Breeze"—High School, Miami Beach, Florida.

You have a very attractive paper. We especially enjoyed the "Humor" column.

"The Sentinel"—High School, New Haven, Connecticut.

Again we are glad to comment on "The Sentinel." It is a fine representative of your school.

"The B. U. News"—Boston University, Boston, Mass.

Your paper certainly indicates that a wide-awake school is behind it. The "Walrus Column" is clever.

"The Otaknam"—High School, Mankato, Minnesota.

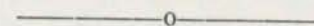
You have fine editorials in your paper. Don't you think a little illustration would make it more interesting?

"The Owl"—High School, Hurlock, Maryland.

Wouldn't it be better to have fewer jokes and more news?

"The Vermont Cynic"—U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.

A very neat paper. The "Campus Comment" section is well done.



"The Red and White" also acknowledges the following exchanges:

"Volcano"—High School, Hornell, N. Y.

"The Northfield News"—Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.

"B. U. News"—Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"The Beach Breeze"—Miami, Florida.

"The Spotlight"—High School, Chelsea, Vt.

"Station B. H. S."—High School, Bristol, Vt.

"The Otaknam"—High School, Mankato, Minn.

"The Vermont Cynic"—U. V. M., Burlington, Vt.

"The Stingaree"—High School, Miami, Florida.

"The Sutherland"—High School, Proctor, Vt.

"The Clarion"—High School, Fair Haven, Vt.



AS OTHERS SEE US.



"The Sutherland"—Proctor, Vt.

You have a well organized paper. The literary department is fine. Especially the story "The Strange Legend of Deepwood."



The engagement of Miss Pricilla Grower, '20, Dietician in the Albany City Hospital, has been announced to Frederick Welling.

Whitney Cook is rated in one of the Honor Groups at Yale.

Herbert Davison, Yale, recently injured his arm while practicing the Javelin throw and has been unable to take part in any meets.

Horace Yarrington and Fred Atherton made places at the Norwich Intercollegiate Meet, Horace being second in the high hurdles and Fred third. Fred second in the low hurdles and Horace third.

Miss Grace Sage Griffith 1908, recently won first prize for the best play submitted to the Little Theater of Burlington. The name of the play is "Philosophy."

Jane Olney, who has graduated from Bishopthorpe Manor, has sailed for Europe with her father and mother where they will attend the International Rotary Convention.

Mrs. Madeline Hodsdon Harris has been given the leading role in a Greek play to be given at Wheaton College.

Miss Edith Dunton, author of "Betty Wales" books is a graduate of R. H. S.

Mrs. Hester Kinsley Fiske who attended R. H. S. is taking the West Indies Tour.

Miss Beth Gilchrist, author of "The Life of Mary Lyon," "Cinderella's Granddaughter," "Trail's End," "Kib-Pab" and "A Few Boys"; a writer for the St. Nicholas Magazine, is a graduate of R. H. S.

Mrs. Mildred Egleston Beane is teaching at the Rutland Business College, she is also a graduate of R. H. S.

Mr. Raymond Beane has been appointed Alderman, Mr. Beane is a Rutland High School graduate.





THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Although Rutland's start in baseball was delayed by rain, the team made up for lost time in the game with North Bennington which they won by a score of 12 to 1. In a later game with our Proctor rivals, we won over our former victors. Everything points to a successful season. As a member of the Marble Valley League we have an exceptional schedule. With Stevens, Taylor and Rutkowski as hitters and Ed. Layden for pitcher our prospects are the best they have been in years.

The schedule is as follows:

- May 3. Vergennes vs. Rutland (rain).
- May 4. Proctor vs. Rutland (there) (rain).
- May 7. No. Bennington vs. Rutland.
- May 10. Pittsford vs. Rutland (rain).
- May 18. Spaulding vs. Rutland (there) (rain).
- May 25. Brandon vs. Rutland (there).
- May 28. Springfield vs. Rutland (there).
- May 31. Fair Haven vs. Rutland (there).
- June 3. Burlington vs. Rutland (there).
- June 8. Black River vs. Rutland.
- June 11. West Rutland vs. Rutland.
- June 15. Middlebury vs. Rutland.

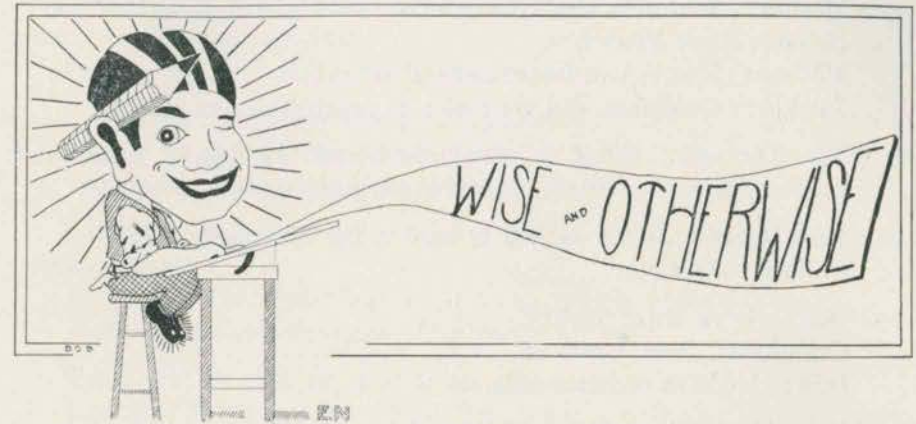
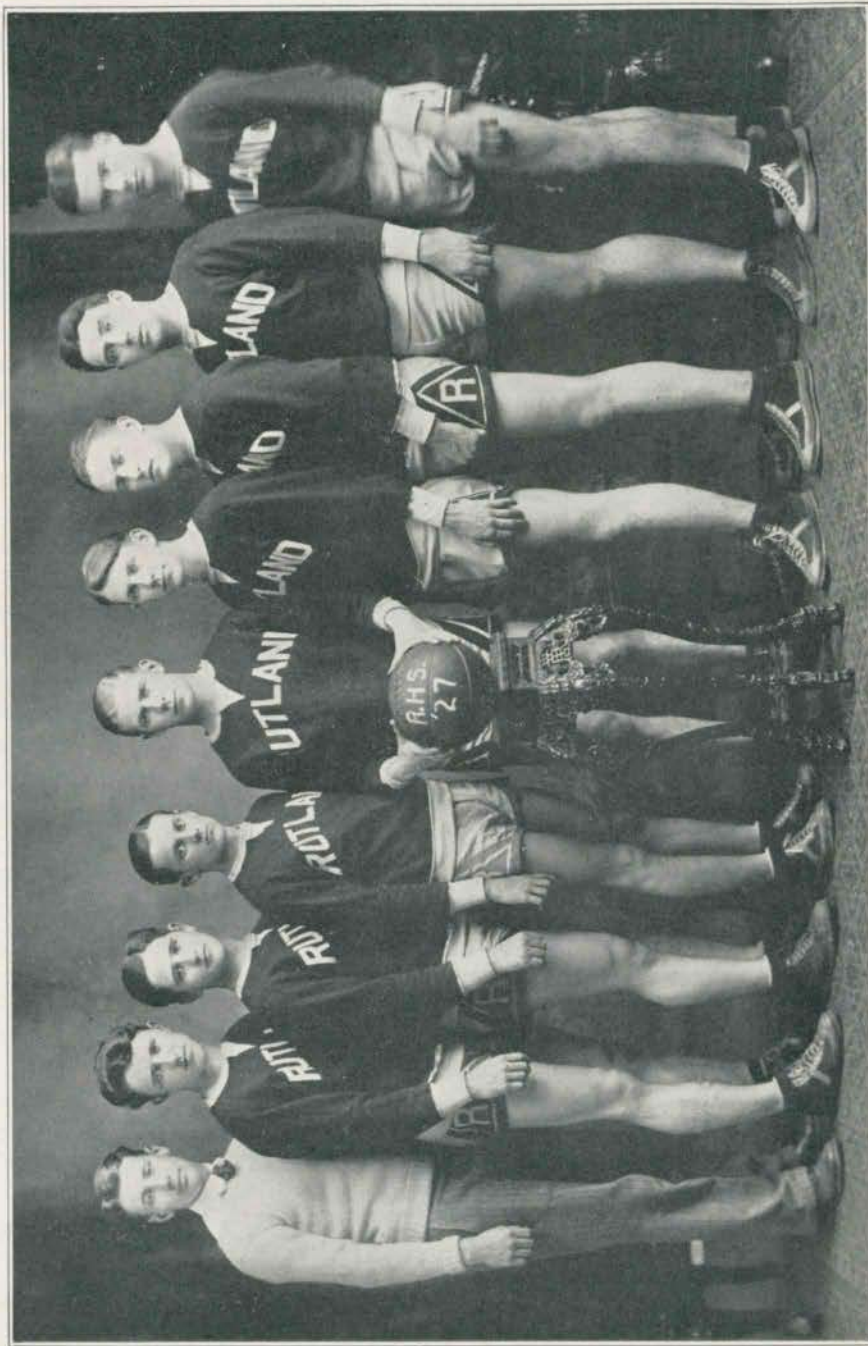
THE TRACK SEASON.

May 21 ended the Rutland track season for 1927 at the State Meet at Burlington. For the first time in several years and one of the few times in the history of State track meets, Rutland failed to win the contest. In spite of the defeat, nothing but praise is due the team, which fought its way to fourth place. Especially noteworthy were the high jump won by Crawford Taylor and the splendid half mile with the spectacular finish by Captain Saborin, which showed that, although Rutland has lost some of her stars, she still has others left. With the 1928 season looming before us we believe that we can expect from the material which will have developed by then, a track squad that will again make Rutland the leader in Vermont track athletics.

R. H. S. ATHLETICS IN 1927.

As the 1927 season draws to a close it is well to look back over the year and summarize Rutland's activities in sport. Our football team surely left nothing to be desired, finishing the season as it did without one defeat. Although the basketball season was not so good nevertheless, weakened as the team was by lack of scoring power, they fought gamely and made the best of their bad luck. In track Rutland started out in a fine trim and even if she did not win a meet she certainly was one of the close contestants for that honor. As yet we are unable to say much about the baseball season but we believe that we can prophesy with a good deal of assurance that our team will make 1927 a banner year for Rutland in baseball.





Billings: They say that a student should sleep eight hours a day.

T. Holden: Yes, but we only have six periods.

Mrs. Phillips: What's the matter, Jimmy?

Jimmy: Pa hit his finger with the hammer.

Mrs. P.: Don't cry about that. You should laugh.

Jimmy: I did.

Mrs. Wilkinson: Yes, sir, we're very up to date. Everything here is cooked by electricity.

Wallace Amidon: I wonder if you would mind giving this steak another shock.

V. Ridlon: Do I look all right in my new dress, dear?

Dudy Morse: Better get in a little farther if there's room.

On account of not being able to plow on account of my mule kicking me, I want to sell the mule cheap.

Jimmy Davis.

Deforge: I wonder what would happen if you and I would ever agree on anything?

Rossie: I'd be wrong.

Mr. Bump addressed his class in biology thus:

"I propose to show you a very fine specimen of a dissected frog which I have in this parcel."

Undoing the parcel he disclosed some sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg and some fruit.

"But surely I ate my lunch," he said.

Mother: Who was that young man last night that visited you?

Helen: Buck Brown.

Mother: Helen, I've heard several reports—

Jasmin: Goodness, did we make as much noise as that?

Miss Dickson: What do you know about the Age of Elizabeth?

Taylor, sleepily: She'll be seventeen next month.

Miss Beebe: What author is known for his vocabulary?

F. Tree: Webster.

Olin: D'ya want fight?

Crawford: Yes, come on.

Olin: No, I'm on your side.

B. Keefe: I thought you had a date with Virginia last night.

Spencer: So did I, but when I saw her leaving her house with another fellow, I got sore and called it off.

Miss Willis: Mr. Chatterton, you're childish, I don't see how your father allows you to walk to school.

H. Holden: He don't, he drives him up.

Taylor: If you were my wife I'd give you poison.

B. Farnsworth: If I were your wife I'd take it.

Walsh: How did you come out with your interview with Mr. Johnson?

Stevens: Fast.

M. Huffert: You have insulted my intelligence.

R. Clark: Pardon me, I thought you were alone.

Joax: Quigley finds Miss Beebe's English much more difficult than Billiard English.

Ballard: Will you remember me when I'm gone?

Baldwin: How long will you be gone?

Burke: I asked her to kiss me without avail.

Dooley: I don't like to kiss thru one of those things either.

Bundsy: What are you doing tonight?

Claire: Nothing much. (Visions of date.)

Bundsy: Hadn't you better study for that quiz we're having to-morrow?

Freshman: Gosh, Mr. Goddard, you must have been very young when you started shaving.

How: Yes, my lad, I was a little shaver.

Carpenter: Let me kiss you, Isabelle.

Kirk: You work fast, don't you?

Carpenter: I'd rather do it slowly.

Adams: Mother, may I have a nickle for an old man who is outside, crying?

Mother: Yes, dear; but what is he crying about?

Adams: Salted Peanuts—five cents a bag.

Curious: So you say you're an all-around athlete?

Coach O'Brien: I've upheld the honors of the school for over nine years.

Curious: But you're violating the Headmaster's Rules.

Oby: In what way?

Curious: By being in more than three years of competition.

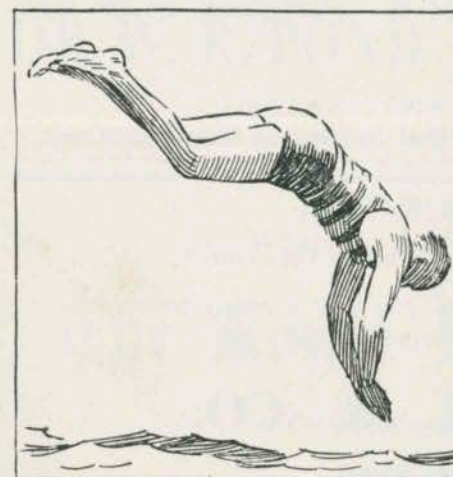
Oby: Oh, but I'm the coach!

Mason: Daddy, Daddy, Hubert kissed me.

Her Pop: Well what do you want me to do about it?

Fran: Make him do it again.

Joax: If the American stage is controlled by the Jewish interest, why so many ham actors?



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"Yes," returned Mary Houghton.

"Well, I think that it would be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

Miss Dickson: What does Egypt remind you of John?

John Keefe: Camel cigarettes.

Miss Dickson: Take the air.

Consequence: John got a week's vacation in Room 9 during the last period.

Miss Beebe: The little lovely yellow ball of down went chirping along down behind it's mother as best it could. Miss Young tell me what figure of speech is found in this sentence.

Miss Young: A chicken.

Joax: "Punk formation" cried the quarterback, as the team was thrown for a ten yard loss.

Mr. Bump: Where does steel wool come from?

W. Amidon: From the sheep that live in the Iron Mountains.

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VOL. 7

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 5

Printed four times a year by the Students of the Rutland High School.

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FRESHMAN



Issue



Editorials



OUR CODE OF ETHICS

Recognizing the privilege it has in representing the student body of the high school, The Red and White staff pledges itself to the following code of ethics:

1. To cooperate with the faculty in supporting all school projects and to give only constructive criticisms to such projects.
2. To maintain at all times a high standard of sportsmanship by avoiding personal enmity and jealousy both within the school and in inter-scholastic relations.
3. To refrain from publishing articles concerning the school that convey the wrong impression to those not familiar with every phase of the situation.
4. To avoid unkind personal jokes, criticisms, and caricatures.
5. To acknowledge mistakes by frankly correcting all errors which are brought to the attention of the staff.
6. To work as a team, not for individual glory.
7. To exemplify the fact that the purpose of the paper is to be a spokesman of the school which it represents, to give accurate information, and to reflect good sportsmanship.

—o—

"TO THE STUDENT BODY"

Rutland High School gains and retains prestige according to the rank it acquires among the similar institutions of the state. It gains noteworthy prestige by its display of school spirit, by its scholastic achievements, and by its athletic prowess.

The first essential, school spirit, is all important; without it our school is ruined financially, athletically and morally.

Professor Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, once made this remark to an assistant professor of Latin: "You claim that Caesar was a great man because of his military victories, but I claim that he owes his greatness to the men he trained and to the fine types of manhood which originated under his banner of militarism."

Apply this statement to the types turned out by educational centers each year.

When R. H. S. alumni enter into the field of reality and take

their place among their fellow-men, they are judged by the qualities they possess, qualities of manhood, of fair-play, of citizenship and of tolerance.

Why not practice these within the walls of our alma mater through our unselfish co-operation with the faculty and all school activities.

Support our excellent football team by attending the games and by showing them that they are our true representatives on the athletic field. They are striving and fighting to win the glory of which we, as bystanders, are the owners when once it is achieved.

Fellows students, get behind the Athletic Association, the Red and White, and all other activities and thereby show the other schools in the state that we are proud of our alma mater.

Come on! Let's go, be boosters of old R. H. S.

W. McG. '28.

TO THE FRESHMEN

Greetings to the class of '31. We welcome you into our midst as fellow members of the institution of which we are justly proud.

Acquaint yourselves with its traditions, its ideals and its spirit of loyalty as exemplified by those who have gone before. Emulate that spirit and if possible, strengthen it.

We welcome you as participants in our school activities and as such look to you as Fortune looked to Hugo.

In the ensuing years, amidst your joys and sorrows, strive to hold your banner high, your ideals foremost. Struggle to do all in your power to make '31 one of the best classes of R. H. S.

THE EDITOR.

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS

As the bulk of the expenses of any school paper is paid by the income of the advertising department, this branch of the Red and White must be very efficient. Its success depends on the advertising.

Many persons seem to believe that the space filled by advertisements is just so much waste and consequently ignore them. This is the wrong attitude for any one to take. It should be realized that if these concerns pay for advertisements in a paper, they expect a good return on their investment. Once the contract for adver-

tising is signed, it is the business of the paper to prove that the faith which the concern has in it is well grounded.

Such a result can be accomplished only when advertisements produce trade. Many well-known firms of Rutland and vicinity advertise in this paper. In return, it is the duty of the school to patronize the advertisers when they can. By doing this, the prosperity of the paper is assured, and the advertisers are satisfied.

W. B. '29.

SOUR GRAPES.

Sour Grapes—fruit for the green-eyed monster—Jealousy. Do you like them? Nobody likes them. Yet, all of us at times thrive on them. It seems as if this character-destroying influence grows on people from infancy. Even little children who are envious of their playmates' possessions scorn the things which they cannot have. They have the feeling that so many of us have experienced the wish to destroy others' pleasure in things because they, themselves, are unable to have them.

It is not only material things which are coveted. Traits of character, athletics, abilities and individualistic actions are but a few of the many things which some people take pleasure in "running down," because they are unable to possess them.

We should remember whenever we see something which it is impossible to have, that even if we cannot have it, it is just as worthy of commendation and that when we stoop to "run it down", we are only detracting from our own character and making ourselves susceptible to somebody's spiteful declaration of—Sour Grapes.

W. B. '29.

Literary



JOHN LIVAK

By courtesy of the American Chemical Society Prize Essay Committee the Red and White is able to publish the Prize Essay of John Livak '27 which brought so much honor to the writer and our High School. By virtue of winning this prize John is assured of a complete scholarship at Yale University for four years and \$500 annually.

THE RELATION OF CHEMISTRY TO AGRICULTURE*

"At the head of all the sciences and arts, at the head of civilization and progress, stands, not militarism, the science that kills, not commerce, the art that accumulates, but agriculture, the mother of all industry, and the maintainer of human life."¹ Agriculture chemistry offers the fundamental scientific basis upon which to build a sound and permanent agriculture, therefore, it should be of vital interest to every American.

¹ James A. Garfield.

For the last three hundred years, the American people have been living on the virgin lands of the United States. It has been only within recent decades, when all the best unoccupied agricultural areas have been staked out in homesteads, that the question of maintaining and improving soil fertility has begun to receive serious consideration. The farmer must develop intensive methods of agriculture and increase the productivity of his fields, in order to feed and clothe our rapidly increasing population.

Plants are made of soil material and air material. Of the ninety-two elements that comprise the earth, only thirteen (hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, chlorine, potassium, magnesium, calcium, iron, sodium, carbon, sulfur, phosphorus, and silicon) are essential to plant life. Three of these, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, are obtained from the air and water. The ten others in the form of salts, are dissolved in the water, which the plant obtains, by osmosis. In the case of all but three of these elements, the amount deposited in the soil is sufficient to supply the demands of the plant.

The three deficient elements are nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium. Consequently, man must supply these to depleted soils, if he wishes plants to grow. When we realize that a bale of cotton (500 pounds) deprives the soil of 84 pounds of nitrogen, 15 pounds of phosphorus, and 41 pounds of potassium, we can easily comprehend why the soil loses fertility so quickly if no plant food is put back. Further, when we know that these elements are fatal or useless to plant life in the elemental form, but, that fixed in a compound they are available as plant food, we begin to understand the difficult problem that man must solve. Chemists, as early as 1840, began research on this problem. It was the German chemist, Justus von Liebig, who first discovered that soil fertility could be maintained by the application of chemicals. This important discovery led to our modern commercial fertilizers.

The world's principal source of nitrogenous material in the past has been the nitrate beds of Chile. While these deposits are enormous, they are exhaustible; hence, the chemist, believing in being prepared, has resorted to artificial sources for the production of soluble nitrogen compounds. He has been so successful that, at the present day, the synthetic air-nitrogen products supply most nitrogen to agriculture; by-product ammonium sulfate comes second; and Chilean nitrate falls into third place. The chief source of ammonium sulfate is coal; ammonia being a by-product when coal is burned to produce coke. About 80,000 tons of available nitrogen were produced in 1917 by this method. There are several methods for the fixation of atmospheric

nitrogen. In the United States, the most successful one, commercially, is the combining of nitrogen with calcium carbide at the temperature of the electric furnace to form cyanamide. (The Muscle Shoals Plant was designed to produce 110,000 tons of ammonium nitrate, annually.)

By far the greatest quantity of phosphoric acid used in fertilizers is derived from the mineral phosphates, the chief source of which is the United States. Besides supplying our own needs, we export \$7,000,000 worth to Europe annually. At present, the pebbles dredged up from the bottom of Florida lakes and ponds are the chief source, but the supply is limited. There is no need to worry, however, for deposits in the states of Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, and Montana have been estimated to contain more than 6,000,000,000 tons of high-grade rock, besides many times this amount of lower grade phosphates.

Germany and France, at present, have the natural monopoly of potash. The United States had to depend on this source, until the chemist developed artificial methods of producing potash. His task was not as easy as it may appear to the casual observer, for, although, potash compounds are as cheap as dirt, every handful of gravel containing 10 per cent potash has it in combination with silica, from which it cannot be easily separated. In 1924, through the aid of chemistry, the United States produced 44,000 tons of potash salts. The sources were natural brines, dust from cement mills, dust from blast furnaces, alunite, kelp, molasses residue from distilleries, and waste liquors from beet-sugar refineries. Recent governmental investigations have resulted in the improvement of methods of recovering potash from the mineral, greensand, deposits of which cover large areas in the states of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Further discoveries in the state of Texas have strengthened the belief that commercial deposits of potash underlie considerable areas in this region and only await comprehensive surveys with core drilling to be accurately located. Taken as a whole, an independent supply of American potash in the future seems a probability.

The chemist, having obtained inexhaustible supplies of plant food, next directs his attention to the welfare of the plants. Plants, like human beings, are subject to disease, and their illnesses must be diagnosed, if we wish a plentiful supply of food. Sometimes, microscopic organisms, which cause diseases like anthracnose, rust, smut, and, sometimes, visible and familiar insects like the boll-weevil, corn borer, and Colorado beetle eat away the living cells of the plant. The losses to American agriculture from the depredations of the cotton boll-weevil alone exceed \$300,000,000 a year. One of the most successful means of combating this pest has been by means of calcium

arsenate, which is now applied by airplanes. The chemist, besides first applying insecticides and fungicides, has done much to make them more effective and less costly. He has pointed out that if calcium arsenate is caused to assume a positive charge of electricity, it is attracted to the leaf, which is negatively charged. Experiments have shown the adhesiveness of positively charged calcium arsenate to be 200 times greater than that of the standard product. Another chemical success, too recent to be adopted industrially, is the extraction of a substance, trimethylamine, from the cotton plant, which attracts the boll-weevil and lures the insect to its own destruction. Thus, by instituting chemical warfare against plant pests, the chemist has lowered cost of production for which we, the consumers, should be thankful.

The agricultural chemist, having nourished and doctored the plants, again appears on the scene when the crops are harvested. This time he employs his creative genius, and, through the medium of by-products, he has utilized surplus products, as well as produce of inferior quality, in some cases doubling the value of the crop. An effective example is shown in the case of corn. In 1925 3,013,000,000 bushels of corn were raised in the United States. Of this amount, 50,000,000 bushels were worked up by the factories into 800,000,000 pounds of corn sirup; 600,000,000 pounds of starch; 230,000,000 pounds of corn sugar; 625,000,000 pounds of gluten feed; 90,000,000 pounds of oil, and 90,000,000 pounds of oil cake.

A kernel of corn is composed of three parts, the germ, the body, and the hull, each of which breaks up into hundreds of useful products. The germ produces corn oil which, in turn, becomes table oil, dyers' oil, soap, glycerine, or rubber substitute, just as the wizard chemist decrees. The germ produces, also, oil-cake and oil meal, which are utilized as cattle food. The body breaks up into starch, dextrose, glucose, corn sirup, hydrol, tanners' sugar, cerelese, white, canary, envelop, and foundry dextrin, British gum, amidex, and gluten. The gluten subdivides into vegetable glue, vegetable casein, and gluten meal. The hull is utilized in the form of bran. Having thus utilized the kernel, the chemist, ever economical, has turned the cob (2,000,000 bushels of which were thrown away annually) into a gum, suitable for bill-posting and, also into a varnish.

The chemist, always thrifty, has utilized cull oranges, grapefruit, and lemons, and has profitably converted them into citric acid, marmalade, candied peel, lemon oil, pectin and cattle feed. Further, he has found a use for apple pulp in the manufacture of pectin; and,

after the pectin is extracted, he has economized still more, by pointing out that the pomace made suitable cattle food.

For another example of chemical utilization, let us consider cotton. Cotton has been known to the West since the time of Alexander the Great, but the attention of mankind has been focused so long upon the valuable fibers or seed hairs of the cotton plant, that chemists overlooked, for many centuries, other numerous possibilities of utilization. It is only since the Civil War that the possibilities of the cotton seed, which was either thrown away or burned as fuel, were realized. Nevertheless, the chemist has made up for lost time, for, in 1925, he added \$200,000,000 to the value of the cotton crop by converting the cottonseed into articles of commerce.

In this short discussion, it would be impossible to name the countless useful things that a ton of these seeds produce. But when we know that from the linters come such articles as felt, rope, carpets, smokeless powder, varnishes, celluloid, and artificial silk; from the hulls, fertilizer, cellulose, fuel, and feed; from the meats, soap, flour, cosmetics, oleomargarin, artificial leather, candle pitch, and glycerin, we begin to realize the creative genius of the chemist.

The extent of agricultural chemistry is so vast that even here the chemist did not stop. Ever on the outlook for more economical methods of production, he has discovered substitutes for overworked plants. For instance, rubber is as essential to agricultural production and marketing of crops at the present time as it is to urban industries, but, it is expensive. The chemist sought a substitute for the juice of the rubber tree. He discovered that vulcanized corn oil, mixed with pure rubber, gave the latter greater durability and elasticity, besides lessening the cost. Isoprene, an oily, volatile, hydrocarbon (C_5H_8) obtained by the distillation of caoutchouc, is another successful substitute, scientifically, though not industrially. Recent research has also resulted in obtaining a quality of rubber from the African euphorbia tree, which is comparable with that of para. This discovery is too modern to be upt into practical use. At present, the chief source of rubber substitute is the Mexican plant, guayale, which is not cultivated extensively to eke out our supply of natural rubber.

In 1870, governmental chemists introduced a new plant, the naval orange, into the United States. The new industry proved so successful that there is now an average annual production of 8,600,000 boxes of oranges and 3,000,000 pounds of orange by-products. Thus was obtained a plentiful supply of the popular and healthful fruit.

Another example of the chemist's power is discovered in the production of sugar-beets. Although reference to the sugar-beet is made

in ancient Babylonian catalogs of plants as early as 710 B. C.; it was not until 1747, that a German chemist, Andrew Marggraf, made the important discovery that sugar of identically the same properties as that obtained from the sugar cane could be extracted from the beet. The industrial utilization of this discovery broke England's monopoly of the sugar industry which she had acquired through the West Indies.

Another important phase of agricultural chemistry, which could be mentioned, is that referring to law enforcement. From time immemorial, articles and products of utility have been subject to adulteration, misbranding, or other forms of deception, practised by unscrupulous persons. In modern times, the chemist plays a most useful and essential role in detecting adulteration of fertilizers, cattle-feeds, insecticides, fungicides, and other agricultural necessities. Through his influence, efficient State and Federal laws have been passed, which require the accurate labeling of such products as to their chemical composition, thus protecting the farmer against deception. The chemist protects the consumer of agricultural products in like manner, for the milk, butter, grain, fruit, sirup, and other products, which the farmer sells must come up to a certain standard of excellence, if he does not wish to be penalized by some one of the laws against adulteration.

Nearly half a century ago, a fertilizer, selling at \$32 a ton, was put on the market. The fertilizer contained mud dug from under the waters of a harbor. Someone ventured to doubt the efficacy of the trace of ocean salts in the mud as a stimulant for crops. The skepticism spread, and, finally, resulted in the chemical analysis of the mud fertilizer. The analysis unearthed the fact that the stuff was worth \$1.02 a ton as a filler, but was useless for other purposes.

Much fraud is perpetuated upon the consumer through the sale of adulterated insecticides, sold under misleading trade names, the cost of the products being far above the value of the constituent ingredients. A product of this kind was offered for sale a number of years ago. The manufacturers claimed that it was not only of great value and efficiency as an insecticide and fungicide, but was also useful as a plant food. Chemical tests showed a total of only 0.07 per cent of plant food, while as an insecticide, it was practically worthless.

It seems almost inevitable that every new valuable discovery in agricultural chemistry should immediately be put into an illegal use. The value of commercial pectin was no sooner discovered than a host of fraudulent manufacturers began to use it as an adulterant in fruit jellies. Ethylene gas, used to impart a yellow color to mature citrus fruits of a green color, was immediately misapplied by unscrupulous producers to give immature oranges, lemons, and grapefruit a false

appearance of ripeness. Hundreds of examples of this nature could be cited and the chemist must be ever on the alert in order to protect the consumer from deception.

Thus, in five ways; namely, by feeding the soil, being plant doctor, creating by-products, finding substitutes when necessary and acting as detective, the chemist has been of great value to the farmer, and through him, to us, for as Theodore Roosevelt truly states, "The strengthening of country life is the strengthening of the nation."

Chemistry is the basis which underlies the existence of soils and crops and animals. The remarkable achievements of the agricultural chemist in the past bear witness to this. Yet, the chemist, working alone, cannot predict a successful future. Let us, as a nation, co-operate with him, and thus show him our appreciation of the enriching science of chemistry, which utilizes Nature's products of the utmost.

I wish to acknowledge the valuable aid rendered me in the writing of this essay by the volume, "Chemistry in Agriculture," Edwin E. Slosson's book, "Creative Chemistry," and the United States Department of Agriculture.

(From The New York Times.)

A recent issue of the Interpreter, a monthly magazine issued by the Foreign Language Information service in New York and devoted to the work of helping Americans of old and new stocks to know and understand one another, has the following story of a Rutland boy:

"John Livak was born in Hungary, brought up on a back farm in Vermont, and educated at a little red schoolhouse and at Rutland High school. Like the farm boys of 50 or 75 years ago, John got his schooling as best he could. He walked four miles a day to High school, sometimes through the heavy snowdrifts of a Vermont winter, he did the heavy farm work when he got home, and he sat up long after midnight over his books. Sometimes at one or two in the morning, heavy steps would descend the stair. It was John's father Michael come to drive the boy to bed.

"Abe Lincoln, it is said, also used to sit up over his textbooks long after the rest of the household was asleep. It got Abe Lincoln somewhere, but would it get John Livak anywhere—the son of an Hungarian immigrant, whose parents could not afford to send him to college? That question was answered not only for John, but for his parents and neighbors as well, when John won a four-year scholarship and a sum sufficient to cover his expenses at Yale. John was interested in the natural sciences. The year he graduated from High school, Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Garvan, of New York City, offered under the auspices of the American Chemical society a scholarship at Yale to the High school student who submitted the best paper dealing with chemistry. John decided to take part in the competition and learned on the same day he graduated from High school that his paper had been chosen for the prize from among the 6000 papers presented."

A BIT OF "NO MAN'S LAND".

It was a dark, rainy night in "No Man's Land." In a smoke-hazed dug-out, a group of American soldiers were shooting dice. All was still save an occasional comment from some player.

Suddenly, a man staggered over the sand bags, groped his way along the trench, plunged blindly into the room, sank into a heap on the floor exclaiming wildly, "Water, Water"! and then lapsed into a fainting spell. Deliriously, his voice scarcely audible, broke out: "I'll fool 'em, I'll give 'em the wrong message. I'll show the top-kick he can't lord it over me."

Then, as if awakening to his better self, he sobbed, "I can't do it; it's too inhuman; just think what would happen; if I failed the whole regiment would be lost—shall I tell them and come across clean?" His voice faded into an inaudible mutter and ceased.

The sergeant, who bent over the limp form, shook his head and said to himself, "He is beyond me!"

Straightening up he pointed to two men and said, "Go! See what he means, find out where our position is and where the enemy lurks. If you are not back in ten minutes we will know that what he says concerns us."

The first man hesitated and said, "I have a wife and family back home. What will become of them if I fail to return?"

"Same here," responded the other.

There was a slight movement in the rear of the band and a light complexioned, large framed man, stepping forward, said in a low voice, "I'll go, providing that I go alone."

The commander hesitated for some time but at last kindly said, "All right, my lad, your country will not fail to appreciate your valor. Remember it may be to your death that I'm sending you. God keep you." The youth muttered a hasty "So-long" to the group and disappeared over the side of the trench into the murky darkness. The ten minutes had passed. Worried countenances were eminent among the group. At the end of two more minutes, the man, covered from head to foot with mud, returned and said quickly to his commander, "We're surrounded, Germans to the right, left, front and rear. Our only means of escape lies in a diagonal route off there," he finished gesticulating vaguely toward the south-west. "I know the route and can lead you to the American machine gun nest in that ravine."

After a brief parley, the whole band started out, following the creeping leader. As the last man emerged from the trench a bullet spat against him and with a sickening thud he fell, motionless, to the ground.

A slight noise in front quickly stopped the group. The volunteer scout gathered his legs under him as if ready to spring. Within two rods of him, a gray, barely discernible form with a projection resembling an arm, was seen. A Germont lookout beyond doubt.

"Let's see your gun, buddy," whispered one of the group. "I'll get him before that fool leader gets a bayonet through him." But he was too late. The young man of the solid frame with a lightning-like running jump landed full force against a derelict stump and sank to the ground limply but he came to later with his comrades bending anxiously over him. Ordinarily this would have been a great joke but not a smile was seen except upon the large man's face.

To find their position the entire company gained shelter in a great shell hole some distance from this stump and one of the company accidentally touched a match to it. Soon it was blazing brightly. Several bullets spattered against it from enemy gunners while the little band picked a break in the firing line and broke through into the American-held ravine.

When the entire regiment was through save the last man they glanced back and the guide murmured, "Boys, we are lucky"! but exclaimed suddenly, "Where's the fellow who came into our trench?" All were silent but one who replied, "He was the last man out of the trench and they got him. I could tell the way the bullet spat."

"Funny," said the leader, "He must have heard something of the German movement."

"Listen," said one, holding up his hand.

A shrill whining whistle sounded very near—the sound of a death-dealing missile overhead.

"The stump," gasped one. Even as he spoke the stump was shattered into a thousand sparks and obliterated by a massive deluge of mud, accompanied by a great jar and a deafening crash.

Far off to the rear a dull boom, faint and indistinct, was followed at more regular intervals until a steady rumble was all that could be heard. At last the American artillery had found the long-sought range and were rapidly breaking up the enemy's fortifications. This caused them to vacate rapidly and their struggling troops were seen plodding up the steady rise of ground in retreat, as dawn appeared.

L. R. '28.

A SENIOR'S VIEWS OF THE TUNNEY-DEMPSEY FIGHT.

Much has been said of late concerning the outcome of the Tunney-Dempsey battle,—the so-called "battle of the ages." Some are conservative in their opinions about the subject, others boisterously de-

mand the wherefore of the "long count." Let us consider the question that is raising such a ruction in fistiance, a ruction that may sound the tocsin of public resentment toward the "Cauliflower industry." Even though it is a by-gone deed, it is interesting to think about the principals and their make-up.

Champion Gene Tunney is certainly an admirable personality. He has reached the top of the ladder and is looking for new worlds to conquer. He has been called and probably appropriately so, a second Jim Corbett. He is undoubtedly a real gentleman as "Gentleman Jim" was. But according to Jim Jeffries, former champion, who has watched Tunney carefully:—"Corbett would beat Tunney so completely that the latter wouldn't know what it was all about." He even holds that "Gentleman Jim" would parry and thrust the "Marine" around much worse than he did John L. Sullivan. Perhaps he is right but we must give Tunney credit for being a clean, straightforward fighter. May the "ex-devil dog" always retain this characteristic which is so essential in a man.

Now for the ex-champion Jack Dempsey. In Dempsey we gain a picture of the born fighter, one who fights for the joy of fighting. He also has risen to the pinnacle of his profession and boxing experts have acclaimed him as one of the greatest of all ring warriors. The "Mauler" has brought colors to the squared circle and when he leaves it, boxing fans will have something to mourn about. We should like to see Dempsey achieve his lost laurels.

How close Tunney came to being a dethroned monarch in that much discussed seventh round is a mere matter of conjecture. Knocked down for the first time in his life by the mighty fist of Jack Dempsey, he wavered and all but lost his closely-guarded crown. When he began his ludicrous sprint around the ring, Dempsey watched a fellow-boxer do something that he had never done himself. It may be called science and ringcraft but Dempsey viewed it not as such.

Any way, Tunney won and is still king of the heavyweights. Dempsey threatens another comeback. More ballyhoo? If Tunney and Dempsey do meet again let us hope that the best man wins without having won a tainted victory, be it slugger or boxer, fighter or scientist, and let him rule the heavyweights with a scepter that has no chance of being pointed at in ridicule and derision.

W. McG. '28.

CONCERNING ALGEBRA.

"Oh dear! You always were the luckiest thing, Dot. You never have any trouble with French, but when I get up to translate, even if I've read it over before, I can't remember what the words mean at all."

"I think I know what's the matter with you," said Dot. "You took arithmetic your Freshman and Junior years when I was taking algebra. In algebra you have to look ahead and at the same time keep all the rules in your head. If you had taken algebra you could use that practice in your French."

"Now, Mary, put that in your pipe and smoke it," counselled Helen gaily, "but you can't deliver that kind of a sermon to me, Dot, because that isn't my trouble. When I am doing my Cicero, I look and look at a line and can't get any sense at all, and then, presto chango, the whole meaning pops into my head, but I wish it would pop sooner because that way it takes me two or three hours to get my assignment."

"Concentration is my prescription for you and lessons in that are very thoroughly given in algebra."

Thus spoke Dot, skillfully shying an eraser at the astonished Helen.

"Well, here's a sticker anyway, girls," said Ella. "You can't drag algebra into my failure in Elocution. My tongue gets stuck and to save my neck, I can't think of a word to say."

"Algebra, old dear," advised Dot, calmly, "teaches you to think fast and to connect thoughts in your mind; therefore, if you had all taken algebra, as I did, you never would have come to me with these tales of woe."

"We surrender and very humbly wish that we had followed our friend's example and taken algebra, on the condition that she preaches no more sermons with morals attached," chanted the three as they sank laughingly to the floor.

H. J. '28.

WHAT A BAD BOY DID ONE DAY

I was sitting in the kitchen bright and early trying my best to think of some little joke to pull on Pop, when I happened to look up in the cupboard and saw a box of rat biscuits that Ma had got. Just then I happened to think that Pop always eats Jones' wheat biscuits for breakfast and that gave me an idea.

So I took the rat biscuits out of the box and put in some wheat biscuits and put it on the table in front of Pop's plate. When he

came rushing in from milking, he started to eat on the run, like he always does and he took the wheat biscuits out of the package without noticing the label.

Well, he just more than gobbled down the biscuit and was reaching for another when he noticed that the box was different from the regular breakfast food package—then he picked up the box and looked at it close, and his neck began to swell like an inflated balloon. All of a sudden he gives a yell, and hollers, "Help, Murder, Police, I'm poisoned," and started for the back door with his finger down his throat.

I asked him what was the matter and he just groaned and pointed to the box and said weakly, "My boy, I'm dying—you'll soon be without a papa anymore!"

And then I told him that I had heard that mustard was good for poison and he grabbed the mustard jar and swallowed about a pint of mustard. Pretty soon he began to get sicker than a goat, and he turned green and ran for the bedroom.

Then Ma came in from feeding the chickens and asked him what ailed him and he told her, then she came a running down stairs and looked at the rat biscuit box and at the wheat biscuit in it, and she grabbed me by the ear and took me up to where Pop was lying on his bed in pain, and said, "Henry you aren't poisoned. This snipe here switched boxes on you!"

Gosh! I never saw a dying person get well so quick in my life. And in less than a minute I felt sicker than Pop had ever been.

"Don't carry your fun too far," he said.

D. F. '28.

IT PAYS TO BE HELPLESS

One extremely hot afternoon last August, four ladies climbed into an old Ford car and glided swiftly away toward the Green Mountain Club House.

They enjoyed a perfectly lovely, cool, breezy ride to their destination; however, the trip home was far less pleasant, not only because it was hot, but also because of a most disagreeable and embarrassing situation.

This is what happened. When part way down Sherburne mountain, what seemed to be the roar of a cannon ball to the ladies, came from directly beneath them. Jumping out of the car they discovered that a tire had blown out. Well, of course to them it was quite an impossibility to get that tire off and slip on another. Accordingly

they resolved to hail the first car that approached with a male occupant.

Very soon a big closed Pierce-Arrow came rolling up the road. This car fortunately had three male occupants. One of these, by the way, was the chauffeur. The other two were clothed in the height of fashion.

Calling to the chauffeur the troubled ladies related their situation. The tire was soon changed and the ladies were able to continue their journey. But during the time that the chauffeur was working on the Ford, they, after the manner of the "gossipy sex", had taken down the number of their kind helper's car.

Reaching home, they immediately proceeded to get out their automobile register. To their delighted and somewhat horrified astonishment they found that the Governor of Massachusetts had accommodated them.

A. H. '28.

THE MODERN KNIGHTS

The Ancient History teacher began it—at least that's what Jack said—but Tom declared that it dated back to those mediaeval knights about whom they had been reading.

Anyway, both boys, after hearing wonderful tales of chivalrous deeds, resolved in their inmost hearts to become true modern knights.

Coming forth from school on a windy day in mid-April, the boys noticed that the girl who lived on their street was walking a few steps in advance of them. All three were hurrying, for they had an earnest desire to satisfy those pangs of hunger which are sure to make themselves felt after a busy five hours in school.

When the girl ahead opened her book in order to put in a pencil, a small white object fluttered to the ground, then, caught up by the wind, it was whirled away to the other side of the street.

Both boys, realizing at once that Lucy had lost her handkerchief, started in pursuit of that vagrant article. Not stopping to explain to the puzzled girl about her loss, they dashed across the street and arrived, only to see the handkerchief float off to another street corner.

They finally stopped, breathless and panting, just half a mile from the place where they had started and discovered that their supposed "handkerchief" was a folded piece of white paper with this inscrip-

tion "April Fool". The paper had apparently been written for the purpose of fooling Lucy but as Tom exclaimed: "It certainly performed double duty."

"Anyway," said Jack as they were wending their way homeward, "I don't think that the life of a mediaeval knight was quite as wonderful as it's pictured."

E. C. '28.

AUTUMN

When o'er the waving fields of corn,
And through the trees—bare and forlorn
The wind sweeps on an autumn morn,
A new, fierce joy in us is born.

We love the wild, strength-giving air,
The hills so stark, the fields so bare,
We love the sky, the freedom there
From thoughts of worry and of care.

We have no fear of snow and cold
That promises of winter hold.
Winds call, and we make answer bold,
"Come, sweet adventure, joy unfold!"

R. B. '29.

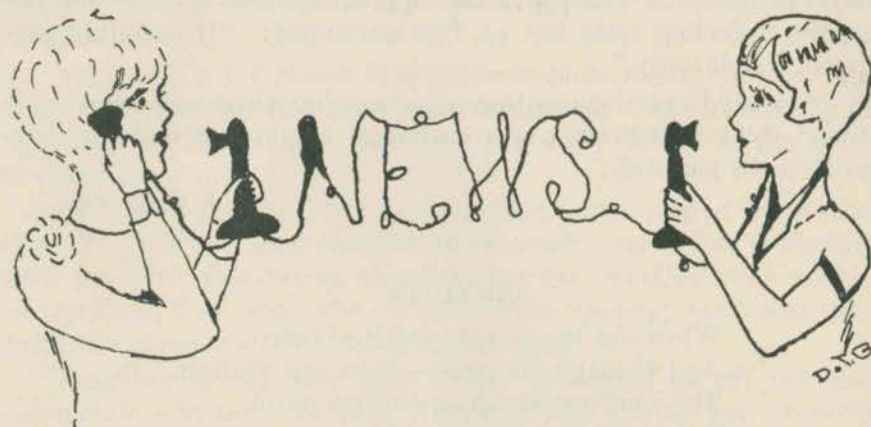
DO YOUR LESSONS AS YOUR TEACHER THINKS YOU DO.

As I was walking through a crowded down-town street the other day,
I heard a senior to a junior turn and say,
"Say Eddie, let me tell you, I'd be as bright as the sparkling dew,
If I only did my lessons as my teacher thinks I do;

Gee, Ed, she thinks that I'm a wonder, and she knows her little lad,
Could never miss his lesson or say anything mean or bad.
Lots of times I sit and wonder just how nice t'would be, holy muz,
If a fellow only did his lessons as his teacher thinks he does."

Freshmen, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson from this small unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be a book fiend, nor to be dumb as an oaken yew
Just try to get your lessons as your teacher thinks you do.

M. M. '28.



We, the staff of the Red and White in behalf of the Student body welcome the new teachers to R. H. S. and hope that their sojourn with us will be filled with pleasant memories. They are as follows: Miss Howlett, Miss Higgins, Miss Billings, Miss Catlin, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Spooner and Miss Quigley.

The following seniors are members of the Tres Decem:

Ed. Layden President
Babe Cutler Secretary

Tom Holden, Jean Simpson, Frances Mason, Crawford Taylor, George Costello, Tom Eddy, Phillip Billings, Jack Lanzillo, John Quigley, Ed. Fox and William McGinnis.

Senior Class Officers are:

President Ed. Fox
Vice-President Babe Cutler
Secretary Frances Mason
Treasurer William McGinnis

The Officers of the A. A. are:

President Ed. Layden
Vice-President Ed. Fox
Secretary Joe Canty
Treasurer Miss True

Assembly Sept. 21

The first real get-to-gether of the student body took the form of a business meeting at which Ed. Layden presided. Nominations were received for the officers of the A. A.

Assembly Sept. 28

This assembly was in charge of Mr. Phillips. The student body enjoyed the following musical program:

Russian Lullaby Berlin
My Heart Is Calling You Garden
Sung by Sarah Newman '28.

Zylophonia Green
March Sousa
Played on the zylophone by "Bill" Tarbell '28.

Toy Heroes H. Wakefield Smith
Dearier Me Protheroe
Sung by Leona L'Ange '28.

The soloists were accompanied at the piano by Harriet Mattison '28.

Assembly October 4

At this assembly, Mr. Johnson, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Purdy gave brief talks, urging the students to join the A. A. and by so doing aid the school athletics.

Cheer rallies were held September 16th and 23d, preceding the football games.

"Babe" Earle led the cheers at both gatherings. Mr. Johnson introduced members of the football squad who spoke briefly, urging the support of the students at the games.

Mrs. Marion Ballou Smith, freshman mathematics teacher has resigned. Her place has been taken by Miss Ruth Quigley.

O'BIE VISITS WEST

We wonder how the faculty spend their summer vacation! Here's the account of Coach O'Brien's summer which consisted of a trip to Portland, Maine, as a delegate to the National K. of C. Convention.

To quote O'Bie:

In Vancouver the Mammoth trees of British Columbia were very interesting, especially one tree around which eight members of the party could just touch hands.

At Victoria, B. C., The Topiary Gardens were probably the most

interesting. Some of the monkey trees, called by that name because the branches are like monkey's tails, were seen.

At Toronto the party visited the childhood home of Mary Pickford. This house, which was unusually small, was built of brick and stood out in great contrast with the Pickford Mansion in Beverly Hills, Cal.

In Portland, Oregon a stop was made at the Great Divide, where one part of the river flows into the Pacific and the other into the Atlantic. Just below were the two great resorts of the Canadian Pacific R. R., Banff Springs and Lake Louise.

The Glaciers of Mt. Shasts in Cal. were covered with snow thousands of feet deep which never melts.

In San Francisco the Chinese section of the city was visited, also Ocean Park, the Golden Gate, and the Air Mail Port.

At Los Angeles the delegates visited Hollywood, Universal City, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, Fox Studio and the Hal Roach Studio. They shook hands with Conrad Nagel, Lon Channey and Jack Mulhall. The opportunity of seeing the making of "Bringing Up Father," an "Our Gang" comedy and the last picture with Patsy Ruth Miller and Ben Lyon, was thoroughly enjoyed.

At Detroit the visitors were taken through the Ford and Packard factories. Other "high spots" of the trip were, Buffalo, Niagara Falls at night, Denver, Col., and New Mexico, coming through Death Valley.

At Needles, New Mexico, the temperature was 109° at 10 o'clock p. m. Some hot!

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien returned home August 24th.

We hope to hear of the summer vacation of other members of the faculty before long.

H. E. M.

The following students took part in the "Poor Nut", played by a New York Company, at the Playhouse October 8.

Runners—F. Crowley, I. Earle, F. Tree, F. Routier, R. Fucci.

Cheering Squad—C. Dooley, F. Forcier, W. Burke, C. Maranville, E. E. Vargas, R. Billado, H. Beardsley, J. Keefe, M. Wilcox, J. Simpson, K. Grandy, D. Boyden, L. Baldwin, L. Russell, V. Chamberland, M. Hodson, B. Ashley, D. Austin, H. Smith, W. Curtis, L. Smart.

Mr. Johnson visited the following schools during the week of October 1st:—Everett, Mass.; Watertown, Mass.; Concord, N. H.

The tentative cast for the R. H. S. Senior Play, "The Hottentot", coached by Miss Nellie H. Newton is as follows:

Swift	James Hurley
Larry Crawford	Joe Mangan
Peggy Fairfax	Barbara Farnsworth
Mrs. Chadwick	Mary Morris
Alec Fairfax	Crawford Taylor
Ollie Gilford	Rudolph Morse
Perkins	Martin Cioffi
Sam Harrington	Tom Eddy
McKesson	Daniel Farnsworth
Reggie Townsend	Harry Menten
Celise	Harriet Mattison
Maid	Ada Haley
Mrs. Gilford	Belle Ingalls

The P. T. A. held its first meeting in the Assembly Hall, Sept. 21. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Ireland showed plans of the new High School building. Reports of State Convention held in Wallingford were read. After the business meeting a reception was held at which the Freshmen teachers were guests of the Association. Miss Leona L'Ange rendered several vocal selections accompanied at the piano by Miss Harriet Mattison.

LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL ARTIST WINS ATWATER KENT RADIO PRIZE.

It was no surprise to the student body of R. H. S. when word came that Leona L'Ange '28 was the successful prize winner at the Atwater Kent Radio Contest. We knew you could do it Leona, and we are proud of you!

This contest was held Tuesday, October 4, at the Parish House. The contestants were from the surrounding towns.

The following are the Junior Class Officers:

President	Barret Levins
Vice-President	Ether Holland
Secretary	Virginia Noyes
Treasurer	Thomas Porter

The Junior Representatives to the A. A. are Barrett Levins and Francis Perry.

The Freshman Reception was held Friday Night, Oct. 7. Under the direction of Mr. Purdy a very fine minstrel show was presented. Mr. Ireland, Francis Ryan, Richard Harrison and James Hurley rendered several vocal selections. Dancing was enjoyed from 9 until 11.30.

The Senior Representatives to the A. A. are Thomas Eddy and Thomas Holden.

The Sophomore Representative is Jennie Cioffi.



A Resume of Our New Marking System.

GRADE A

Quality of Work	Excellent
Quantity of Work	Much more than minimum
Cooperative leadership in work within pupils' group	Extremely effective
Effort and Progress in work	Superior
Initiative in attacking new work	Superior

GRADE B

Quality of Work	Very good
Quantity of Work	More than minimum
Cooperative leadership within pupils' group	Above average
Effort and Progress in work	Very good
Initiative in attacking new work	Very good

GRADE C

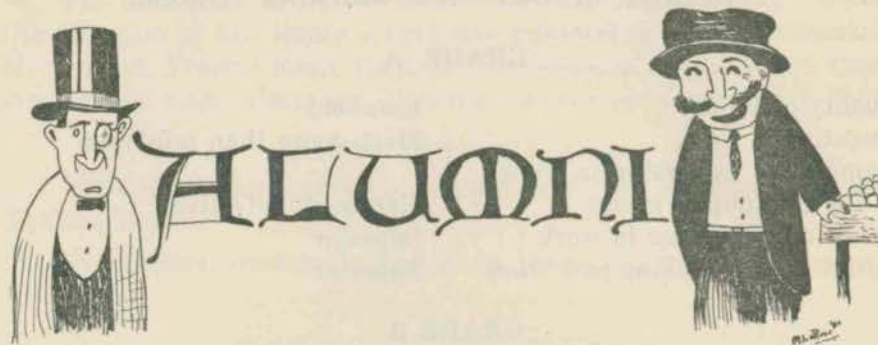
Quality of Work	Fair
Quantity of Work	Slightly less than minimum
Cooperative leadership within pupils' group	Average
Effort and Progress in work	Average
Initiative in attacking new work	Average

GRADE D

Quality of Work	Low
Quantity of Work	Slightly less than minimum
Cooperative leadership within pupils' group	Below average
Effort and Progress in work	Little
Initiative in attacking new work	Little

GRADE E

Quality of Work	Unsatisfactory
Quantity of Work	Much less than minimum
Cooperative leadership within pupils' group	Extremely below average
Effort and Progress in work	(Either unwilling or incapable of doing work)
Initiative in attacking new work	(of doing work)



Peter Bove hasn't forgotten his Alma Mater. Read what he writes to O'Bie:

"Congratulations! Certainly got away to a splendid beginning. I don't know what kind of a Club we will have but it ought to be fair. The first test comes against Harvard, October 15. Good luck to you and the boys."

Yours in R. H. S.,

Peter Bove.

One of the most popular and attractive girls of '20, Priscilla E. Grower was married to Fred Welling of Bennington on September 4. The bride and groom are both graduates of U. V. M., the former in the class of '24 and the latter of '25.

Since her graduation from college Mrs. Welling has worked as dietician at the Peter Bent Brigham and Albany Hospitals. The groom is employed by the J. C. White Company of North Bennington, where the couple will make their home.

Miss Ballou, the former Freshman Algebra teacher and popular leader of the Freshman girls' athletics, was married early in the summer to Esme A. C. Smith, one of Rutland's prominent young business men. The marriage took place at the Clement Memorial Chapel in Sherburne. The bride and groom are both graduates of R. H. S. The latter has been employed for a number of years by the New England Telephone Company.

George Peck's marriage to Elinor Frost took place October first at Amherst, Mass., the bride's home. The groom is an alumnus of R. H. S.

CLASS OF '27.

Edna Cole—Assisting Mr. Berry with his Boy Scout work.

Olin De Forge—Has entered the dental laboratories of Aimes and Tiffs in Albany, N. Y.

"Icky" Chatterton—University of Vermont.

"Ed" Briggs—State Agricultural School at Randolph.

Janet Fiske—Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

Mary Phillips—Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

"Lib" Purdy—In Cleveland taking a P. G. course.

"Junk" Eaton—Norwich University.

"Ben" Dick—Norwich University.

"Don" MacIntosh—Norwich University.

"Ken" Day—Norwich University.

Gerald McLaughlin—Reporter for Rutland Evening News.

Mildred Billado—Keene Normal School.

Catherine Boyden—Skidmore College.

Charlotte Robinson—Employed at the Rutland County National Bank.

James Ready—University of Vermont.

Evelyn Noyes—North Adams Hospital.

Flavia Bartalena—Bay Path Institute.

Dorothy McCoy—Living in Toledo, Ore.

Mildred Cheney, Joe Avery, "Mickey" Halpin, Earl Rabidou, Elsa Anderson, Jessie Davis and Lucy Bingham are attending the Rutland Business College.

Mary Alexander, Mildred Ball, Doris Smith, Robert Wilson and Paul Hill are taking a P. G. course at R. H. S.

CLASS OF '26.

"Bob" Allen—Philadelphia School of Designing.

Earl Holland—In New York studying Insurance salesmanship.

George Rounds—Drake University, North Carolina.

Harry Franzoni—Holy Cross College.

Bernard McHugh—Holy Cross College.

Ray Franzoni—Middlebury College.

Margaret Parker—Simmons College, Boston.

Thomas O'Rourke—Manhattan College, New York.

Harold Adams—Silver Bay Institute.

Aldo Franchesci—University of Vermont.

Caroline Dye—Employed at Clement Bank.

Leona Buxton—Living in Buffalo, Wyo.

Grace Gill '24, now fully recovered from two operations, has returned to Skidmore to resume her studies.

Helen Mathews, one of Mr. Bump's pupils, has won honors in chemistry at Middlebury College. This fall she accepted a position there as a freshman instructor, while studying for her Master's degree.

John Lanzillo '24, has entered Princeton University.

Many alumni of R. H. S. are employed by the Rutland Railroad. They are: Myrtle Manning, Kathryn Holland, Mary Hinchey, Harriet Beane, Harriet Jasmin, Henry Wilson and Edward Halpin.

We hope that the Alumni will not forget their first Alma Mater and favor us with a subscription to the Red and White. A splendid way to keep in touch with the activities of R. H. S.



TO THE PUPILS OF R. H. S.

We are aiming to make the "Exchange Department" of the "Red and White" the biggest and best that it has ever been. Any suggestions from you will be appreciated.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"The Auroran"—Muscatine High School, Muscatine, Iowa—

Your news is very interesting but why not have a few more stories?

"The Q"—Quincy High School, Quincy, Illinois—

Your literary department is very good.

"The Whisk"—Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Delaware—

This is an excellent paper, interesting from cover to cover.

"The Lewis and Clark Journal"—Spokane, Washington—

Your exchange digest is unusual.



Some of last year's exchanges from whom we hope to hear during the coming year:—

"The Academy Student"—St. Johnsbury, Vt.

"The Clarion"—Fair Haven, Vt.

"The Hartfordian"—White River Junction, Vt.

"Winooski H. S. Banner"—Winooski, Vt.

"The Enterprise"—Keene, N. H.

"The Catamount"—Bennington, Vt.

"The Tattler"—Bloomfield, Conn.

"Spaulding Sentinel"—Barre, Vt.

"Peopleonian"—Morrisville, Vt.
 "Hardwickian"—Hardwick, Vt.
 "The Echo"—Winthrop, Mass.
 "The Signboard"—Springfield, Mass.
 "Station B. H. S."—Bristol, Vt.
 "The Blue and White"—Vergennes, Vt.
 "The Northfield News"—Northfield, Vt.
 "The Pheonix"—Montpelier, Vt.
 "The Register"—Burlington, Vt.
 "Chips"—Richmond, Vt.
 "N. H. S. Oracle"—Newport, Vt.
 "Orange and Black"—Barton, Vt.
 "The Sky Lark"—Hyde Park, Vt.
 "Skool Nooz"—Randolph, Vt.
 "The Mirror"—Wilmington, Vt.
 "The Dial"—Brattleboro, Vt.
 "The Clarion"—Essex Junction, Vt.
 "The Enfield Echo"—Thompsonville, Conn.
 "The Spotlight"—Fort Wayne, Ind.
 "The Whittier-Town Sentinel"—Amesbury, Mass.
 "The Orleansonian"—Orleans, Vt.
 "The Purple Pennant"—Cortland, N. Y.
 "The Prophet"—Jeffersonville, Vt.
 "Hi-Spirit"—Enosburg Falls, Vt.
 "The Megaphone"—Franklin, Mass.
 "The Johnsonian"—Johnson, Vt.
 "Salmon Sheet"—Bloomfield, Vt.



FIFTY OUT FOR FOOTBALL

A squad of a little over fifty players responded to the call of Coaches O'Brien and Purdy, Tuesday, September 14, and turned out on St. Peters field for the opening football practice of the season.

Although this was not as large a turn out as in previous years, there were fully as many experienced men out as ever before.

All of last year's men who were in school and eligible reported for duty with the exception of "Joe" Canty who was in the hospital at the time.

"Bob" Stevens leads the 1928 eleven and he has as a nucleus for a team several veterans from last year's outfit. The backfield with Canty and Taylor, the mainstays of the offence last year, is in a great deal better condition than the line. Captain McCormick, center, Jillson and Goddard, tackles, and Sabourin, end, are the ones whose absence will be most keenly felt, especially on the defense. However, there are several of last year's substitutes who got in some experience and with these, coupled with the veterans, the coaches expect to have a capable line formed for the games.

The success of this year's team, as is the case with every team, depends a great deal on the kind of support it receives. If the student body backs up the squad to the limit and shows the players that it is behind them, there is no reason to doubt that Rutland High shall be represented by another creditable team.

The schedule is as follows:

Sept. 24—Fair Haven at Rutland; Rutland 32, Fair Haven 0.
 Oct. 1—Burlington at Rutland; Rutland 25, Burlington 0.
 Oct. 15—Spalding at Rutland; Rutland 25, Spalding 0.

Oct. 22—Lyndon Institute at Lyndonville.

Oct. 29—Springfield at Rutland. *Rutland 18 Springfield 0*

Nov. 5—Brattleboro at Brattleboro.

Nov. 12—Montpelier at Rutland.

RUTLAND SHUTS OUT BURLINGTON.

Rutland High School won its second foot-ball game of the season Saturday, October 1, defeating Burlington, it's old time rival, by the score of 25-0.

The game was Rutland's from the start and Burlington was constantly on the defensive, getting only one first down. The excessive heat hampered both teams to some extent and frequent time-outs were taken.

During the first quarter Rutland worked the ball up to within five yards of the goal and at the beginning of the second quarter Layden went over for the first score. Toward the end of the half a Burlington fumble paved the way for another touchdown. "Crawf" Taylor carrying the ball over this time.

In the third quarter Burlington made it's bid for victory but it was short lived. A Burlington back got through and was on his way for a touchdown when Rutland's safety man got him. After trying one more down Burlington kicked and went back on the defensive.

The best run of the day came in the last quarter when Taylor took the ball to pass but waited too long and dodged through the entire Burlington team for a touchdown.

Canty's running back of punts was excellent and Ed. Layden, starting his first game for R. H. S. carried the ball well. The playing of Niles right end for Burlington was the feature of their team.

Captain Bob Stevens was absent from the line-up due to an injury received in the Fair Haven game. His absence was keenly felt although Jack Lanzillo played a great game.

The Line-up was as follows:

Rutland	Burlington
Lanzillo, l. e.	l. e., Chase
Russell, l. t.	l. t., Cohen
Muscatello, l. g.	l. g., Anagros

Levins, c.	c., Preston
Harrington, r. g.	r. g., Ashton
Chapman, r. t.	r. t., Bore
Gemo, r. e.	r. e., Niles
Layden, q. b.	q. b., Rivers
Canty, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Towne
Taylor, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Lapidow
Fox, f. b.	f. b., Akins

R. H. S. OPENS WITH VICTORY

Rutland High School opened its foot-ball season by defeating Fair Haven High School 32-0 on St. Peters Field, Saturday, Sept. 24.

Fair Haven was represented by the best team it has ever sent against Rutland and came here with high hopes of victory.

Rutland's first score came early in the game. Fair Haven had the ball and elected to punt, but the punt was blocked and Rutland received the ball. On the first play, Taylor took the ball and went over for a touchdown. Canty plunged over for the extra point.

Rutland kicked off again and the ball see-sawed back and forth, neither team gaining much. With the ball in Rutland's possession, Canty's punt was blocked but Rutland recovered. After an advance to the goal line Pillon plunged over for the second touchdown. The kick for extra point was blocked.

Fair Haven kicked to start the second half and after an exchange of punts Rutland scored on a forward pass, Canty to Fox. Fox kicked the goal. "Joe" Canty went over for a touchdown after two long runs and a pass from Taylor and "Buddy" Fox scored the last touchdown in the third quarter.

Fair Haven's main sources of strength were centered in McFaran and Hayes, both of whom made several good gains.

The Rutland team played good foot-ball despite the inexperience of some of the new men.

Captain "Bob" Stevens was taken out with a badly twisted shoulder and his absence was keenly felt.

The line-up follows:

Rutland	Fair Haven
(Capt.) Stevens, l. e.	l. e., Foley
Harrington, l. t.	l. t., Gillam
Lanzillo, l. g.	l. g., Hyland
Levins, c.	c., Griffith
Muscatello, . g.	r. g., Goyette

Chapman, r. t. r. t., McGuinnis
 Gemo, r. e. r. e., McNeil
 Pillon, q. b. q. b., Casey
 Canty, l. h. b. l. h. b., Wells
 Taylor, r. h. b. r. h. b., Matt
 Fox, f. b. f. b., (Capt.) Briggs

FIELD HOCKEY APPEALS TO HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

The Rutland High School girls are taking to their new fall sport, field hockey, as ducks to water. A squad of 33 from the three upper classes is reporting to Miss Louise Willis three afternoons a week on Rotary field for practice. The candidates have been quick to master the rudiments of the game.

The girls have furnished their own uniforms and hockey sticks, as there is no appropriation from the athletic funds for this sport. The Rotary club has donated the use of the playing field.

Miss Willis does not expect to schedule any games with teams from other schools this year. It is the first time that hockey has been taught in the school and it is her aim to get as many as possible interested in this form of outdoor athletics at the start. Inter class games will be played as the season progresses.

Field hockey is an English game, introduced some years ago in America. It is played in most of the colleges and many preparatory schools although only two or three High schools in Vermont have adopted the game. Where hockey has been played for a number of years it has become, next to basketball, the most popular athletic game for women.

It is played on a field similar in size and shape to a football gridiron. There are 11 players on a team, five forwards, three half backs, two full backs and a goal keeper. In general the principle of the game corresponds to ice hockey, points being scored by knocking the ball into the goal defended by the opposing team.

RUTLAND DEFEATS SPALDING, 25- 0.

Saturday afternoon, October 15th, the Red and White team continued its winning ways by pinning another defeat on the team from Barre. Our defense held back everything that Spalding had to offer in the way of line plugging. This drove the visitors to trying an aerial game which was no more successful although toward the end of the game our stands were on the anxious seat lest some one of the many Spalding passes might be caught and transferred into a score.

The kicking of Ramon, Spalding's sturdy halfback, alone kept Rutland from running up a much larger score.

Capt. Steven's made our first score after an exchange of punts and a steady march down the field. In the second quarter Jo Canty who had replaced Perry Bove got away for a thirty yard run only to be downed on the Barre five yard line. After a fumble and another exchange of kicks followed by a pass and series of end runs by Taylor, Canty and Fox another tally was added.

The third score came in the third period by steady plugging, the ball finally being carried over by Canty. The fourth and final score came as a result of two runs by Crawf Taylor the first one being 50 yards, carrying the ball to the 10 yard line and on the next play going over for the touchdown.

Members of the second team were given a chance to show their worth during the last few moments and their success in stopping the aerial game of Spalding speaks well of our teams to come in future years.

The line-up follows:

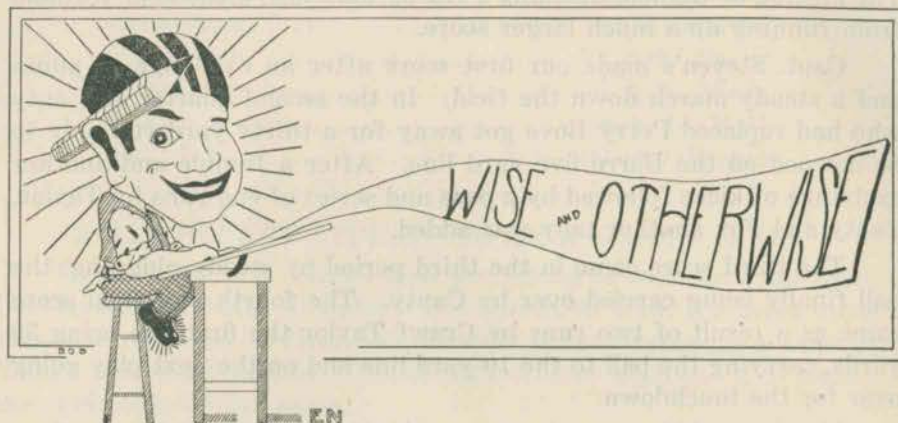
Rutland	Spalding
Layden, le	re, Paretto
Muscatello, lt	rt, Abiatti
Chapman, lg	rg, McGoff
Levins, c	c, Fungali
Russell, rg	lg, Sargent
Harrington, rt	lt, DonLeavy
Lanzillo, re	le, Chase
Stevens (Capt.) qb	qb, Tomasi
Taylor, lhb	rhb, F. Ramon
Fox, rhb	lhb, E. Ramon
P. Bove, fb	fb, Rock

Substitutions: Rutland, Riberdy for Chapman, Holden for Lanzillo, Hier for Layden, Canty for P. Bove, Lanahan for Taylor, Porter for Levins, Layden for Fox, Pillon for Stevens, Gemo for Lanzillo, Eddy for Pillon; Spalding, Ryan for Chase, Vente for McGoff.

Score by quarters:

Rutland	6	6	7	6—25
Spalding	0	0	0	0— 0

Touchdowns made by: Taylor 2, Stevens, Canty. Goals af-



Teacher: My friends, if each of us were to turn and look ourselves in the face what would each find we needed most?

Voice in back of class: A rubber neck.

Mr. Bump: Define a molecule.

Ed. Layden: A glass that Englishmen wear in one eye.

B. Burke (in lunch room): Say this pudding is only mediocre.

Walt Haskins: You're crazy, it's tapioca.

Wayne Merrill: Let's think hard now.

Holly Whay: No, let's do something that you can do too.

J. Simpson: And did you let him kiss you?

M. Wilcox: Let him? I had to help him.

Noysey: Joyce, you grow more beautiful every day.

Joyce: Oh Wendell, you exaggerate so!

Noysey: Well then, every other day.

Mr. Purdy: Where did Lincoln get his knowledge of human nature.

Amidon: Following a mule.

O'Bie: What! Late as usual?

Stevens: No later.

Arlie Pond: What would you do if you saw a bear?

Joe Moloney: I'd climb a tree.

Pond: But don't you know that bears climb trees?

Moloney: Yeh, I know that but my tree would shake too hard.

Coach: Block that kick!

Canty: With whose block?

What if she was a Quaker. She knew her oats.

A dumb Freshman wants to know: If the ham hands around the smoke house, where does the veal loaf?

Even his best friends wouldn't tell him, so he flunked the exam.

Haskins: Have you heard the Four Wheel Brake Song?

Hodson: No., how does it go?

Haskins: For We'll Break the News to Mother.

Flanders: He uses the touch system.

Goodrich: On the typewriter?

Flanders: No! On his friends.

A recent census of our Dear R. H. S. revealed the figures:

Male—310

Female—291

Unclassified—9

Total—610.

Johnny (coming out of Mac's Filling Station): This is sure some cheap place.

Russell: How's that?

Johnny: Why, I got a cup of coffee, doughnuts, and an overcoat for fifteen cents.

An I. O. U. is another one of those paper waits.

Flory: Do you think plastic surgery would improve my features?

Mason: No!

Marion: Then what would you suggest?

Clark: Blasting.

Pa Kangaroo: Where's the baby?

Ma Ditto: (Feeling in pockets). I guess I must have left it in my other clothes.

R. Pinchin: That parrot has a rare vocabulary. Was he trained on a ship?

H. Allen: Oh, no; my sister brought him home from college.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again, (but not the same girl).

OR WAS IT PIKE?

Romeo (below window, with saxophone): Hist, Jule, open that window or I'll blow the darned thing.

Forcier: I say, sir, can you give me a job?

Barber: Why sure, here, paint this barber-pole.

Forcier: O. K. boss. Where do I get the striped paint?

Spencer: Say, you're quite an amateur at kissing.

Jean S.: You think so? Well, it took a lot of practice to get that "first time" effect.

L. Hermann: Gosh, you're small.

J. Phillips: Precious articles always come in small packages, you know.

Hermann: Yes, but so does poison.

Miss Meldon: Did you open the windows wide?

Billings: You bet I did! Pulled the top half all the way down and pushed the bottom half all the way up.

H. Allen: What's wrong Allen?

H. Adams: I b-burnt my h-hand in the h-h-hot water.

H. A.: Serves you right. Why didn't you feel the water before you put your hand in?

Mr. Purdy: Can you give two historically important dates?

Stickney: Sure—Anthony and Cleopatra: Napoleon and Josephine.

Beardsley: Papa, oysters must be awful lazy things.

Pa: Why?

Beardsley: Because this book says they're always found in beds.

Definition of rouge: The pink of perfection.

A fool and his money soon pay alimony.

FOUND ON TOM PORTER'S REGISTRATION CARD

Give your parents' names.

Papa and Mamma.

Amidon: My ford just ran over your cat. I shall replace the animal.

Old Maid: This is so sudden, but I'm afraid you can't catch mice.

Is Oakman dumb? Listen, he wanted to get a double garage when his dad got a twin-six.

Burke: Who was the peach I saw you with last night?

Tarbell: She wasn't a peach, she was a grapefruit.

Will: Why grapefruit?

Willie: I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye.

Mrs. Crowley: Can you think of two words that tell a complete story?

Canty: Certainly, Date, Gate.

Claire: I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you.

Spencer: Ah-er- that has been my custom.

Freshman: Why didn't "Hambone" cry out when he sat on the hornet?

Sophomore: He felt it beneath him.

Jimmy (Cheese) Muscatello all at once startled his fellow-players by vociferously asking for a half in this manner:

Shoot! Shoot!

Coach O'Brien (turning quickly): Say, d'ye think that you're on a hunting trip?

"I hear you and your girl had a misunderstanding."

"Yes, I misunderstood her eyes."

"Paw, where does ink come from?"

"From incubators, son."

"Give me a sentence with the word 'viaduct'."

"He threw a tomato at me and that's viaduct."

"Are you and ——— pretty thick?"

"Sure."

"That's all right. Everyone can't be bright."

"What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?"

"Why, a noisy noise annoys an oyster of course!"

Four Freshmen (kidding Henry): Hey, Henry, did you know that the Devil is dead?

Henry (reaching in pocket and handing each Frosh a dollar): Take this, my lads.

Four Freshmen: What's this for?

Henry: Oh, I'm always glad to help orphans.

"What's the charge on this battery?"

"Fifty volts."

"How much is that in United States money?"

Guide: Just think, those ruins are over 2000 years old.

Kent: Aw, gwan, it's only 1927 now."

"What is cold boiled ham?"

"Oh, that's ham boiled in cold water, isn't it?"

"Well boys," said the kindly old gentleman to a group of Freshmen gathered along the river bank, "and why do you gaze so intently on yon seething waters?"

"We're seeing who can stay under water the longest and Poreau's been down forty-five minutes already."

Passenger in Whay's Ford: Nice fence isn't it?

Holly: That ain't a fence, them's telephone poles.

"What are you going to name your new kittens?"

"Ike and Mike, because they are as inseparable as a pair of pants."

And now the demand for football tickets has become so big that one western university is requiring that each student have a "passport" in order to attend its football games this fall. They now have the "direct" pass; the "forward" pass; the "lateral" pass; the "backward" pass and the "passport"; but the pass longed for by many—the "free" pass—is still conspicuous by its absence.

Whatever Americans may say about English humor, it has its Punch.

Sea Captain: Bit of a swell today, sir.

Forcier: Nice of you to say so—but, then, you ought to see me on Sundays.

Butcher: Round steak, miss?

Goldie: The shape doesn't interest me so long as it's tender.

Stevens: I say, Skipper, what's in the bag?

Skipper: Punkins.

Stevens: How many?

Skipper: Ef ye kin guess, I'll give ye both of 'em.

Little drops of acid,
Little grains of zinc,
Put into a test tube,
Make an awful-roma.

Mr. Bump: Did you see a pedestrian pass this way a few moments ago?

P. Quirk: No, zurr, that I ain't; I bin workin' on this tater patch more'n an hour, and not a thing passed by 'cept a solitary man, and 'e were doin' it on foot.

"Albie" Holland went down to the library and inquired if "The Red Boat" was in.

"I don't think we have that book," he was told.

"Oh, excuse me, I made a mistake. The title is 'The Scarlet Launch'."

After a long search the library assistant reported that they had no book by that name.

"But I am sure you have the book," he insisted. Suddenly he put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a slip of paper on which something was written.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, it's 'The Ruby Yacht', by a fella' named Omar, I want."

Little Boy: Uncle, when does your football team play?

Uncle: But what gave you the idea that I had a football team?

L. B.: I heard Papa say that when you kicked off we'd get a fortune."

Pa: You're an honest boy, Dick, but the money I lost was a ten-dollar note."

Stevens: I know, but I had it changed so you could give me the reward.

A Chinese truckman in this city sent the following bill to a grocer for delivering orders:

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The Sophomores are a funny bunch
That go to every school
They treat the Freshmen very bad
And heed not the Golden Rule.

If the Freshmen should do unto them
As they do unto us
I'm afraid that bunch of queer Sophomores
Would make an awful fuss.

They take us little Freshmen
And stick us in a tub
And when we come out dripping wet
They throw us in the mud.

But Freshmen are kind hearted,
They wouldn't hurt a Soph
For they believe in being kind
To those who are bad off.

—E. T. '31.

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DECEMBER, 1927

No. 2

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FRESHMEN

Gladys Hall	Earle Taylor
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Editorials



FOOTBALL SEASON.

Rutland High School has just completed one of the most successful seasons of her athletic history. Goal line uncrossed, winning every game by a decisive margin, her's is truly an enviable record.

At the beginning of the season, the team was considered by the community and students alike as only a mediocre outfit. They gave it a fifty-fifty chance of compiling a five hundred per cent record. What a shock, What a setback these experts received when they viewed Rutland High marching on, clearing every obstacle and by means of a stonewall defense maintaining a scoreless record.

Coach O'Brien has turned out more successful athletic aggregations than any other team mentor in the state, and this present championship team is a fitting pen with which to write "finis" to a most praiseworthy record.

After all possible praise has been given to Coaches O'Brien and Purdy let us not forget the boys who gave their all that Rutland High might triumph and in giving all raised their standards of honor to an exalted pinnacle. May the teams that represent R. H. S. in the future carry on with the same dauntless, do-or-die spirit, and always raise our flag of supremacy to the paramount peak of perfection.

W. McG. '28.

IN APPRECIATION.

The editor wishes to mention in this issue and to acknowledge for Rutland High School, the fine sportsmanship received by our team in Lyndonville. The fans who accompanied the team and the boys themselves all remarked upon the splendid spirit and hospitality shown by the Lyndon team and students of Lyndon Institute. Such a noble manifestation does not pass unnoticed and will never be forgotten by us.

May Rutland always proffer such noticeable sportsmanship and cooperation to an opponent.

W. McG. '28.

TO THE SOPHOMORES.

As it becomes incumbent upon me to write a greeting to the Sophomore Class, I will begin with that formula culled in immemorial decades: Welcome into our midst. As upper classmen you can now take your place as active, direct participants in School activities. R. H. S. is overjoyed to proffer to you these advantages and it urgently exhorts you to make the most of favorable opportunities.

We look upon your class as future leaders of this institution. As such you will be expected to uphold and maintain the prestige and honor of Rutland High. How? The only means in providing for a beneficent future is in understanding the whims and opinions of the past. Find out what former classes have done for the honor of our school, and then you, as a class, emulate that spirit, and strive to imitate it in such a way that no one can be able to accuse the class of '30 of being disloyal to their first Alma Mater. Do this and be assured that your class shall be an honorable one, and your records of academic life enviable.

W. McG. '28.

 THE VALUE OF A SCHOOL PAPER.

Not many years ago, papers published by High Schools and higher institutions of learning were severely criticised but at the present time the real value of a school paper is fully appreciated.

This branch of school activities provides a means of advertising the institution which publishes the periodical. A good school paper is one of the means of advertising that a high school has, and through exchanges it becomes an important factor among other schools in widely diversified sections of the country.

A school paper is really a course in journalism for the members of its staff many times find their vocation in newspaper work as the result of working on the staff of a school paper. Pupils who have a liking for journalism are usually given positions on the staff. Students in English who are good story-writers are usually selected for Literary Department offices.

So let's get behind our paper and push it to the front. We can easily have the best paper in the state and thereby show other schools that we have got the goods with just a little cooperation on the part of the student body.

W. J. B. '29.

ATHLETICS.

The truly great in athletics are not, in my opinion, the ones who receive the most credit. When a great team wins a fine victory the credit is usually given to the coach and the players. But how about the one behind them—the trainer—the man who put them into and kept them in the condition to play that great game? The man who produced in their bodies that muscular hardness which enabled them to withstand the tears and knocks. Is he ever mentioned? No. But I pity the team who without training or trainer were pitted against a well trained organization.

In baseball Lefty Grove is now considered the premier pitcher of all time in the big leagues. The credit for his discovery is given to Connie Mack. Does anyone ever find the name of Jack Blake mentioned with Grove's FAME? Seldom. Yet it was this old time catcher who made Grove. For two long years he coached him, giving him all he knew of the game and turned him from a raw recruit to a finished product. Six years ago Earl Sande, America's premier jockey, was a stable boy. A famous jockey at that time taught Earl the tricks of the game. Now Sande's riding ability is credited with having been picked up by Earl without assistance. Three years ago the Yale football team were wonderful tacklers. Even the fastest and shiftiest backs in the country were unable to gain against them.

Credit for this tackling was given to Coach "Tad" Jones for his work on the tackling dummies. Yet the real secret of the team's ability to tackle real hard hitting low running players was the actual practice daily they received in scrimmages against a team which was composed of ineligible players who were just such players. But were these ineligible players given credit for the great tackling of the team?

And so on, down the line, the athletes receive all the credit, while the coaches, trainers and the men who made them what they are are seldom, if ever mentioned.

P. B. L. '29.

 TO THE SCHOOL.

The Freshmen of the Rutland High School are glad to be with you all. We have appreciated all that is being done for us and are trying our best to do what we can for you. We have at least tried to show our school spirit by attending the football games and are proud of our school for having won the championship. When it comes our turn we hope we will do as well. It is our aim to make the class of '31 the best class of R. H. S.

G. H. '31.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

The mind of man is moulded and grows through the tradition and customs it has received since the age of reason. These are pushed forward and enhanced by his own volatile concentration.

From time immemorial the intellect of mankind has looked upon the season of Christmas, as one to be observed with good fellowship and generosity to all. At this time, feuds and all personal hatreds and animosities are usually salved and if the season is observed according to tradition, their roots are entirely obliterated.

Since the birth of the Christ, the civilized world has recognized Christmas as being symbolical of good cheer to all. The Christian countries have all observed it in such a way and let us hope that they will always do so. No time of the year is so soothing and stimulating to the mind as this short series of days in which mankind becomes the brotherhood that it was intended to be. It seems that here, at Yuletide, that at last, after buffeting around on the rocks of fate, the soul grasps the doctrine of mankind—mutual understanding and impartial forgiveness.

Christmas means much to modern folk. It means the recognition of friendship by exchanging gifts. Joy, wholeheartedness, and honesty at last reign over the kingdom that is rightfully theirs. Neighborly human infrictions are cast aside and a new leaf is turned upon a world, shining with love and reverence.

The world of Christmas is a remarkable creation and if this creation was visible throughout the year, we could safely say that all war and butchery was at an end.

Let us endeavor, in our own small way, to make this a shining Yuletide—one which will fulfill the expectations of the One who made Christmas possible, and to spread throughout our sphere of existence good will and cheer such as we have never known heretofore. Merry Christmas to all, and to all the best wishes for the coming year.

W. McG. '28.

THE UNKNOWN TEACHER.

The week of Nov. 27 was set aside for the teacher and the school children as "Open School Week." Below is printed a piece culled from a universally-read periodical, explaining the manner in which the unknown teachers do their invaluable work. Dr. Van Dyke has written a eulogy which millions will read and ponder over.

"I sing the praise of the unknown teacher. Great generals win

campaigns but it is the unknown soldier who wins the war. Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the unknown teacher who delivers and guides the young. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward. Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the Republic than the unknown teacher."

This panegyric of Dr. Van Dyke's is deserved if we are acquainted with this great, resourceful, patient army of unknown pedagogues.

Dr. Van Dyke's praise is of such value that it merits a position beside Seneca's praise of the unknown teacher of long ago.

"For not alone he is useful to the state who defends the accused, brings forth candidates for office and casts his vote for peace or war, but he who encourages youth, who in so great a scarcity of good teachers instructs the minds of men in virtue, holds them back from running after wealth and luxury and teaches what is meant by honesty, patience, piety, justice, contempt of death, and how much freely given good there is in a good conscience."

Always bear in mind the debt which our country owes to these dispensers of education; they are as great patriots as the generals who lead the victorious hosts against the foe. All praise is due to "The Unknown Teacher."

The Red and White Business Board welcomes to its staff William Matthews '29 and Monroe Waite '29, winners of the recent competition.



CHRISTMAS COMES AGAIN.

Miss Agatha went from room to room in her lonely old mansion, locking windows and drawing shades, just as she had done each night for twenty-seven long years. Tonight, even though her duties were the same, Miss Agatha herself was different. For the first time in her life as a self-centered miserly spinster, she was wondering whether she had really been wise when, years before, instead of giving herself to share the life and love of a poor but worthy man she had chosen to live alone in luxury. No wonder the poor lady felt a few qualms of loneliness; it was the night before Christmas, and her thoughts, in spite of her efforts to control them, would wander back to her girlhood. Then, the old house had always resounded with laughter and merriment on this, the eve of the greatest day of all the year.

Miss Agatha came at last to the end of her rounds and was just making sure that the front door was securely locked when she seemed to hear a tentative little knocking. She listened intently. The knocking had ceased but a weight seemed to have fallen against the door. Taking her courage in both hands she drew back the heavy iron bolts and saw lying on the doorsteps, not a drunken tramp, but a half-frozen little girl, who had mercifully fallen into a stupor.

"Goodness me!" thought Miss Agatha with disgust. "What can I do with the child?" She called Mary, the maid who had served her from childhood, and the two old women finally had the little girl lying in Miss Agatha's bed.

They worked feverishly to revive her, and at last the blue lips began to tremble and the curly lashes to flutter. The child opened big brown eyes and gazed stupidly around the room. Suddenly, realization came back to her for she had spied the two ladies, standing beside the bed. Fear and pleading struggled in her pale face as, tugging at Miss Agatha's immaculate skirt she cried, "Oh! why didn't I die and go to Heaven? Now I'll have to go back to the Home! You won't take me back, will you? They whipped me for taking two

cookies and I ran away and got lost. Oh, it was so cold! Please, please, don't take me back."

"What foolishness," rasped Miss Agatha's thin voice. "Of course I'll notify—, the thin voice stopped. Miss Agatha was staring with wide eyes at the little waif's thin face.

"Why! Why—. It can't be possible! My imagination is running away with me. But—I must have seen that face before."

"I know, Miss, she does look somethin' like Jeff Williams, the man who wanted to marry you," said the old servant with the freedom of speech to which a lifetime of service entitled her.

The remark, had gone unheard, for Miss Agatha, with her face buried in the child's golden curls, was sobbing. The sobs were not dry and hard but warm and thankful.

Mary, watching her mistress with eyes which brimmed with tears, knew that the Home would not be notified, for Christmas had come again to Miss Agatha's heart.

R. B. '29.

GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

One bright morning the week before Christmas, Grandma Burns sat knitting busily in the sun. The snow lay deep and the hard crust glittered like silver. As she peered out of the window she saw two little boys sitting on her front steps. They both looked gloomy and one of them was rubbing his eyes. It was then that Grandma discovered that they were her little friends Peter and Jimmy Dean.

"My goodness!" cried Grandma going to the door, "What can be the matter with two bright little boys this sunny morning?"

"We don't have no good times," sighed Peter.

"We can't slide. We haven't any sled," whimpered Jimmy.

"Why of course boys can't have a good time without sleds," said Grandma cheerily. "Let us look about and see if we can't find something."

Then the search started, upstairs and down, behind boxes in the shed and among the cobwebs in the attic, but nothing suitable could be found.

"Hum! I do believe this would do for little Peter," and the dear old lady drew a large tin pan off the top shelf in the pantry. A long smooth butter tray was found for Jimmy and then off they went.

Grandma's shoulders shook with laughter as she watched them skim over the hard crust on their queer sleds. The boys were more than pleased and they shouted and waved as they flew past the windows.

"I expect they will wear them about through," said Grandma "but boys must slide,—that's certain."

Grandma knitted faster than ever all that day and her face was bright with smiles for she was planning something.

She went to see Joe Howard, a carpenter, that night and he promised to make two small sleds for the pair of socks she was knitting.

When the sleds were finished she painted one red and one yellow. Then on Christmas Eve Grandma Burns put her scarf over her head and wrapping her shawl well about her, dragged the little sleds over to Peter and Jimmy's house.

She quietly hitched them to the door knob, then hurried home, chuckling to herself all the way.

A. C. '29.

"A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT."

"Please take her," pleaded the charity worker, "I'm sure you won't regret it. She's bright and alert and lovable and she needs a home."

"All right," snapped old Mrs. Lamphon. "I'll take her as my personal maid for two weeks but I warn you, if she does not please me I'll pack her right back. It seems to me that I give money enough to charity without taking a girl into my household just because she's lovable and needs a home."

And that is how Jessie was installed in the Lamphon household a week before Christmas.

Jessie was a tall, dark complexioned girl, very shy but, as timid persons are sometimes, very lovable.

She, however, found herself in a difficult position for the rich, crochety Mrs. Lamphon had allowed the years to form a barrier between herself and the world which even the simple charm of Jessie was unable to penetrate.

Christmas day found Jessie discouraged and tired. She had been reproved twice and felt that she would be dismissed at the end of the allotted time unless something was done immediately. She glanced out of the window and saw a nurse pass by wheeling a baby carriage, and an idea came to her. Surely, she thought a baby would soften Mrs. Lamphon's heart if anything would.

That night, when Mrs. Lamphon went to the living room, a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree with a score of laughing babies seated around it, met her eye.

"Who dared—?" she was interrupted by a pulling on her skirt

and looking down she looked into the clear blue eyes of a pretty little girl. The barrier was swept away. Stooping down she gathered the cherub in her arms, went to the tree, took a doll from it and gave it to the happy child. Over the baby's head she met Jessie's eyes and said, "You may stay."

Jessie smiled and whispered; "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me, for Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

B. B. '29.

"JIM'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

"Extry, extry," cried the small urchin. This little fellow was one among thousands of other news-boys in the city, but Jim had a pitiful and longing look in his large, expressive eyes, which other urchins lacked.

Poor Jim. His father had left his mother when he was but a small child, and his mother had to take in washings in order to keep Jim and herself from starvation. Jim did his share nobly. Day after day, he stood on the corner crying "extry," while the hundreds passed him, shunning him, as "very low class, indeed."

A few days before Christmas Jim stood on the corner with his papers. It was very cold, and he was clad in very ragged and thin clothing. In his eyes, however, there was a warm light glowing, which spelled happiness. Yes, Jim had a fine plan. His dear mother would be remembered this Christmas. He had saved a little every day and now he had a quarter, safe in his hand. When his last newspaper was gone, he could buy his mother, a beautiful Christmas gift, maybe a pretty handkerchief.

He stood there dreaming until suddenly a steel-like voice cut the air, "Get out of the way you raggamuffin." He was shoved into the gutter and the prosperous looking man hurried up the street. Jim stood there, tears welling in his eyes for the twenty-five cents was gone; knocked from his hand. His mother couldn't have her present! Revenge was Jim's thought! How he hated that man of wealth and prosperity.

What was that lying there? He stooped and picked up a wallet and with trembling hands opened it. A ten dollar bill, another, and then appeared two twenties. Jim felt like a millionaire.

"Now I'll buy a nice present. My! Mumsie can have **everything**, a new coat n'everything." What was that? A thought entered his head and refused to be argued with. Wasn't it his "own dear mumsie" who said, "Always be honest Jim. Nothing is gained by foul means?"

Well that meant only one thing, the wallet had to be returned. No present after all, no coat. He hastily looked for the name. It appeared on one flap, Walter G. Jackson, 1314 South Bolston Street.

Jim decided the only fair thing to do was to return the wallet. He walked and walked until at last, he found the address. He timidly rang the bell. A butler opened the door, and stared at the dirty little boy. "Go away," he said crossly, "dirty boys aren't wanted here."

"I have something for Mr. Jackson," said Jim.

"Well your're not wanted here," replied the butler.

"Here, here, what's this rumpus," said Mr. Jackson, as he appeared in the hall.

"Sir, this urchin was brazen enough to say he wanted to see you. I told him to get out."

"Get out boy! Go on. I have no use for such dirty little street ruffians!" ordered Mr. Jackson.

"Wait, please. I found your wallet. Here it is and Mr.— you were so mean. I had a quarter all saved up for mumsie's Christmas present and you knocked it away," Jim sobbed.

"My boy, I'm surprised and pleased to think you are so honest. I am obliged. I want to apologize for knocking you down, I was in a terrible hurry. Here is five dollars, my son. Buy yourself a present."

"Oh, thank you," gasped Jim. He hurried out to the street, and ran back to the store district, and bought his "own mumsie" a nice present.

"Guess mumsie was right. Honesty pays. Gee, I'd of felt n'awful mean if I hadn't brung it back. Gosh!"

When he got home, he told his mother. She kissed her boy and told him how proud she was he did not yield to temptation.

"I have a surprise for you Jim," said his mother. "Come here, dear." She led him into the other room. "See," she exclaimed.

In the middle of the floor was a lovely new bicycle.

His mother continued, "A chauffeur brought it here a little while ago. He said a Mr. Jackson sent it. He had the chauffeur follow you, and gave him instructions to buy a bicycle and send it to your house."

"Oh mother," said Jim crying with joy. "We both have a Christmas present!"

M. H. '29.

GIFTS—AND GIFTS.

Dear Jane:—

Here it is a week before Christmas and I haven't half finished my shopping as yet.

Each year I say I will begin early, and each year it is the same old story. This year I thought I'd give only to my intimate friends and to relatives, one has to do that.

I'm going to give Mother some of that Egyptian perfume, Attar of Something, as that's my favorite—and besides, I think Mother will like it. Brother Bob is crazy about sea stories but I think he ought really to read something worth while, so I guess I'll give him one of Elinor Glynn's newest books. I adore them don't you? Dad's going to get as a present from me, one of those new lounging robes, just the thing for me to take on week-end trips. I'm going to give my sister some silk underwear—we wear the same size, and I love silk things. You won't mind, will you, Janey, if I bring your gift up with me when I come to your House-party this Christmas vacation? I had already bought some silk stockings, lace ones, for you, but I was seized with a great desire for them, so I bought you the powder instead.

Well, Janey, goodbye until I see you after the twenty-fifth. Merry Christmas!

BETTY.

"There," murmured Betty to herself, "That's finished." "How I hate to write letters? Guess I'd better read it over to see how many mistakes I've made."

She read it slowly. In the church next door, the choir was practicing Christmas songs. Betty leaned in her chair, listening to the beautiful music. It was that lovely old hymn:

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts,
The blessing of His heaven.

Betty sang to herself, sitting in her comfortable chair, just thinking. "That wondrous gift is given." Was she selfish? But no; her gift list was a generous one.

In the midst of her thoughts, the doorbell jangled. Betty ran downstairs, singing the hymns. It was the postman with a huge package.

"For Miss Betty Young, ma'am."

"Oh, cried Betty," it's my Christmas present from Aunt Louise. A few minutes later the bell rang.

"Parcel Post for Miss Betty Young. Sign Please!" This from a red headed boy. Three packages this time! Betty was positively overcome with joy.

"I won't open them until Christmas morning when the rest of the family open theirs," she decided. "Oh, how I love to get Christmas gifts."

After dinner that night, Betty's father placed a gold piece in each of her hands.

"Just to help out in case you're out of funds, for Christmas," he explained.

"You dear thing, Daddy!" cried Betty with joy. "You're the best person in the world! You wait and see what I'm going to give you for Christmas!"

Later, when Betty was in her room looking over her shopping list, her eyes fell on the still unmailed letter. The words of the hymn she had heard that afternoon ran through her mind.

"My, but I'm selfish!" she spoke aloud. "Why—why, what if everyone were as selfish as that! Suppose Mom and Dad had been that way last year; I wouldn't have had my fur coat. Here's another list!" Betty scribbled furiously. Mother shall have the desk set. Dad the fishing book, and Bob shall have "Captain All." Jane shall have a pair of lace stockings and Sis a leather portfolio.

M. A. D. '29.

SOMEONE

I.

Out of the cool moist earth—

A flower.

Deep in the blue of the summer sky—

A star.

Down through the trees and the ferns in the meadow—

A brooklet.

And I wonder which you are!

II.

For the star is truth.

And the flower is friendship.

The brooklet is love refreshing the two.

I have searched—

I have waited—

Now I have found them.

They live in the heart

Of you.

W. B.

MARY'S CHRISTMAS.

From her little bedroom window, Joan Cromwell watched the big white flakes softly piling in heaps and heaps on the frozen ground.

"I wonder," she thought, "what joy poor Sis can get out of life and yet day in and day out she stays home keeping up the house for Dad and me, and helping us bear our little troubles without a whimper." She glanced back at her sleeping sister, so good and unselfish. Joan resolved then and there, that she would insist upon Mary's wearing the beautiful new evening dress, that Aunt Maggie had sent her, to the Christmas dance on the following night. It was a big sacrifice and Joan knew it, but she thought that the great happiness which it would bring to Mary ought to help her give up the dance.

The next morning Joan tactfully approached the subject to her sister but before she had hardly begun, Mary laughingly kissed her and finally said, "I'd much rather have you go, kiddie, and besides, the dress is yours, you know."

"No kiddie about it," snapped Joan. "You'll have to stop babying me or I'll grow unbearable and you'll be doing me harm, not good, Sis. Come on, the dress is yours tonight. If you don't wear it, I'll send it back to Aunt Maggie, asking for something more practical, explaining, of course, that our life requires little finery."

The younger girl's arguments finally persuaded Mary to accept the gift but not without a troubled heart. For two long years Mary had prolonged her engagement to Bob Harlow for the sake of playing mother to Joan until the latter finished high school and the older sister felt that she was now sadly neglecting her motherly duties.

However, Joan's schemes did not stop with the dress. She had pleaded with her father to ask Aunt Maggie to come that Christmas and relieve Mary of her responsibilities at home. Wouldn't Mary be surprised though?

That afternoon the bell rang, loudly, appealingly and altogether Joan thought, unusually. The secret was revealed in a moment for there stood jolly Aunt Maggie in the door way, almost buried with packages. The girls ran to her rescue and with much excitement Joan explained the new situation to her amazed sister.

But did Joan really give up the dance? No. In truth, her Aunt Maggie had sent two dresses but, because of the storm, Mary's had been delayed.

That afternoon surely was an eventful one, bringing Mary's dress and future happiness to all.

V. K. '29.

"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE."

The end was near and there was the sound of sobbing in a room nearby. Inside the death-chamber all was still; only the labored breathing of the little old woman on the bed broke the eloquent silence. Close beside her sat an old man, his arm beneath her shoulders, his face, tender and sweet, bent to hear her every whisper. For hours she had been slowly sinking, every breath coming slower and fainter, and the doctor had predicted her passing any moment. Suddenly with a youthful vitality, she had opened her eyes and with all the love which had burned through the years, she fixed her gaze upon the feeble old man, and though the doctor hastened to her side to make her lie quiet, she began to speak, slowly and quaveringly but with utter happiness and content in her voice. "It's the Good God's will, Henry, and I am glad to go for I know that my soul is unstained. We've been pretty happy haven't we, Old Lover?"

There was a pause in which the doctor turned his face away, and the birds could be heard singing outside the window. The old man sat with his hands clasping and unclasping, while the tears made tiny rivulets down his leathery cheeks.

"Do you remember," the cheerful voice went on, "how happy we were the day we were married? I can still see the folks crowding around to see us wed. Well, Henry, the end is near. Goodbye and God bless you." The old voice was suddenly still. Not until then did the old man speak. With a world of devotion in his voice he sobbed, "Mary, Mary, why should God take you away from me? Please God let me go too?" and he raised his arms in supplication to the Lord. Suddenly he lost his balance and fell to the floor. Quickly they raised him up, but the shock had been too much for his weary heart.

They placed them side by side and all who came to the bed side, declared that it was an act of God. Together they had pulled against the tides of life and together they would begin their well earned rest in the Elysian Fields.

R. S. '28.

FOOTBALL DAYS

To the casual glance of even the most blase' passerby, the look on the young man's face was one to cause wonder. Why so joyous. What exotic thoughts made his features light up so? What was that thrown across his shoulders? Maybe a Marine pack maybe—Ah! that was it—a pair of football pants, all the rest of the equipment packed inside.

He is leaving now. Notice his springy step. What made him

that way? But, after all, wasn't it in the air? He strides along with the confidence of youth. No disillusionment there. He's nearing the stadium. Look at the crowd! The young man starts whistling. Yes, he's fit.

Later on in his football togs he listens to the coach. He thinks "Why all this? Don't we know enough not to be sucked in on trick formation?" Yes! Impatient now. We'll watch the overhead game. What? The coach is quoting again. Why be so archaic at a time like this? Ready. Lets go, gang.

The kick-off. The young man receives the ball on the four-yard line. He's started. Interference takes out four men. No help now, he must go himself. Warily he eludes his tacklers. Straight-arming, changing cadence, whirling down the field—he goes over for a touch down. The mob howls his name. He cares not. That was the way. Come on, gang! We can't be stopped!

They couldn't be. That was it. The spirit, the fight put them across. Youth, undenied was on a rampage. The game continued. His opponents had the ball now. From his position as safety man, he saw the enemy back whirl, start around the end. The young man changed his course and headed in the opposite direction. It happened as he guessed—a lateral pass—then a forward. He nailed the receiver in his tracks. Would they try another? They did. What was that? Somehow, he leaped caught the ball and went over the line again. Try and stop his gang now.

The whistle. The game couldn't be over. It was? Well, it couldn't be helped. He was cheered by the thought, another game next week.

If anyone thinks they can stop a crowd like him, let them try it.
F. F. '29.

TRUTH.

Tall, white marble pillar of strength
And guardian of my soul's sincerity—
Lead on!
To the top of lofty mountain peaks
Then valleys, girt with pine—
And by the side of some cool mountain spring—
Thy shrine
I'll find.

W. B.

GETTING A PASS.

The most thrilling part of a rookie's life at camp, as I remember, is getting a pass.

To get the coveted pass I must first stand outside the top sergeant's tent and scratch gently on the canvas. Soon I hear a gruff command, "Come in", I enter, awe stricken and look about. There sits the top sergeant, the dread of every rookie, writing busily. I remain hypnotized for a space of about five minutes. My throat goes dry, and there is a lump as big as an apple in it. Tears come to my eyes as I try to swallow. Gradually I become nauseated. My knees are clicking together with a noise, as I think, that can be heard at the end of the company street. In vain, I try to stop trembling but realize I am powerless. Oh, what shall I do if the kick looks at me, perhaps I had better move out. But alas! my feet will not do the bidding of my mind.

Suddenly the sergeant looks up. Oh, what a cruel looking monster. What a huge head. And a neck like an ox! His face is swarthy with tan, and the brow is furrowed. His lips part, his teeth flash, and a growl comes forward "Well"?

I gulp again and try to smile.

The first sergeant is evidently exasperated. Hey you lousy rook, do you know what attention means? Do you know how to salute? Throw out your chest. Stick in your stomach. Button up your shirt.

Again I try to smile. I come to attention, and bring my trembling hand up in a salute. But as yet I am powerless to speak.

"Well, sweet Venus at the Pumps, what do you want? What's the army coming to any how. You'll certainly be a fine example of America's Greatest Sacrifice, and what's making the world safe for Democracy. What do you want? Come on, snap out of it."

At last I am able to gasp feebly, Please Sir, I want a pass.

The first sergeant raises his hand in a gesture of helplessness. "For whom, John Doe."

"Oh no Sir, for me Sir," and I tell him my name.

"Well, General, I shall see what I can do for you."

"Oh Sir, but I am not a general, I am only a private, Sir."

"A Buck or Plain?"

"A Buck private, Sir."

"What do you want of a pass?"

"I want to go to Troy, Sir."

"Would your father and mother approve?"

"Oh, yes Sir, they know where I am, Sir."

"Well, Private, here is your pass, now be a good boy, look out for wild women and card sharps. And you had better take along your muffler and umbrella. It looks like rain."

"Yes Sir, thank you, Sir."

I execute an awkward salute, do an about face, and stumble blindly out of the tent, whispering to myself, "Thank God, that's over with."

Outside the other rooks gather around me.

"What did he say?"

"Did you have a hard time getting it?"

"Naw," I reply, "Just go in, slap him on the back and say, Hey, Sarge old boy, how about a pass tonight?" It's a cinch."

After which the next innocent victim struts up to the top kick's tent, and scratches on the canvas, boldly.

T. E. '28.

THE LATEST "FORD" POEM

There is a can that is called a Ford,
When it is new it shines like a sword.
Once in a while it goes on the bum
And that is the time when you really want it to run.

It has four spark plugs all in a row,
When it starts running it sounds like a crow.
When you step on the starter and turn on the gas
It slips away just like a snake in the grass.

It must have gas and it must have oil,
And of course some water so it will not boil.
One day this car nearly had a buyer
But of course that's the day that it had a flat tire.

Once as this can was running along
It went into the mud kerplunk kerplong!
Then when it got out of that bad place
It started off on a mad wild race.

It had just got started on its great big spree
When it jumped off the road and hit a tree.
It was then hauled off and put under a sign:
"This Ford given away free at nine."

H. J. '28.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF CARS.

In the automobile field the range is so broad, that one might go on forever singing the respective and relative merits of the numerous different models of cars.

I shall, however, take only a few, well-known, American makes of "horseless buggies" to comment upon.

To begin with, let us look upon the mighty Pierce-Arrow, Cadillac, and Packard, the daddies of them all.

Somehow whenever the de-luxe models of these cars are spoken of I have dreamy visions of stiff and unbending chauffeurs, uniformed footmen and doormen, perfect butlers, immense piles of architecture known as homes inhabited by cold, unapproachable people. And when the sport models of these vehicles are described, I see white ribbons of perfect road for miles ahead, unlimited power and speed, sporty golf and tennis clubs, fashionable bathing beaches.

But, enough! Let us drift into the realm of attainables, Buick, Chrysler, Willys-Knight and Studebaker.

These cars are undoubtedly the popular choice of the middle-class, the bourgeoisie, so to speak. They represent to me smug business men, well-paid teachers and professors, lawyers, doctors, musicians and public officials with good positions.

And now to the easily reached types, Oakland, Dodge, Essex, and Pontiac, the cars of the nation; the unanimous choice of unified people.

These are the "run-to-the-factory" types of the rich, the pride and Sunday special of the ordinary, hardworking class.

Now to the most popular car ever built, the much-abused yet ever-persevering Ford.

At the mere mention of this cognomen I start in horror, for it brings to my mind only too vividly, the many occasions on which I have placed my shoulder to the rear of a dormant "Lizzie" along with a group of sweating, swearing youths, and pushed it a mile or more to the nearest garage, after having chipped in to fill her with gas.

A Ford, nevertheless, is certainly a great car on some occasions.

Many times on a cold, windy, snowy morning when your breath freezes to the collar of your sheepskin, would I have given my left hand, yes, and eight tenths of my left arm, to be permitted to ride to school with some lucky possessor of a detested "car".

Alas! I almost left out the most important of all, the car with which America's young manhood is trained to be independent, resourceful, and capable, the well-known Kiddie-Kar.

J. R. M. '28.

A PAST EXPERIENCE.

As I am a man of great travel and go to all the remote places of the world, you will not be surprised when I tell you that I center my story in the very heart of Africa. Yes, in those parts that no white man's shoes have trod upon until my number nines and a half went crashing through the underbrush.

We had fitted out a caravan of negroes and were on our way. We had left all visible signs of civilization behind and saw nothing but trackless jungles before us. We camped the first night, twelve miles from the last white settlement, and were now in hostile territory.

As I was the leader of the party, I was the last to go to bed, but it must have been predestined that no sleep should come to me that night or many nights to come.

It was twelve by my radio light Ingersoll, when out of the night came a wild cry for help. Immediately I recognized it as a woman's cry, and like the gallant youth that I am, grabbed my rifle and dashed into the jungle in the general direction from which the cry had come.

As I raced along, hoping I would be in time, I was brought to a sudden halt by the same cry immediately upon my right. As I stood there getting my weapon ready, it was suddenly knocked from my hands. A rope was thrown around me, and securely tied behind. Then I was lifted up on massive shoulders and carried bodily through the jungle to ———.

What lay before me? What was I in for with this giant black man? Was I in the hands of head hunters or cannibals or some of the most feared savages? How was I to escape? That is the story—

To be continued.

C. S. '28.

WHY I LIKE MODERN POETRY.

To me, modern poetry is much more expressive than the poetry of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. It is alive and throbbing. There is charm and beauty in its most commonplace phrases. To quote Louis Untermeyer, "The quality of today's poetry is racy, vigorous and human. It has swung back to democracy and actuality, and poets are using a language that is the language of the people."

Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell and Whittier seemed never to have expressed their real selves in their writings. There was never a touch of commonplace things; never a whiff of the soil. Probably Walt

Whitman was the first poet to write of ordinary things and he did not do it in the extreme. But he blazed the trail and the poets of today have been forging steadily forward. Some of the best known writers of the period are Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, James Oppenheim, Sara Teasdale and Carl Sandburg. To me, the voice of today is heard in the poem, "Chicago" by Carl Sandburg. The following is an extract:

"Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads, and the
Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders."

All of the words are commonplace, some of them almost vulgar, but no other words could paint the picture of Chicago as those have done. It is the same with most modern poetry. Vivid and striking, it expresses the hopes, and desires of the people of today.

R. S. '29.

MY PLEDGE.

Rutland High! Rutland High!
That has been my dearest cry,
To help support the Red and White,
Has ever been my chief delight,
True in friendship I shall stand,
Ready with a helping hand
To boost the old school more in fame,
When she's pushing forward in the game.

Rutland High! Rutland High!
The time is drawing near,
When for you I will sigh, I will sigh
And maybe shed a tear.
Oh! it seems a pity that I must part,
From that which I hold so dear,
Yet the cherished memory in my heart
Shall grow from year to year.

A. G. H. '28.

"TO THE RED AND WHITE HOCKEY TEAMS."

It was on a cold November's day
That we were ordered out to play
The "Reds" were game, the "Whites" were too
But this feat proved their Waterloo.

The field was wet and full of mud
And all around our feet would scud
Yet our efforts were all in vain
For we, the Whites, lost the game.

Our chances were many, our hits were few
As all around the field we flew
For every little hit we made
The "Reds" at once would make a raid.

Back and forth we chased the ball
Attempts awarded by many a fall
Though the "Reds" were bound to win
The "Whites" refused to let them in.

Nearer and nearer the goal they came
Making a hit with every aim
When by luck a chance ball hit
"Irene" had done her little bit.

Back at center the ball was placed
My opponent and I stood face to face
The third count came, and all in vain
I slashed the ball but missed my aim.

The rolling ball went "Buckeye's" way
She waited long enough to say
"Run ahead with all your might
If I should happen to hit it right."

She hit the ball a hearty blow
And how we watched the old ball go
Straight toward that one forewarned position
There to meet no opposition.

Down the field she dribbled the ball
 Into our clutches now it would fall
 But our prophesy was wrong
 For the timekeeper struck the gong.

We gathered all the "Whites" together
 To see if we couldn't play much better
 But everyone said this was their best
 So we let them take a needed rest.

Back again to start anew
 With protest that there were too few
 The "Whites" had eleven playing men
 Meanwhile the "Reds" had only ten.

We fussed and fumed around a while
 Until the "Reds" agreed to smile
 And go on playing a running game
 With 10 strong men they'd win again.

They played the game and kept their threat
 For in them our victors we met
 They won the fight both fair and square
 We were defeated then and there.

We gathered the "Whites" into a throng
 And cheered the "Reds" with a song
 For we were sportsmen to the end
 And our will you could not bend.

They returned the song with a will
 But there still rancored in us still
 An awful threat, we'll beat them yet
 For their 10 men we'll not forget.

M. J. '29.

THE ORIGINAL HARD GUY.

I am the original hard guy. My experiences, as I shall account them to you will readily and positively prove this statement. That I am not boasting will also be proven by my account of my treatment. I am a part of every well regulated household, although my efforts are not fully appreciated.

Many a time have I been thrown the length of an apartment in the early hours of the morning or down two or three flights of stairs in recognition of my devotion to duty. Many a time have I experienced being dropped several stories to the hard pavement, only to be reclaimed and set about my tasks again. These and other hardships have I been subjected to but still I survive to carry on my duties, which will cease only upon my complete destruction.

I am old and delapidated from my strenuous life but still I carry out my tasks with a precision which is common to my class only. Being badly bent and broken I may be adequately described as not being what I used to be. I am my sleep-afflicted master's alarm-clock.

W. M. '28.

DIARY OF A FRENCH SERF OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

(From the History Department)

Monday, November 14:

Well I see where we have some trouble for awhile seeing that Lord Parsons has gone to the King's Court at Versailles. He has left his lands in charge of his manager Squire Jones who calls us his serfs while Lord Parsons calls us his friends.

Tuesday, November 15:

Squire Jones came around bright and fair this morning to collect his share of our daily milk supply. He also took two of the five cows I had given to me for a present. We expect to churn tomorrow which means the Squire will be around to get his share and whatever else he can. Lord Parsons is always willing to wait until we are ready to give it to him but Jones always wants it right away.

Wednesday, November 16:

My prediction was right. The honorable Squire Jones came around about noon to help himself to our newly churned butter. He also discovered that we had made some fresh wine and of course he insisted on tasting of it. He thought it so good that he took more than his share of it and I bet that Lord Parsons will never see that wine.

Thursday, November 17:

The wife went to town today and traded our old horse for a much better one and you can bet we are proud of it. The Squire came around and took a look at it and tried to get me to trade it for his old nag. He saw that Martha was making bread and he went and sampled it and liked it so that he took a loaf home.

Friday, November 18:

Well we received good news today. Lord Parsons is due back

sick or else he is pestering somebody else. We had fine luck with the hens today. They laid sixty-five eggs.

Saturday, November 19:

Of course the Squire had to make his last rounds before the Lord's return and see what else he could relieve us of. He took some of the eggs the hens laid yesterday. Everyone was rejoicing today seeing that Lord Parsons returns tomorrow.

Sunday, November 20:

We went to church this morning and everyone enjoyed the service and ride. At about two o'clock the trumpeters announced the arrival of Lord Parsons and his family and you can bet that we were all glad to see him for we know that we will be able to live in peace for awhile longer.

M. W. '29.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

(By I. Knewim)

I was born in Genoa, in 1446 and it seems that about the same time another guy was born in the same city (something unusual). But it wasn't 'till 1452 that us two fellows came together in the first grade. This other guy's handle was Christopher Lucius Giovanni Marcus Columbus. He was commonly known to the public as Christopher Columbus, and to his friends as "Chris". Well, Chris and I became very close friends 'cause he had the brains and I had the brawn, as some of the highbrows call it. Chris and I went along rather well in school 'till we got into the eighth grade, when he suggested that we skip school and join the navy. And so it came to pass that we finished school early in life. Next morning early, we took all our worldly goods (a can of sardines, and a plugged nickle) and hopped a bus; but the bus driver caught us and in no gentle language told us what he thought of the matter. So we took his advice and hitch-hiked it to the coast, a half a mile or so away. As we were a couple of capable looking kids, both of us being 14 or so, they took us on as cabin boys. It was rather an easy job, having every Thursday afternoon off, and our Sunday evenings to ourselves. After six or seven years at this line, Chris got into his head the new fangled idea of sailing west to reach the East Indies. Of course I thought he had gone bughouse or something of the kind but I agreed with him as usual (a kind of habit). The reason we waited seven years was because Chris had busted a mirror and had to wait 'till the bad luck spell wore off. In 1463 he finally got enough dough to pay his men every Saturday night during the voyage, so we followed Lindy's example

here on Sunday and we will all be glad when he arrives. We had a day of peace seeing that Squire Jones forgot to show up. He must be and hopped off for the new world. The yacht we came over in was named the "Half Moon" or the "Leviathan" I've forgotten which. We sailed west 'till we sighted land. Then Chris ordered the boats lowered and we landed. We caused quite a commotion 'cause these 'ere guys had never seen a boat quite as large before. Well they gave us a chicken pie supper and afterwards gave us a show in our honor. When the show was over we skipped out by ourselves and hopped a sight seeing bus so as to give the city the once over. There were many sights to be seen on that island, which, by the way, Chris called Cuba, and Chris and I took in everything there was: First, after sending the buss-driver on his way, we visited the dark section of the city to see what we could find, seeing that the 18th amendment was in effect. Well we found what we were after so after a little stay there we sallied forth feeling quite gay. Next we hired a Ford and went touring on our own hook. I will not tell all the experiences we had that night but anyway we got afoul of the law and had to get back to the ship. But on the way Chris saw an antique shop and nothing doing 'till we gave it the once over. Well we just about bought out the place and the way we moved down the street you would have thought that it was moving day. Well, that was the last we ever saw of that burg. When we returned to merry England the people named him "King of the Sea" so I called him Neptune for short. We made a couple more voyages toward the setting sun and discovered a hunk of land we called America. But about this time some newspaper men got drift of some of our gay times in America and since Chris was a married man now, they jumped at conclusions and printed a lot of junk about his fooling around with these copper colored flappers overthere. But this scandal was too much for him so he kicked the bucket in 1506.

W. T. A. '28.

Author's Note: All the dates etc. from the historians standpoint may be a little out but then—



ASSEMBLIES.

October 24

In a brief but interesting talk in assembly Oct. 24 Mr. Harry White, noted scientist connected with the General Electric Company and a friend of Thomas Edison, gave us a splendid description of the aid electricity is to mankind. He traced systems of lighting from the 14th and 15th centuries to the present day.

November 2

Mr. O'Brien entertained the student body on Nov. 2 with a very enjoyable account of his trip to California.

November 10

The speaker of this assembly was Mr. John Cocklin of the American Legion. Mr. Cocklin outlined in a very entertaining manner his recent trip to France.

We hope it may be our privilege to hear him again and many others in the near future.

November 16

Room 3 under the leadership of Miss Johnson had charge of the assembly on this date. The following program was in order:

SOUSA'S KITCHEN BAND

Orchestra	"Ain't She Sweet"
Orchestra	"Red Lips Kiss My Blues Away"
Charleston	Miss Jean Phillips
Orchestra	"Ida"
Sax Duet	Ed Pike and Harry Menten
Orchestra	"Miss Annabelle Lee"
Violin Solo	Crawford Taylor

Orchestra and Chorus "East Side West Side"

Finale "Cheer for Old Rutland"

Alfred Damrosch Rabidou was the conductor, ably assisted by Crawford Kreisler Taylor, violinist; Jean Pavlowa Phillips, dancer; Menten and Pike, The Happiness Boys; and Banjo Bill McGinnis.

* * * * *

Chorus rehearsals for the musical comedy, "Carrie Comes to College" to be given at The Playhouse in April have started. Mr. Phillips is directing the work and judging from past experience a splendid production is expected.

* * * * *

Assembly November 23

This assembly was in charge of the music department. The following program was thoroughly enjoyed:

March	Sousa
Song	Wesley
Thanksgiving Proclamation	Harriet Mattison
Orchestra Selections	Verdi
	My Blue Heaven—Donaldson
Reading—"The Purple Dress"	Shirley Negus
Selection	Speaks
	Marianette—Hirscher
Thanksgiving Prayer	Alfred Rabidou
Selection	Apple Blossoms—Roberts
	Varsity Drag—Henderson
Amici	Student Body
March	Sousa

—O—

Assembly November 30.

Our regular assembly was a surprise this week for we were treated to a musical program given by members of our Faculty. Miss Ostiguy opened the program with Beethoven's "Finale" and "To Spring" by Grieg on the piano. Mr. Phillips sang "A Song of Fellowship" and "Longing For You".

A reading, "Picking Out Wall Paper" and another entitled "Billy Brad" was given by Miss Houghton. Miss Hausmann then sang "The Lass with the Delicate Air" and "Pale Moon".

More piano solos, "Melody and Variations" by Brown and Chopin's "Prelude" were furnished by Miss Higgins. The program closed when Mr. Ireland sang "Until" and "My Task".

* * * * *

Many alumni, home from college for the Thanksgiving recess,

visited school Wednesday, Nov. 23. We are glad that they do not forget their first alma mater and welcome them back with open arms.

* * * * *

Viljo Mahi, Harold Peterson and Paul Westin of Proctor High School visited classes November 23.

* * * * *

William McGinnis, William Burke and Edward Pike attended the State conference of High School editors held in Burlington Oct. 29.

Announcement has been made of the selection of William E. Dugan as a member of the Glee Club of the University of Pennsylvania. Dugan is a junior in the University's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce.

Prior to entering the University William attended the Rutland High School where he was a member of the school orchestra, Tredecem honorary society and dramatic society.

* * * * *

Mr. Thomas W. McKay, manager of the Strand Theatre, has had forty members of the football squad as his guests at showings of football pictures. The pictures were made under the supervision of Grantland Rice, sports authority, and "Chick" Meehan, head coach of New York University.

We all heartily thank Mr. McKay for his kindness toward our players, and for the very evident interest he has shown in our school athletics.

THE WEENIE ROAST.

A weenie roast was held at Mr. Ireland's house November 15 in honor of Room 3. This was the prize for the best attendance for the month of October. Directly after school the party began. The girls played slugball and the boys played football, though no one knows how the boys could find the ball when it was dark. When, we will say, Mr. Ireland thought he had all his flock there, including Mr. Johnson and the freshmen teachers, the hot-dogs were put on the table with sticks on which to roast them, and rolls to eat them with. The fire was burning briskly, and everyone present began the main business of the evening. Marshmallows were the popular dessert. After having these we played many games, with Miss Quigley supervising. A game of slug-ball was played and the teachers certainly showed sport and spirit in this. Among the teachers present were Mr. Johnson, Mr. Ireland, Miss Billings (teacher of room 3, and guest of honor), Miss Catlin, Miss Quigley, Mrs. Jacobs and Mrs. Johnson. It's someone else's turn but room 3 tries hard: **Watch out for Room 3!**



THE SCRUB.

Give him a headguard. None to spare?
Then weave me a wreath for his tousled hair;
He has won that wreath, by all that's fair.
He has plunged and tackled and played the game;
He has gone in battered and limped out lame;
He has lifted the varsity up to fame.

He has made the varsity fast and strong;
He has put the tackles where they belong;
He has taught the forwards where they were wrong.
And the sum of his aches and all his pains
Is shown as the fleeting season wanes
In the way the varsity back field gains.

Thus it has been for years and years;
The varsity hero gets the cheers;
The lot of the scrub is three long jeers.
And that is the reason—foolish dream!—
That I nominate, though you laugh and scream,
The scrub for the All-American team.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

The football season is over and the Rutland High School football team has disbanded. But what a season and what a team! Undeclared and unscored on, it is a team that will go down in the history of Rutland High School Athletics.

At the beginning of the season it was generally agreed upon that this year's team could not at its best equal the record of the 1926 eleven. It had a fine backfield but several places in the line were vacant.

But the followers of the team were in for a pleasant surprise. Coaches O'Brien and Purdy calmly set to work and before anyone

knew it Rutland was hailed as the State Champion. There is no doubt in the minds of persons who have followed scholastic football in Vermont on this question.

After three easy victories, over Fair Haven, Burlington, and Spaulding, Rutland's first real test came against Lyndon Institute, whom they defeated in a hard fought game by the close score of 6—0. Then came the Springfield game which was to decide the state championship. That game is history. Everyone knows of the great fight that Rutland put up which enabled them to come out on the long end of 18-0 score. A post season game was talked about with Malden High School but arrangements could not be completed and then the flood closed the season leaving a record of 5 victories and no defeats.

The all-State team, as compiled by the Burlington Free Press, contains the names of two Rutland players, Jack Lanzillo and Crawford Taylor in the backfield. But we see no mention of Carl Chapman, who was head and shoulders above any guard in the state, or Joe Canty, whose punting and running has featured the Rutland attack all season. On our opinion, and we are not alone in the thought, Chapman and Canty are unquestionably entitled to positions on that team. However the season is over and Rutland rests on its laurels. A cheer for the State Champions.

There is one more person whom we should always mention when we refer to the 1927 football season. That person is Captain Robert Stevens. The best end in the state last year, Bob was transferred this year to the back field and played excellent football all season.

Let us say in closing that Rutland had a fine coaching system, a fine Captain, a fine team, and a fine season.

RUTLAND FORCES LYNDON TO DEFEAT.

In its first game of the season away from home and its first real test of strength Rutland High defeated the Lyndon Institute eleven at Lyndonville, Oct. 22, by the close score of 6-0.

The first half was closely contested and neither team was able to advance the ball a great ways from the center of the field.

However in the second half the Rutland offense started as it usually does, and after recovering a fumble on the 30 yd. line they worked the ball to the 5-yd. line before losing it. But they were not through yet and receiving a kick soon afterwards they quickly were back to the goal line and Joe Canty went over this time for a touchdown. The kick for point was blocked.

Lyndon's only threat came in the fourth period but it was short lived.



Carl Chapman, Rutland's star linesman, was taken out in the third quarter on account of injuries, but they were not serious.

The entire Rutland team played excellent football with Taylor and Canty in the backfield and Chapman in the line outstanding. Parker, the Lyndon left end, got off several beautiful punts, one of which went in their line.

The summary:

Rutland	Lyndon
Lanzillo, r. e.	r. e., Libby
Harrington, r. t.	r. t., Daigle
Chapman, r. g.	r. g., Dohlbeck
Levins, c.	c., Harris
Muscatello, l. g.	l. g., Beattie
Russell, l. t.	l. t., Davis
Layden, l. e.	l. e., Parker
Stevens, q. b.	q. b., Walker
Taylor, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Breason
Fox, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Darling
Canty, f. b.	f. b., Grant

RUTLAND ROUTS SPRINGFIELD.

The finest Rutland team that has been developed since Charles Beale's 1924 eleven, added another victory to their string Saturday, October 29, at St. Peter's Field, defeating the strong Springfield High team by the score of 18 to 0.

Here was a Rutland line that was virtually a stone wall and a Rutland backfield that hit with a stunning force that could not be stopped. But it was more than mere physical strength that carried Coach O'Brien's team to so crushing a defeat over an eleven that was hailed all over the state as unbeatable.

A Rutland fumble gave Springfield her chance in the first quarter. Tarro made a first down and then the quarter ended. At the beginning of the second quarter the ball was on Rutland's 15-yard line and in a few plays it was on the 3-yard line. A touchdown seemed inevitable. But Rutland's stone wall defense frustrated all of Springfield's efforts and it was Rutland's ball on downs. At this point Joe Canty got off a beautiful fifty yard punt that sent the ball to midfield.

At the beginning of the second half Rutland's offense got under

way, Crawf. Taylor and Canty bringing the ball to the twenty-yard line where Bud Fox, on a criss cross, ran around the end for a touchdown and the first score of the game. Another touchdown was made in the third quarter by Taylor, after a pretty run by Fox, and in the last quarter Joe Canty made the most spectacular play of the game. Dashner threw a pass intended for Tarro but it never arrived at its destination for Canty intercepted it just as it was settling in Tarro's arms, and ran for a touchdown.

Coach O'Brien did not make a single substitution during the game and Tarro, the big gun of the Springfield attack was stopped cold.

The line-up follows:

Rutland	Springfield
Layden, l. e.	l. e., Corliss
Russell, l. t.	l. t., Hance
Muscatello, l. g.	l. g., Comstock
Levens, c.	c., Zielonko
Chapman, r. g.	r. g., Hadwin
Harrington, r. t.	r. t., Michniewich
Lanzillo, r. e.	r. e., Bernadine
Stevens, q. b.	q. b., Lovell
Fox, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Russell
Taylor, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Tarro
Canty, f. b.	f. b., Dashner

THE BASKETBALL PROSPECTS.

The basketball prospects this year are, despite the loss of "Bunsey" Keefe, "How" Goddard, "Ben" Dick, and "Don" McGillivray, fairly good. Rutland still has Captain John Keefe, Barrett Levins, Joe Canty, Ed. Layden, and Ed. Vargas, all veterans of last year. With this material under the tutelage of Coach O'Brien and Coach Purdy there is every reason to believe that Rutland High School will again be represented by a quintet that will be well up toward the top when the state tournament begins.

The schedule has not yet been arranged completely but several games have already been booked and it is expected that the season will start during the Christmas vacation with the annual game with the Alumni.

GIRLS START COURT GAME AHEAD OF BOYS

Squad of 46 Turns Out for Basketball Practice at High School

Girls' basketball has got under way ahead of the boys' game at the High School with 46 maids from the three upper classes practicing regularly under Coach Louise Willis at the Community House Gymnasium. An interclass tournament is the first objective to be held sometime before Christmas and games are being scheduled for the first team to start after the holidays.

It had been planned to hold the girls' tournament at the same time as the boys' inter-class meet next week but inasmuch as the girls' class games are among the most important events of the year for them it was decided to wait until some playing ability has been developed with a few weeks practice.

An effort is being made to schedule games with girls' teams from the same schools that the High School boys will play so that the girls' contests may be played at the same time as added features. The girls will play some schools with which the boys have no games, however.

Miss Ruth Quigley will be coach of the freshmen girls while the sophomores, juniors, and seniors are under Miss Willis. Only the three upper classes are eligible for the school team.

Last year the sophomore class, now the juniors, won the inter-class championships for both boys and girls.

* * * * *

"RED" TEAM WALLOPS "WHITES" AT HOCKEY

Season for Field Sport, Innovation in Schools of Rutland, Ends

The "Red" team defeated the "White" team in the final match of the High School girl's field hockey season with the score of 4—0. Girls from the three upper classes have the tutelage of Miss Louise Willis, gaining their first experience of the sport which is new to schools in this section of the state.

It was not thought practicable to play matches with teams from other schools this year so the games have been limited to inter-class matches and the final contest was held between teams "chosen-up" from the entire squad.

Irene Chamberland, playing left forward for the "Red" team

provided the scoring power, placing three goals in the first half. Marion Willcox, "Red" center forward, scored the remaining point in the second frame.

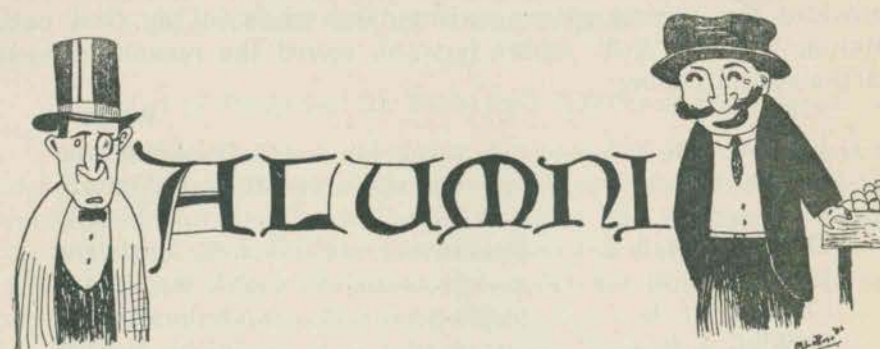
Red

Landon, r. w.	r. w., Lamphron
McKay, r. f.	r. f., LaVenture
Willcox, c. f.	c. f., Joly
Chamberland, l. f.	l. f., Bartelena
Hodsdon, l. w.	l. w., Russell
Chalmers, r. h.	r. h., Stearns
Bucklin, c. h.	c. h., Borden
Juleff, l. h.	l. h., Pendergast
Ashley, r. b.	r. b., Harte
Spaulding, l. b.	l. b., Briggs
Boyden, goal	goal, Grandy

White

Referee, Miss Willis; scorer, Miss Hackett; timer, Miss True; linesman, Miss Higgins.. time—20-minute halves.





Another Rutland High School boy is making a name for himself on the gridiron at Holy Cross College. Harry Franzoni is receiving recognition for his excellent work on the line.

The Boston Post recently printed a picture of Franzoni with the caption "Husky Lad From Green Mountains," and gave a brief account of the former High School Athlete's history.

Franzoni played with the Rutland High School team for three years, both in the line and back positions. He was captain of the team in his senior year. Last year an injured shoulder kept him out of the freshman line up, but this season he is making rapid strides under the coaching of Luke Kelley.

Peter Bove, an R. H. S. Alumnus, is a member of the Purple squad. He played football with the Rutland High team and was a member of the basket ball and track squads.

Arthur J. Kavanaugh is mentioned in a recent article of the New York Times as being among the honor students of the class of 1928 at Yale. He is in the group of those whose marks average from 80 to 84. Mr. Kavanaugh is a graduate of Rutland High School.

Another Rutland High School boy, James Cook, is listed in the same article as an honor student of the class of 1929, having also received an average of 80 to 84. He is also a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

Mable B. Hephurn, a former Rutland High School girl, is now Mrs. Warren G. Lowey. Her home is in Lynbrook, Long Island.

CLASS OF '27

Bernice Hall—Castleton Normal School.

James Reedy—U. V. M.

Harry Dorian—Taking a P. G. course.

Ruth Corcoran—Rutland Business College.

Dorothea Carbine—Rutland Business College.

Nathalie Lewis—Middlebury.

Marie Nichols—Training at Rutland Hospital.

Donald Russel—Middlebury.

Ruth Beardsley—Working in Howard's Jewelry Store.

Reba Gillespie—Working for Gosselin's Garage.

Walter Brown—Employed in office of Vermont Garage Co.

Edna Cole—Has left the Boy Scout Office and is now working in Anes & Braves.

Cecil Utley—Usher at Grand Theatre.

Helen Strubbe—Employed at Chalmers.

CLASS OF '26

Bernard McHugh—U. V. M.

Harold Adams—U. V. M.

Earl Holland—N. Y. U.

George Rounds—Drake University, N. C.

Merle Adams—Middlebury.

Irma Day—Middlebury.

Beth Crowther—Castleton Normal School.

John Conant—Working in Connecticut.

* * * * *

Lyndonville, Vermont
October 29, 1927.

Harold O'Brien
Rutland, Vermont.

The Lyndon team joins us in wishing Rutland a victory to-day.

R. K. LEWIS,
W. ARTHUR SIMPSON.

* * * * *

The Manlius School
Manlius, New York.
October 27, 1927.

Harold I. O'Brien
Aiken Place
Rutland, Vermont.

All kinds of luck for the big game.

JOHN HINSMAN.

Duke University
Durham, North Carolina
October 31, 1927.

Dear Mr. O'Brien:

I wish to congratulate you and the team for the fine showing they have made thus far in the season. It surely is a very enviable record and I sincerely hope you can finish the season the way you have begun it.

I regret very much that I will be unable to see the team play.

All the alumni are watching with much elation the progress of the team and they certainly are very much pleased with it.

I am sorry to say that I believe I have more spirit for the old R. H. S. football team than I have for Duke. And that is a great compliment for we all back old Duke to the limit.

Marvel Webber joins me in my congratulations.

Very sincerely,

GEORGE M. ROUND.

* * * * *

(From the Community House, Springfield, Vermont)

October 31, 1927

Mr. H. I. O'Brien
Rutland, Vermont

Dear Mr. O'Brien:

I regret that I did not see you after the game, as is usually the custom. Allow me to congratulate you and Mr. Purdy on the way your team functioned Saturday. Best wishes for the rest of the season.

Cordially,

W. W. WATTERS.

* * * * *

29 North Main Street
Rutland, Vermont
October 31, 1927

My dear Harold,

I want to congratulate you and the boys on the results of the two last games—the one at Lyndon and Saturday's contest here.

The team was up against two of the hardest propositions in the state, probably, and the men covered themselves, and you with glory.

All honor to the "Coach" and to the men who did such fine work.

Very cordially,

HENRY F. FIELD.



AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Dial, Brattleboro, Vt.

Your literary department is excellent. Why not enlarge the editorial department?

The Orleansonian, Orleans, Vt.

The Faculty Department is a good idea and your cuts are splendid.

The Clark News, Worcester, Mass.

A very good newspaper.

The Standard Bearer, Rome, N. Y.

Your cuts are very original and the editorial "Building a Football Team" was good reading.

The Hardwickian, Hardwick, Vt.

Your Freshman cover is clever and your material is very good.

Reflector, Leonardo, N. J.

An excellent paper. Very cleverly written but why not use just one literary department?

Boston University News, Boston, Mass.

Fine newspaper. Good advertising arrangement. A very good display of photographs.

The Whittier Town Sentinel, Amesbury, Mass.

Your Memorandum Column is a good idea.

The Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vt.

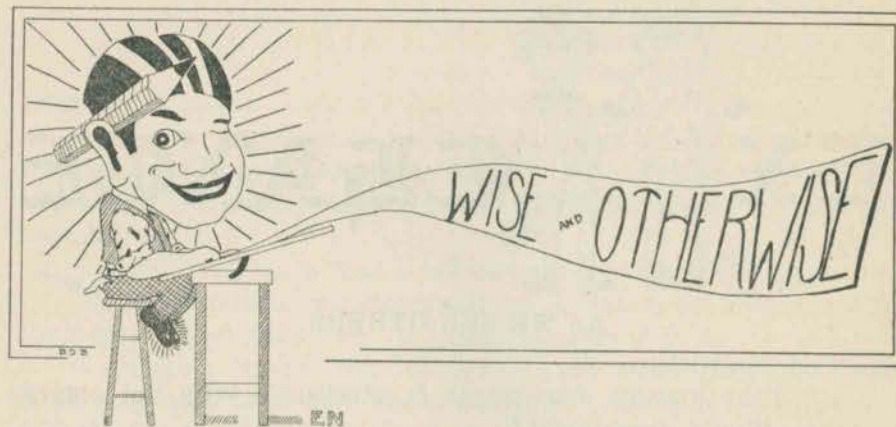
You have an extensive editorial department but why not group your jokes in one department?

* * * * *

AS OTHERS SEE US

Whittier Town Sentinel.

You have an excellent magazine. All the departments are written up well, especially the Literary Department.



JUST SOME SMOKES

Prince Albert of Mecca, a cousin of Lord Salisbury, took Miss Fatima out for a Camel ride. After slinging her some Bull Durham, he took her to a stag party at the home of Chesterfields at 7-20-4 Blackstone Street, White Owl, B. L.

Here came a change in Miss Fatima. She was blended into society. Here, also she met William Penn, a prominent man from San Felice. Because she was just twenty and a little weak she fell for William. After a hasty court-ship they had a Golden Wedding. They were a fine pair, William in his Tuxedo and Miss Fatima in Velvet and Old Gold. But alas it was no Lucky Strike for poor William. It was a public tragedy. A good filler gone wrong—for—he was foiled.

* * * * *

W. Arthur Tarbell to E. S. Pike—"I hear that you have a job on a balloon. Is that right?"

E. Sap Pike—"Yep, that's the way I'm going to make my living from now on."

W. A. T.—"What doing? Mechanic?"

E. S. P.—"No, ballast."

A suggested slogan for the farmers is: "Weed 'em and reap."

Ruth—"I hear that Walter plays football."

Izzy—"Yes, indeed."

Ruth—"Do you know what position he plays?"

Izzy—"I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

"Is Charlie a go-getter?"

"No, a have-it brunger."

NEW RADIO STATIONS

Can You Place Them?

WGM—He and Pike commit the same offense on Wednesday mornings.

IHK—Alias "Drummer Nell."

VAK—Ditto.

HOA—He used to be a free man, but he is collared now.

RCH—The last of the "57."

WT—A runner-up of Paul Whiteman.

RLB—Her father was only a woodman.

But Oh! How she loved her Tree.

RHM—He was heard to remark that the easier she is on the eyes, the harder she is on the pocket-book.

EP—When he brings a girl home in his car, she says, "Thanks for the huggy ride."

WJB—His motto used to be "Beware the eyes that arch", but that was before he entered High School.

RLP—And it won't be long now before it is R. L. P. A.

DF—He wears his hair long to create the impression that his brain is fertile.

GG—Her voice is so low it's guttural.

* * * * *

One morning Levins was at work at the top of a telephone pole, painting it a bright green, when the pot of paint slipped and splashed to the sidewalk. A few minutes later Bill Burke came along. He looked at the paint, then at his countryman, and inquired with anxiety in his tone, "Teid, Teid, have ya' had a hemorrhage?"

"This weather does not agree with me," volunteered Mr. Johnson.

"That's not surprising, it doesn't even agree with the weatherman," replied Mr. Bump with a laugh.

According to Webster's 40,000 a narrative is a tale. Upon consulting the same little book, one will find that "extinguish" means to put out. Therefore, when a dog walks into the classroom, why isn't it all right for the teacher to say: "Take that dog by the narrative and extinguish him?"

A mysterious moaning noise recently alarmed the occupants of the Pike home. An investigation proved that Ed had left his E flat sax in a draft.

Johnny Quigley is very absent-minded. One day he was invited to go and play tennis at the K. of P. court. He got ready in a terrible hurry. As he ran down the hall he snatched up some balls and put them into his case. When he arrived at the court he thought the case felt very heavy, so he looked into it.

"Confound it!" Johnny was heard to say, "I've brought the potatoes. Now, if Ma's boiled the tennis-balls, I'm done for."

The Sophomores, at a meeting held yesterday in the assembly hall, passed a resolution not to play, hookey any more. The reason given was that one of them had discovered Henry installing an electric switch.

Obie (to Quigley entering class late)—"When were you born?"

Johnny—"On the second of April, sir."

Obie—"Late again."

Ed—"Something is preying on my mind."

Red—"Don't worry, it will die of starvation."

A prominent physician says that death is not unpleasant. We notice that those dead from the ears up appear happy enough.

Wigg—"Do you believe in heredity?"

Wagg—"No; The Father O His Country could not tell a lie, but you don't find any of his children with the same trouble."

"I don't see how a watch can keep accurate time."

"Why not?"

"Well, time flies, but a watch only runs."

"Paw, what is a dark recess?"

"Christmas vacation in an Eskimo College, son. It is celebrated by a Snow Ball."

Miss Howlett—"Porter, who defeated the Philistines?"

Tommy—(roused from daydream)—"I dunno. I don't follow none of them bush league teams."

"I think I should have named my boy Flannel," said Mrs. Binks.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Jinks.

"Because," answered Mrs. Binks, "he shrinks from washing."

"What is your occupation?"

"I used to be an organist."

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

A lot of High School men have formed the habit of looking for this label,

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Louise Baldwin—"I'm choking!"

Kiyi Beardsley—"Can't I help you?"

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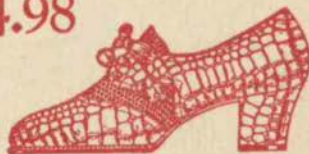
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We Dedicate This Issue to The Juniors

Editorials

AMBITION.

An eminent philosopher once made this remark in a conversation with an intimate friend of his: "Ambition is necessary to success, and without it a man becomes base and unintelligent."

As we stop to consider and to ponder over this illustrious remark, we feel its significance and importance in our own life, however insignificant it may seem to the universal progress.

In the ordinary run of affairs, ambition and insight bring about that long looked for goal and culmination of unceasing energy—opportunity.

An opportunity which is capable of the fulfillment of an ardent ambition, is often the turning point in a man's life, the crisis of his career.

In every walk of life ambition is essential to success. No matter in what scale or degree a man's endeavor and wishes may lie, however high or low they may be, ambition is the controlling genius that directs the brain of man to his chosen goal. It is the powers that guides his most strategic moves, which impel his tremendous bolts, and, in general, the skipper, indirectly of the ship of life.

Perhaps to a high school student ambition and its importance may seem part of the burdens of the future, of the time when he shall embark upon the course that means his success or failure. But whoever feels this way is laboring under an erroneous impression, for ambition is found in every walk of life. To high school pupils it is of course less significant and less apparent, than to business men but it exists, and it finds its awakening in every person possessing reason, and a mind capable of sound decisions. Every high school student has some goal, known to himself or not. This last statement concerning anyone's knowledge of his ambitions, may sound absurd, but according to Professor Hyslop, the psychologist, it is never the less true.

If ambition is fostered correctly, it shall always be a man's greatest asset, his quality that demands recognition. If we high school students should foster what ambition we may possess, in time—the

vague indistinct future we shall have a clear, practical, insight into the practice of kindness and humanity, and also we shall be furnishing our character with that constituent that is responsible more than any other, for success and prestige.

SPORTS.

One of the oldest household sayings in the United States is "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." To anyone possessing a logical means of reasoning and a developed train of thought, this is undoubtedly true. So true is it in fact that it will stand any recognized test for its verification.

Recreation is essential to the life of any man in order to maintain or to acquire what is commonly known as good health. The open air exhilarates and puts new life and vigor into the limbs and organs of a human being. The commonest and, to most people, the only form of recreation is that of participation in sport—recreational competition.

There are many recognized forms of sport. In the last quarter of a century the sport world has been embellished by many innovations, some entirely new sports and others merely means for furthering the prestige of some already flourishing sport.

If we read ancient history we find that the ancients, and every civilized nation that possessed a unified government, sponsored sports, and the ancients developed some excellent types of athletic progress. They possessed a strong mind in a strong body—the ideal situation which brings about the most satisfactory results.

The games of the ancients have withstood the times and still survive in our own day; they are even at the peak of their popularity and supremacy. These games are portrayed in our modern games of baseball, basketball, tennis, with all its sub-divisions, and handball; they are also represented less conspicuously however in our pastimes known as football, golf, soccer and billiards.

Boxing, however, is a direct descendant of fighting, modernized to a sport abounding in scientific rushes and exceptional conservation of muscular power. It undoubtedly exercises a firm grip on the hearts of many sport lovers. It arouses more enthusiasm and is responsible for more fortunes than any other modern sport, although it has a very close pressing rival in the national pastime—baseball.

Sport is designated by the condition under which it is played—

atmospheric and ground conditions; that is to say—indoor and outdoor sports. Each division offers ample inducement for beneficial exercise.

In perusing the biography of a great man we will invariably find that he combined business and pleasure; a combination when not used to excess, for this often causes a critical condition of affairs—culminates in success.

Therefore, since sport and recreation are so beneficial and essential why not indulge in them to a greater extent. If a great many persons will do this very simple thing, it will benefit themselves as well as the community in which they live.

A CITIZEN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Sometimes we consider ourselves good and worthy citizens because we obey the laws as far as our knowledge of them extends. We cast our votes at election and think that our duty is performed.

But first let us discuss the importance of education.

By attending school we learn of the great men who very successfully managed the affairs and government of our United States, and raised it to one of the most prosperous and the wealthiest nations in the world.

Were these men educated or ignorant?

Were they ambitious or not?

We learn from these noblemen that a true patriot has many responsibilities.

First, since these men fought for our liberty, and laid down their lives for our country, let us try and carry on and improve, when possible their work.

First we should become as well acquainted with the capable men and women of our own community as possible.

When one of them is nominated as a candidate for senator or for governor of our state, let us not vote for him because he may be a member of our party either Republican or Democrat, but consider whether he is suitable for the position, and if we know nothing of him, let us ask our different neighbors and friends, and then by careful judgment draw our own conclusions. If everyone would do this instead of allowing their fathers, wives, husbands or friends

to dictate and tell them for whom to vote, we would without doubt improve our government and grant the honor and responsibility to those who would be capable.

Secondly we should obey to the best of our ability the laws and ordinances of our city or town. If each citizen would meet his fellow-citizen on the level and deal with him squarely the morals of the community would unconsciously become better. People would grow broader-minded.

We may not be office-holders in our community, state or United States, as the mayor or senator or president, but probably without knowing it we hold the most important position which could be granted us, namely, the office of a citizen.

What can our president accomplish against his host of citizen office-holders.

Who elect him?

To whom does he submit and refer for aid and advice when in doubt? He turns to the representatives of the people. One is helpless without supporters. Our government and nation will weaken and grow poor, by poor management.

Therefore, as true patriots, citizens, consider the importance of your office. Set the standard of tomorrows citizens, by a priceless devotion and sense of duty to your country.

A. G. B. '28.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

One of the most pitiable cases in the history of any nation is the crushing, overwhelming downfall of the American Indians. They fell before civilization, the advance of which is inevitable, and the more widely educated white man. They fell before trickery, treachery, baseness of unspeakable origin and the ever increasing white man, the far reaching avaricious Caucasian.

This land, both North and South America, was the habitat of the Indians since time immemorial. Science has sought with migatory results to discover their origin and from whence they came. These same Indians which are now down trodden discouraged creation of the Supreme Being had evolved an astounding civilization, considering in proper proportion the difficulties and seemingly impassable barriers which they encountered. The Indians were slowly crushed,

driven into oblivion, by the incessant intrusions of the white settlers. For a time the Indian saw his lands, his hunting grounds, his means of support, and his very liberty usurped by the foreign pioneers. He endured this in stoical silence until the pressure became unbearable—until the rope would slacken no longer. His pride revolting against such measures and evident designs, did the only possible thing, fanned his own barbarous, savage, cruel and destructive nature into a flame, and swooping down upon his prey massacred a great many of our progenetors. But, although their stand will ever be remembered, the end was inevitable.

On the continent known as North America, the Maya Indians of Yucatan and Central America were undoubtedly the possessors of a very advanced civilization. Men who are acquainted with the subject proclaim their enlightenment as a worthy rival of Egyptian and Grecian culture. They excelled principally in architecture, astronomy, and artistic engraving.

Numerous research expeditions have been launched into the ancient Mayan territories and have brought back numerous mementoes and elaborate tales concerning this long lost, cultured race. But on account of the dense jungles, and the inaccessible tropical regions; these parties have been unable to carry back ample proofs of their civilization, notwithstanding the fact that a great many photographs are in the possession of the Smithsonian Institute and many other illustrious museums.

The Mayan had two very eminent neighbors, the Toltecs and the Aztecs. The present City of Mexico was the metropolis of the Aztec kingdom and its treasures contained many priceless and fabulous possessions—results of conquest.

The Aztec depicts the war-like, savage Indian, the errant plunderer, a constant indulger in guerrilla warfare. The Inca portrays the peaceful home loving Indian.

Cortez and Pizarro landing in the new world, although seeing the wonderful civilization and culture, still were moved to such a degree by the lust for conquest that they massacred incredible numbers of Indians to gain their selfish covetous goal.

Too we see, if we read American history how the Indians of former times—a race now extinct but having a rich load of memories were treated. How can we wonder at the red man's animosity toward the race now occupying his rightful heritage? The proud, and haughty possessors of these vast continents, rich in natural re-

sources are now living on small inadequate reservations—the result of avarice and merciless butchery.

Although the Indians are almost forgotten as a nation, still their civilizations give to us wonderful reminders of a civilization, unparalleled and unexemplified. We gain by study and research an insight into the construction faculty of this division of mankind, and into the finer qualities of the race that makes them a foremost factor in the progress of humanity.

W. B. McG. '28.

KNOWLEDGE.

In a man's lifetime the world adds and detracts much from his character and worldly possessions. His character is molded by environment, and by hereditary means. There is much discussion at the present time concerning the hereditary and environment phases. By clever investing and proper conservation a man is able to keep his worldly possessions intact and to leave a stepping stone for his successors.

But although the world may add and detract a great deal there is one thing that it is powerless to destroy—knowledge and the learning of a human being. A man who retains his right mind, is sane to his death, always keeps this possession safe in that small part of the body—small but by no means insignificant—the brain, without which a man could not exist as a human, an analytical figure.

Knowledge is constantly increased by experience and the correct use of intuition. A man loses knowledge only when he ceases to think; to concentrate on the really important factors that compose his life.

The oldest adage concerning knowledge is this much quoted one—knowledge is power.

This is undoubtedly true and many instances can be cited to prove this statement, or adage. But knowledge is power only when it is used correctly and intelligently. Too often it is wielded for a wrong purpose to accomplish a deed, contrary to the laws and requirements of the human code.

Consider Alexander the Great of ancient Macedonia for instance. He possessed an amazing supply of knowledge—of human nature, of warfare, of the qualities that create "Greats" and he used it for the furthering of his country's interests and as we all know, his cam-

paigns and exploits, culminated in the rise of the Macedonian Empire.

Other Greeks who possessed an abundance of knowledge, were: Plato, Socrates, Demosthenes and Aristotle. They have given the world priceless inheritances, ever soothing memories, philosophy and art of unparalleled magnificence. Their knowledge is clearly portrayed in their work, but how much of their learning departed with them at death—perhaps for all we know to be employed for the betterment of greater spheres and worlds.

The greatest means of acquiring knowledge is in perusing and clearly comprehending the works of the master-minds of all times—as far back as the pre-historic era—for our means of judging the future is in understanding the past.

Literature undoubtedly opens new paths to comprehension of present-day occurrences. A well-trained mind, abounding in knowledge, is a source of pleasure and pride to the possessor, and it furthers the ideals for which all countries struggle—the perfect government.

W. McG. '28.

THOUGHT.

An eminent poet of England once said: "I think there is nothing as beautiful, as simple, and as edifying as a thought."

If we stop to consider this statement from a ruminative point of view, unbiased and unconcernedly, we shall come to the conclusion, that concentration and intuition are the ultimate outcomes of a serious awe-inspiring thought.

Truth, Beauty, Wisdom and Humanity have their origin and source in the brain of man. On the other hand, Cruelty, Destruction, Callousness and Evil also make the brain their headquarters.

The brain may be molded to suit the exigencies of every walk of life; this important work is done mainly by thought or by its more important outcome, concentration. The business world is dominated, nay, even controlled by the correct application of strategy, another form of analytical thought. In the idealistic utopian world thought, though vague and indistinct, is the governing power.

Did you once think that a military genius possesses greater capabilities than a man of an idealistic turn of mind? No, emphatically not. These cases are too opposite to be termed comparisons. The military wizard possesses the analytical, practical, intellect, while

the other type has the vague, fantastic mind subsisting on vagaries and imaginative constructions.

What man is considered the greater today, Alexander or Socrates, Caesar or Livy? Alexander the conqueror of nations, the inexorable despot, the man of iron, gives way to Socrates the philosopher. Caesar is quite a bit better however but Livy is held in very high esteem by the famous educators.

Thought is given to us directly from Divine Providence as the means of our preservation and guidance. Every object found on the universe, in our terrestrial paradises, portrays below the surfaces, divine thought and foresight.

THE FAMOUS JUNIOR CLASS.

Total Number—Boys	65
Total Number—Girls	67
Subscribers to "Red and White"	58
Reporters on "Red and White"	12
Honor Roll	7
Musicians—Orchestra	17
Chorus	22
Members of A. A.	94

THE JUNIORS.

One September Morn in 1924 there stepped into our illustrious halls of learning a class ignorant of the ways of our High School life. They were led by such shining lights as John Gemo, the pride of Meadow Street, Edward Pike, the MacDowell of this generation and Eddie Mulqueen known as the second Ponzi.

Unversed as they were in the ways of the High School their deeds and their achievements soon drew the attention of the other classes to them. And thus they toiled and labored until finally they reached the first step toward the much longed for goal of a senior, the sophomore class.

As they advanced from a lowly part of the school to which they thought the pinnacle of their ambition, they naturally assumed a

haughty air toward the freshmen and held themselves aloof from the other classes. During this year they produced many athletes both in baseball and football. Like all children they had their love affairs and quarrels but if any further information is needed on this question see Tom Eddy, John Hinsman or Tom Holden, members of this illustrious class. After a year of heart breaking work and study (?) the class advanced another step on the ladder of High School Education.

And thus we have them now a carefree light hearted class struggling toward the goal of their ambition.

Juniors, you have already done much for the good of the school. Make it your duty to do more so that R. H. S. will not have reason to feel ashamed of your class and that the class of 1928 will not be outshone by any other.

G. E. McL. '27.





Literary



WHISPERINGS OF SPRING.

Who says that the trees, the flowers and the brooks do not talk? Let him prepare to interpret the noddings of the flowers and the babbling of the brooks on a beautiful day of early spring, and then rest convinced; he will agree that these are indeed the whisperings of spring.

Can't you just close your eyes and hear the budding trees, the dainty Spring Beauties, the pure Blood Root creeping up, and then in perfect harmony with all these delights, the tiny bubbling streamlets? Even those tiny rivulets seem to have a definite purpose as they wind merrily on their way, and finally merge into one large stream.

It seems to me that all these things symbolize the spirit of Spring for that is the season when all life awakens to new vigor and strength, and when everyone joins in singing the Spring Song of Joy.

E. C. '28.

LAMENT OF A SPRING FEVER VICTIM.

Oh! take me to that happy land,
If such a land there be
Where Latin, French, and Cicero too
I'll never hear or see.

Where Sargon first and Sargon second
Will not have to be learned;
And Phosphorus or hydrogen
Need never more be burned.

Where George the Third and Charles the First
Will be forever dead;
And teachers will not have to pound
These dates into your head.

Where Emerson and Cooper
Will also be forgot;
And everybody does agree
That grammar is all rot.

Oh! take me to that happy land,
And I will happy be
Pictures in theaters, and sermons from home
Are good enough for me!

R. S. '28.

A VERMONT HOME.

"Beautiful home where my childhood was spent
Beautiful sky where the rainbow oft bent
Beautiful hill echoing whipporwill songs
And beautiful streamlets running zig-zag along."

Julia C. R. Dorr.

The home of Julia C. R. Dorr, called "The Maples," is situated just within the limits of the city of Rutland. It is built upon a small hill away from the road, and is at the present time painted white. If this home could only speak, it would undoubtedly tell many an interesting story; but since it cannot, I will endeavor to tell a few things about it.

We will first venture into the house which has eleven large and spacious rooms on the ground floor, including a large hall, into which one enters by the front door. Other rooms are two kitchens, a pantry, dining room, a library, a parlor, a bedroom, a sewing room, and a sun-parlor.

In the dining room, living room and hall there are stained-glass windows, which are of interest for such things are very rarely seen in the homes of today.

From Mrs. Dorr's poems, we can see that she spent most of her time in writing in her library, and out on the hills which surround her home. On one of the hills, which faces the river Otter, there are several little stone steps which go down half way on the hill, and here Mrs. Dorr would sit and write by the hour.

The flower garden, which can be seen from the library windows, is one of beauty and interest. The walks are in the form of a Grecian cross and bordering these walks are numerous varieties of flowers which are commonly grown in this locality.

At the southwestern end of the house there is a large apple orchard which in spring is a restful spot of delightful odors.

Being a lover of birds, Mrs. Dorr had bird-houses built all about the place. One which I particularly remember was made of a ten-

foot stump of an old maple tree, onto which was grafted a foreign vine. In spring this vine bore a white blossom which attracted the birds, for it was one of the favorite foods of nearly every specie.

Anyone reading my simple account could not fully appreciate or enjoy the beauty of this home, but he would soon realize it if he were to pay it a visit. In closing, I will say that it will always be held dear as my home during many happy years of my childhood.

F. M. C. '28.

MEMORIES.

When you've tried all the others
And no help's to be had;
There's always one to fall back on,
And that's no one but "dad."

How true is this saying. "Is there anyone who will back you up any farther than your dad?" How many times has your "Pop" saved you from what might have been misery for you! Remember how your dad used to tell you stories when you were little? Remember how your dad took you sliding and gave you the time of your life? Remember how "Pa" helped you to get out when you wanted to see the girl on the next street, and gave you money to take her to the movies? Remember, how, not so long ago your dad took you down to get your first straw hat, or maybe it was your first long pants suit?

Can you remember all, or even some, of the little incidents that go to make your dad more dear to you? Why not help your dad by making a real man of yourself, and when you get discouraged, brace up and remember,

"There's always one to fall back on
And that's no one but dad."

H. M. '28.

THE SECOND MILE.

Joseph's father was going away for a month, and during that time he was to do all his father's chores. In order to do this extra work, he resolved to get up earlier.

He started out with high spirits, to get up without being called, and to surprise his mother with his industry. He took the alarm clock to his room, set it for six, and for a week succeeded in carrying out his resolution. When mother came down, the kitchen fire burned

brightly, the furnace was ready for the day, the chickens were cared for, and all the other work done.

By the end of the week, however, this was an old story. The bed felt so good to Joseph. He hated to jump out into the cold. He snuggled under the covers when his mother called him to breakfast. He had reached the second mile.

It is hard to keep a good resolution after the first interest wears off. It is like the second mile of a hike. Those who are not well hardened start out with vigor and spirit. It is a pleasure to walk. The first mile wears out this freshness. The feet tire, the back aches, and the great out of doors is no longer such a delight.

That is the second mile. Hikers know that to stick it out and plod through the second mile means a return of vigor. The tired body adjusts itself to its task.

Good resolutions have a second mile, and it is hard to hold ourselves to the mark. It is fun no longer, it is hard work, and we are tempted to give way. But if we hold ourselves hard and compel ourselves to keep on and get past the second mile, then the way is easier. When we have passed this goal, we find new strength and determination to fight, until at last the end is reached.

On the trail of Life keep going—on past the Second Mile.

E. S. '28.

"VERMONT."

Silver lakes nestled between green hills,
Babbling brooks, singing merrily on their way;
Old-time homesteads, rustic mills—
They all seem to say—

"Vermont!"

Azure skies fleeced with clouds,
Gentle breezes blowing,
Peace and comfort, and the joy of rest
Are found in knowing—

"Vermont!"

Snow heaped high in billowy drifts,
Frozen rivers, sun rays beaming;
Mountains enfolded in snowy mist,
Of all fine places of which you'd be dreaming—

"Vermont!"

M. H. '29.

WHERE LIFE IS BETTER.

Did you ever pick up a magazine and study all of the ideal places that are advertised? I did this the other night, and found many new and surprising revelations.

For instance, I discovered the land of thrills, mystery and beauty—South Africa; the country of enchantment—Germany; the land of adventure—Colorado; and finally, the place where life is better—California. Better than what? You may ask, just as I did.

I read further, and learned that life is easy there. This partly accounted for that daring phrase, "where life is better." Is it better really, to have life easy? Does one get as much enjoyment out of anything that has been easily won? Take the instance of the hard-fought basketball game; is not more pleasure derived from the victory of that game when two points marked the difference in score, than from the one where the team is easily victorious, with no struggle? So it is in the game of life, for it is a game, to be won or lost, fairly and squarely; the end is sweeter when one has worked hard to attain it.

But as to the statement that life is easy there, is it possible that life, real life, can be easy for anyone anywhere? You will find that no matter where you may go, you will not find happiness and success unless you work hard and unceasingly, putting your best into everything you do. Only then will you find that "life is better" and easier—because you yourself have made it so.

D. B. '28.

 ALL IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

"\$25,000 to the Winner of Marathon Swimming Event. Contest to be Held at Catalina Island."

Mary lay on her bed reading the newspaper. She was ready for bed, having gone through all her customary beauty aids, and was now reading to make herself drowsy. The announcement of the contest interested her; it would be fun to enter. She might win, for she had several swimming trophies to her credit already. She lived only a short distance from the place where the meet was to be held, and even if she didn't win any of the prizes, it would be good sport and good experience just to participate. Mary decided that she would send in her application for entrance the next morning.

A clear blue sky; sunshine on the rolling water of the Pacific;

a crowd of people on a sandy beach; a group of girls in bright swimming suits, and among them, Mary in her vivid scarlet suit and cap. The swimmers lined up for the start—a crack of a pistol, and they were off.

Mary's swift, strong stroke soon put her well in the lead. There were only four swimmers ahead of her now, and the distance was already two-thirds covered. Slow, but surely, Mary crept up on the girl ahead of her. Another few minutes, and she had passed her and the two in front. Some distance ahead she saw a bobbing bit of blue which was the cap of the only one to be outdistanced. Mary saw the girl ahead look back at her, and increase her speed a little. Evidently it wasn't going to be so easy to pass this girl. She was getting tired too, and the blue cap seemed far, far ahead. Mary fought on grimly—she mustn't give up now. Soon there was nothing but clear water with no bobbing caps, between her and the land. That meant that she was ahead. The thought put new energy into her tired body.

She was almost there—just a long stretch of water so shallow that she could touch her feet to the bottom and then she would finish. But what was the matter? What was that sticky mass into which she had put her foot just now? Sand wasn't usually like this. Then Mary realized that she had struck some of the treacherous black mud of which she had been warned. She tried to swim faster and get out of it, but found herself sinking deeper. The slimy stuff was soon up to her knees; it pulled her down in spite of her struggles. It crept up and up—she could feel it coming up to her face like clammy fingers, seeking to crush out her life. She found herself choking and gasping for air—trying to shake off that smothering mass—fighting for breath. Then blackness came over her like a heavy dark curtain.

Mary sat up choking and gasping for air, trying to shake off that smothering mass—fighting for breath. For a minute she was dazed; then she came to fully.

Gee! Hadn't she been dumb to fall asleep with beauty clay all over her face and scare herself to death by having a dream like that?

 CLASS ROOM CLASSICS.

Lake at Evening.

White sand at your feet; water lapping on the sand. Off to the left lights are twinkling from a city. On the right the ships come

sailing into the harbor with all lights on. Soon the moon floods all with golden, mellow light, making a fairyland that one is unwilling to leave. E. S. '28.

A Picture.

The girl was beautiful as she stood there a moment in the sunlight. Her golden hair had fallen over her shoulder in a lovely tangled mass. Her cheeks were rosy from running and her face was lighted with a smile that gave warmth and cheer, and showed teeth gleaming like pearls in the sunlight. She was like a fairy as she stood poised there, with the dog romping around her. G. S. '28.

March Wind.

Across the plains, sweeping with terrific force everything in its path to an unknown destination, over the tops of trees with such velocity, that it seemed they could not resist being carried along with the tiny objects which formed a part of it, the wind rushed in its ever onward journey. E. C. '28.

Noon-day.

It was near noon, and the rays of the sun that hung suspended directly overhead in a white glory fell straight upon the roofs and streets. The walls and brick sidewalks of the drowsing town radiated the heat in a dry quivering shimmer. The leaves of the trees hung drooping in the scorching blaze. The heat pouring from the bricks met the heat that descended from the sky. Somewhere in the interior of one of the houses; a guitar was strummed softly; pigeons cooed on the roof, the cat dozed on the fence rail. In a corner of the yard the hens wandered about flapping their wings and cackling loudly. M. B. '29.

Thoughts on a Frosty Morning.

As I swing along to school in the sharp cold of early morning, my wandering eye alights on snow-laden trees and hedges, wonderously increased in size by the crystal snow.

Passing the windows of snow-bound homes with smoke curling from their chimneys, I note that Jack Frost has worked miracles; he has transformed the panes of the poorest hovel into a copy of cathedral glass. With his frost brush he has created wondrous elves and figures, delicate flowers and monstrous towers, weird and lovely faces, which only a fanciful eye can see.

But all this beauty is about to perish under the trampling hosts of Spring, under the command of Sun and Wind; yes, Spring is beautiful, but there is always something sad about the passing of Winter.

J. M. '28.

Mountains at Twilight.

The peaks of the mountains towered high above the little village below. Their gorgeous colors of tawny orange and purple deepening into darker shades were most exquisite against the beautiful sky in the background. The reflection of the setting sun upon them seemed like a blazing mass of fire. And as the sun gradually went down, these wonderful colors grew fainter and fainter, until at last the hills took on the cold and lonely look of coming night.

M. R. '28.

Thought.

(A 30 Minute Jingle)

A wonderful thing is thought, deep thought,
It's weight, it's medium, and yet just an ought,
Everyone uses it, except George Round,
Thought governs even the lowly hound.

We see some boy look off in space,
A very blank look on his childish face;
Perhaps he thinks things that no one ought,
Never mind, my child, he's immersed in thought.

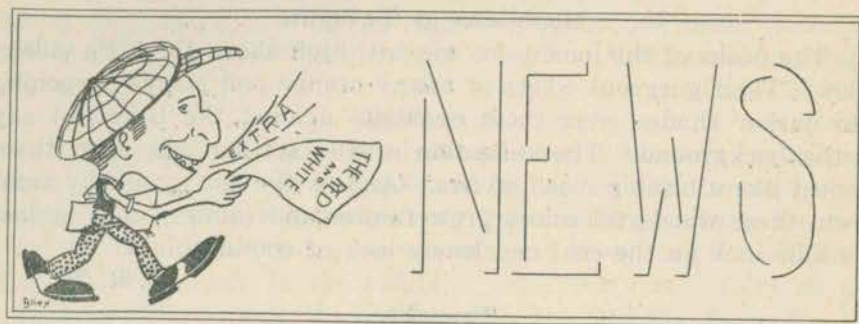
And before a mirror stands a girl;
She's powdering her face with many a whirl;
And then she uses of paint a daub,
There's considerable thought going into that job.

And now let us take a look at our schools
Where thought abounds in great big pools;
The P. G.'s, the hard working teachers,
All take seats on Thought's great bleachers.

Probably no one will ever know
Just how deep in thought one can go;
But really and truly you can't help but agree
That not much thought was put in this by me. E. P. '28.

Springtime.

The sky is overcast, there are rain drops in the air
The wind's from the south, and the clouds hang low.
Easter is coming, and the fast is now here,
But who cares a rap—Springtime is near. A. F. '28.



ASSEMBLIES.

January 4, 1927

The assembly Jan. 4th was in charge of the music department. The jazz orchestra furnished the music which was much appreciated by all the pupils.

January 13, 1927

A special assembly was held Jan. 13 for the boys. Professor C. E. Lanzil spoke on technical training and engineering.

January 14, 1927

The following is the program that was presented at both assemblies Jan. 14 to the students of Rutland High School in observance of the Vermont Sesqui Centennial Celebration which is being held in various parts of the State.

Song	School
The Armour's Errand	Francis Sabourin
Early Vermont History	Ellery Purdy
Song	School
Songs of the Vermonters	Harry Dorion
Song	School

Mr. Johnson gave a short talk at the beginning of each assembly touching on the Sesqui Centennial celebration.

January 18, 1927

The assembly was in charge of Miss Newton and was in the form of a debate.

The question for debate was: Resolved, That the installment plan is the best plan for buying.

The speakers on the affirmative side were: Francis Forcier, Ruth Berry and Albert Holland.

The speakers on the negative side were: Thomas Eddy, Edith Cutler and Jean Simpson.

The judges voted in favor of the affirmative.

February 1, 1927

The jazz orchestra furnished the entertainment for this assembly which was enjoyed by all the students.

February 8, 1927

The second of a series of talks by professional men was given by James P. Leamy who told the pleasant and unpleasant sides of being a lawyer.

The honor roll was read at this time also by Mr. Johnson with the Seniors in the lead.

February 21, 1927

The speaker for this assembly was Reverend Father Kelley who talked on "Patriotism". His speech was most interesting and enjoyable.

Harry Dorion urged the students to attend the tournament and Ira Earle led the student body in a few cheers.

SENIOR COMMITTEES

Class Day

John Carrigan, chairman
Harry Dorion
Mary Phillips
Charlotte Robinson
Harry Holden

Class Picnic

Helen Frankiewicz, chairman
Jeannette Baldwin
Doris Smith
Leo Keefe
Donald McCormick

Reception

Robert Carbine, chairman
Mildred Cheney
Marie Nichols
Howard Goddard
Joseph Avery

Gift

Francis Sabourin, chairman
Kendrick Day
Theodore Hinckley
Edna Cole
Mary Butterfly

Graduation Invitations

Harry Dorion, chairman
 Julian Eaton
 Luigi Sabataseo
 Helen Strubbe
 Nathalie Lewis

Baccalaureate

Edward Layden, chairman
 Clara Hunt
 Janet Fiske
 Catherine Boyden
 Raymond Moore

Class Flower White Rose

JUNIORS FIGURE IN BOLD HEADLINES**"Students Tell What They Think of Non-Voters"**

The above was the heading for an article which appeared in "The Rutland Evening News" of March 2nd, written by John Stearns, a member of the Junior Class.

On the editorial page of the "Rutland Herald" of March 3rd we read an essay entitled, "A Citizen's Responsibility," from the pen of Martin Cioffi, also of the Class of '28.

The articles were the result of thirty minutes' work in the classroom.

BEHOLD THE ARTISTS !

Juniors appeared in big roles, not Parker House nor Brock House nor Rolls-Royce, but just simply rolled on to the platform and off again; because they shone this month as stage artists. They suddenly acquired the grace and sophistication compatible with their years.

They presented on March 18, an entertainment for the sole benefit of our own "Red and White"

THREE CHEERS FOR THE JUNIORS!**Committee on Arrangements:—**

Edith Cutler	Jean Matthews
John Fuller	Jean Philips
Richard Harrison	Edward Pike (chairman)
Leona Longe	William Tarbell
Myron Minard	Ruth Woodfall

... MENU ...

"Thirty Minutes for Refreshments"

(One-act play)

. Cast:

John Downley, a bachelor Harry Menton

Clarence Fitts, a colored servant Alfred Rabidou
 John Foxton, a young married gentleman John Keefe
 Major Pepper Rudolph Morse
 Mrs. Foxton Jean MacLeod
 Miss Arabella Pepper, a maiden lady Mary Morris
 Polly, waiting maid at Highland Station Marion LaVenture
 Extras—Solo Dancing—Readings—Music—Etc.

Then

"THE LAMP WENT OUT"—(a pantomime)

Cast:

Mother Martina Conway
 Daughter Goldie Gilson
 Hero Martin Cioffi
 Villain Charles Spencer
 Reader Helen Jasmin

Refreshments Served While You Wait

By

Dorothy Boyden
 Jean Simpson

Francis Parker
 Francis Mason

FRESHMAN NEWS.**The Election of Class Officers, January 7, 1927.**

President William Brislin
 Vice-President Mary Hodsdon
 Secretary Ruth Bucklin
 Treasurer Richard Wall
 Chairman of Class Color Malcolm Robinson

The Assembly, Feb. 16.

The Freshman assembly Feb. 16 was in charge of Miss Hackett. A debate was held on the following subject: Resolved: That school attendance should be made compulsory for all pupils under eighteen years of age.

Those arguing on the affirmative side were: Edward Marceau, Dorothy Barton, Helen Congdon and Colin Woodfall; William Brislin, Marion McHugh, James Scanlon and Mary Conway upheld the negative side. The latter won. The judges were the members of the Faculty. The chairman of the debate was Mr. Ireland.

The Assembly, Feb. 21.

This assembly was held February 21, in observance of Washington's birthday. Mr. Purdy gave a very interesting talk on the human side of George Washington.

It was enjoyed by all and we hope to hear from him again.

THE NEW LIGHTING SYSTEM.

New electric lighting fixtures have been installed in nine rooms of the High School at a cost of \$477. The new system is of the improved direct lighting variety and replaces the old drop cords with bare incandescent lights, thus materially increasing the usefulness of the building.

The work which was done by Royal Murray of Rutland, is a part of a scheme for the permanent improvement of the High School building. The cost of the work is covered by the school budget for the current year.

THE RUTLAND CARNIVAL.

The Exchange Club of Rutland, after spending the whole fall and winter seasons and a considerable amount of money in preparing a carnival which would attract nation-wide attention to this city and its capabilities as a winter playground, was destined to bitter failure when the snow, which they had prayed and hoped for, failed to arrive.

The basketball game between Middlebury and Norwich colleges which proceeded the carnival ball at the Armory the evening of Feb. 4th was a huge success and the club cleared quite a profit on it.

The Exchange Club thru their efforts had obtained some of the most noted ski-jumpers and ski-runners of North America as participants; besides several of the larger ski clubs who promised to send teams to represent them. The events for High School boys also attracted the notice of several of the leading schools of the state, who promised to furnish competitors for the Rutland High representatives.

However, the huge ski trestle, barren of snow, still remains to remind us in the summer months that next winter, if the gods who distribute the snow are willing and approve, Rutland will have a ski meet that will be a real event in the national calendar.

R. M. '28.

**ADVOCATES OF SCHOOL
BONDS WIN AT POLLS BY MAJORITY OF
386.**

Voters authorize an Issue of \$400,000.

The committee named Tuesday by the voters of the city to select a new High School site and supervise the erection of a building thereon within the \$400,000 limit provided for, met March third at the Clement National Bank at the call of its chairman, Newman K. Chaffee.

Lathrop H. Baldwin was elected secretary of the committee. The group spent part of the afternoon in "getting it's bearings" informally discussing the needs for space of a High School to be met by the erection of a new building.

A number of sites were informally considered. It is expected that data will be available on this point at another meeting of the committee some time next week.

Besides Mr. Chaffee, Mr. Baldwin and Mayor-elect Arthur W. Perkins, who is ex-officio a member of the committee, the following were present: Henry G. Smith, Frank H. Duffy and John C. Flynn.

"PICKLES."

Again R. H. S. gains praise, this time for "Pickles" a musical comedy with an enchanting Viennese setting. Capacity houses filled the Playhouse at each performance and as many more were turned away, unable to obtain seats.

Mr. Phillips gains another "feather for his cap" as the greatest share of praise goes to him for his coaching of dances, drilling of cast and leading of orchestra. His untiring efforts were the greatest factors which aided the show's success. Miss Nellie Newton, too, deserves thanks for her assistance in dramatic coaching.

In addition to the excellent talent drawn from the outside, the High School supplied many who might rival the professionals. All due credit cannot be given, however, without writing pages, but altogether the snappy dancing, tuneful choruses and talented soloists contributed to the success of the "Particularly, Pleasing, Peppy Pickles."

The Cast.

Hans Maier, proprietor of the Inn.....Wallace Amidon
Louisa, a waitressMary Houghton

Captain Kinski William Sargent
 Bumski Robert Allen
 Rumski Francis Billado
 J. Jennison Jones Elwood Ireland
 Jigo, a Gypsy chief Sidney Graham
 Ilona, a Gypsy girl Madeline Davis
 Arthur Crefmont, an Artist..... Jack Welch
 June Pennington, an heiress Ruth Beardsley
 Jonas H. Pennington Bartley Costello
 Lady Vivian Delancy, a widow Mrs. Charles Hayden

SOLO DANCERS

Jean Davis and Frances Thompson.

VIENNESE MAIDENS

Theodore Marceau, Harriet Mattison, Sarah Newman, Mildred Longe, Frances Mason, Nathalie Lewis, Dorothy Boyden and Leona Longe.

VIENNESE STUDENTS

Charles Halpin, James Hurley, Jack Lanzillo, Harry Holden, Gerald McLaughlin, Julian Eaton, Alfred Rabidou, Roy Hannon.

WAITERS

Earl Routier and Raymond Moore.

TOURIST GIRLS

Barbara Butterfield, Mildred Gifford, Catherine Boyden, Mary Morris, Leyla Herrman, Evelyn Daniels, Virginia Kent, Shirley Negus.

TOURIST MEN

Walter Walsh, John Riter, Gordon Prouse, Francis Tree, Richard Harrison, Edward Briggs, Kendrick Day, Francis Ryan.

BELL BOYS

Marie Nichols, Helen Strubbe, Pearl Seff, Jean Simpson, Mary Alexander, Jessie Davis.

GYPSY WOMEN

Mary Lanahan, Jean Phillips, Catherine Castle, Isabelle Kirk, Leona Longe, Sarah Newman, Irma Stone, Alice Bain, Pauline Lamb.

GYPSY MEN

Francis Ryan, Roy Hannon, Alfred Rabidou, Julian Eaton, Gerald McLaughlin, Harry Holden, Jack Lanzillo, James Hurley, Charles Halpin.

CARNIVAL KING

William Matthews.

CARNIVAL QUEEN

Virginia Kent.

FIRE FLIES

Catherine Castle, Mary Lanahan, Jean Phillips, Isabelle Kirk.

WOOD SPRITES

Marie Nichols, Helen Strubbe, Jean Simpson, Jessie Davis.

FOLLIES

Shirley Negus, Pauline Lamb, Evelyn Daniels, Leyla Herrman, Mary Morris, Catherine Boyden, Mildred Gifford, Barbara Butterfield.

CARNIVAL MEN

Richard Harrison, Edward Briggs, Kendrick Day, Francis Ryan, Francis Tree, Gordon Prouse, John Riter, Walter Walsh.

BABY AND HOBO PARTY.

Tuesday evening, February 22, the chorus of "Pickles" was entertained at a Hobo and Baby party in the Assembly Hall. The girls, dressed as befitting five year olds, and their hobo companions amused themselves by dancing to the music of Ballou's orchestra. Refreshments were served at intermission.

HONOR ROLL

February 4, 1927.

SENIORS		JUNIORS	
Elsa Anderson		Dorothy Boyden	3
Mary Butterfly	2	Ella Congdon	3
Edith Erickson		Eva Corsonnes	3
Helen Frankiewicz		Ada Haley	3
Harry Holden	2	Helen Jasmin	3
John Livak	3	Mary Morris	2
Charles Marro		Edgar Stickney	2
James Reedy	3		
Charlotte Robinson	2	FRESHMEN	
Chester Rutkowski		William Brislin	3
SOPHOMORES		Ruth Bucklin	
Irvin Beinhower	3	Helen Congdon	3
Ruth Berry	3	Elizabeth Corcoran	2
Barbara Butterfield	3	Mike Livak	
Virginia Kent		Edward Marceau	3
Vesta Ridlon	3	James Scanlon	2

Numbers following name indicate number of times pupil has been on the Honor Roll this year.

Requirements for Honor Roll are at least 90% in three quarters of prepared subjects with no subjects less than 80%.



"The Dial"—High School, Brattleboro, Vt.

The literary and joke departments merit much praise. We wish to be included in your very attractive exchange comments.

"Auroran"—High School, Muscatine, Iowa.

"The Red and White" is always glad to receive a copy of the "Auroran." Where is your exchange department? A few good cuts would add to your paper immensely.

"The Standard Bearer"—Rome Free Academy, Rome, N. Y.

An improvement is shown in this issue of "The Standard Bearer." We would like to hear your comments on "The Red and White."

"The Sutherland"—High School, Proctor, Vt.

A neat and newsy little paper is "The Sutherland." Come again.

"The Maroon and White"—LaSalle Academy, Providence, R. I.

"The Alphabet of Senior C" is an exceptional feature of your paper. The Christmas number is very neat. We hope to hear from you often.

"The Peopleonian"—People's Academy, Morrisville, Vt.

The arrangement of your paper might be improved if you placed the more important departments first. Some more cuts would add to the attractiveness of "The Peopleonian."

"The Broadcast"—High School, Everett, Mass.

The pictures in your issue of December 22, 1926, make us feel acquainted with you, although you are new to us.

"The Live Wire"—High School, Newbury, Vt.

"A Latin Student's Lament" is quite original. A few comments on your exchanges would be quite worth while.

"The Clarion"—High School, Fair Haven, Vt.

A lack of originality. Why do you run your exchange department all together?

"The Stingaree"—High School, Miami, Florida.

Your news items are fine and your "Honor Roll" is remarkable! A very good idea—your "Courtesy Campaign." You people are alive.

"Life"—Vermont Academy, Saxtons River, Vt.

Your cuts are fine and the jokes are witty. A complete and attractive paper.

"Burdett Lion"—Burdett College

A well written paper. Your departments are complete and the material used in them is very good. It shows a school backed by loyalty.

"The High School Patriot"—High School, Hempstead, N. Y.

Your articles are fine but your departments are very much mixed up.

"The Owl"—High School, Hurlock, Md.

The class of '28 deserves credit for the February issue of "The Owl." We hope to be added to your exchange list.

"The Goddard Record"—Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt.

The picture of your faculty is an excellent idea! The "Who's Who" department is especially worthy of attention—in fact the whole paper is well organized.

"Hi-Spirit"—High School, Enosburg Falls, Vt.

More and better cuts would add to your paper. We would like to hear what you think of the "Red and White."

"Skool Nooz"—High School, Randolph, Vt.

With such a large staff you ought to obtain more material for "Skool Nooz." What you have is interesting.

"The Signboard"—Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

Your editorial department is rather small as compared with athletics. An attractive heading for the February issue of "The Signboard."

"Phiz"—High School, Pitman, N. J.

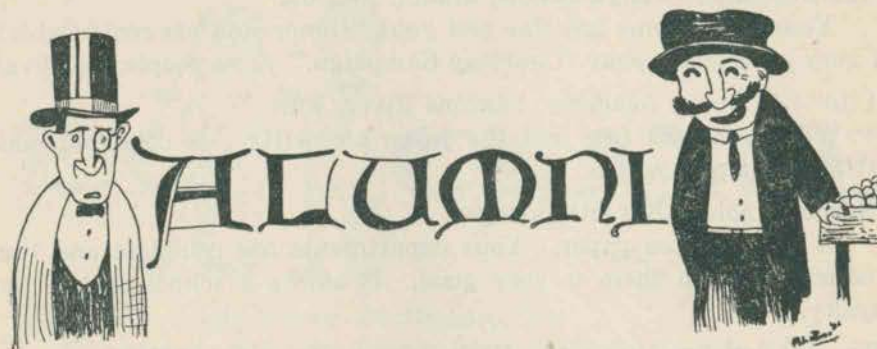
Well arranged paper with snappy cuts and "new" jokes.

"The Sentinel"—High School, New Haven, Conn.

School spirit written on every page of your paper—and the best part of it is that there is no nagging for it in your editorials.

"Reflector"—High School, Leonardo, N. J.

A neat paper! We would like to appear on your exchange list.



Mr. F. K. Davison, Jr. and wife, formerly Miss Anna Wilkins, both of the class of 1914, are spending the winter in Florida.

Harriet Beane '23, has recently returned from New York where she attended the Junior Prom of New York University.

The engagement of Herbert Davison '23, and Miss Leona Hickox '22, of Middletown Springs was recently announced.

Marion Morganson of the class of '24, is teaching in Amherst, Massachusetts.

Temple Russell '24, has a position in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Paul Willard '24, has been made Grand Master of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity of New York University.

William Dugan '25, who was a member of the Pennsylvania Glee Club last year has also been chosen this year to sing with them in the Chorus of "The Mikado," which will be given in Philadelphia's famous Academy of Music on March 24 and 25.

Grace Gill '25, is now convalescing after an operation which took her away from her studies at Skidmore.

Mrs. Margaret Foyles Rickert '26, is now in South Carolina.

Raymond Franzoni '26, has made quite a name for himself on the Basketball squad of Middlebury. Below is a heading which appeared in a local newspaper: "Franzoni Third in Middlebury Scoring. Rutland Freshman High on College Basketball List."

Miss Harriet Foyles of New York, a former member of the class of 1928 is visiting her Grandmother of this city.

John Flynn '26, is working at the Rutland Fire Clay.

Joseph Blumberg '26, is working in a hotel in Georgia.

"Issy" Slater '26, is working in New York.

Aldo Franchesci and Newman Chaffee '26, are students at Vermont.

Bill Reardon '25, is a student at Villa Nova.

"Nick" Manfreda '24, is a student at Catholic University.

John Lanzillo '24, is a student at Princeton Prep.

Norman Adams '26, is a student at the University of Ohio.

Harold Adams '26, is a student at Silver Bay Institute.

It is interesting to note how many of our advertisers once attended R. H. S. A list of them is given below:

W. C. Landon

Nichols and Barney

Robert Boynton (Berwick)

Murdick (Murdick & Durkee)

E. C. Day

C. E. Novak

Carbine (Carbine-Costello)

Oliver Ward

Wing and Morse (Fenton Wing & Morse)

Chapman (Nichols & Chapman)

Raymond Beane (Norton & Beane)

Edward Chalmers

Marguerita Morphy '26, stands the highest in the Freshman class at Wheelock Kindergarten school.

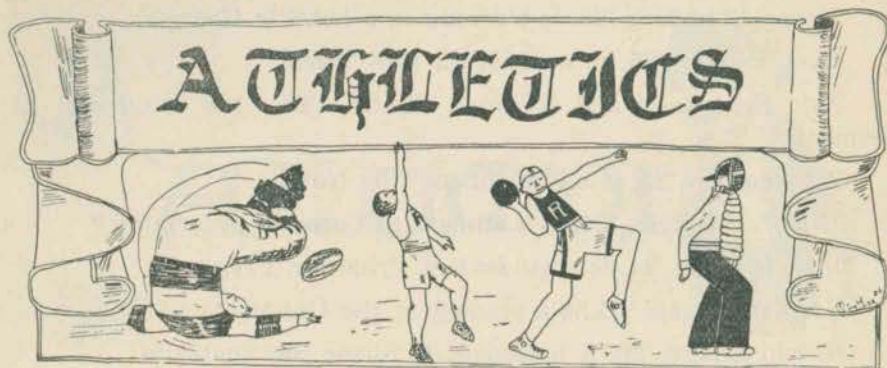
Dorothea Bellerose a graduate of R. H. S. and Middlebury College, is doing Psychiatric Work at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Eleanor Cassidy visited R. H. S. recently. She is teaching in the Commercial department of the High School in Northampton, Mass.

Marvel Webber '26, is attending Clark School, Hanover, N. H.

Milford Smith '24, has changed his course in medicine to that of Journalism at U. V. M.

Alexander Mason '26, of Keene, N. H. recently spent the week-end in Rutland.



THE BASKET BALL SEASON.

Although Rutland has only won two games this season, it may be said to the team's credit that R. H. S. played her hardest every time. Our team was weakened because of its inability to make free throws and long shots. However, to offset the weakness in shooting, Rutland developed a defense which was as good as any in the state. Another thing which crippled the team was the new eligibility ruling. Several of our first string players were unable to play in some of the important games. Nevertheless, although Rutland lost most of the games on her schedule, she lost them as only a good sportsman can lose a game. This all goes to prove that the Rutland High School teams can take defeat as gracefully as they have so often claimed victories.

RUTLAND BEATEN BY ALUMNI.

On Thursday night, December 30, the Rutland High School basket-ball team went down to defeat before the alumni team of '25 by the score of 36 to 12.

It was a lively game with the greater experience and scoring power of the alumni proving the deciding factor.

Captain Keefe and Layden starred for the High School, Layden getting 10 of the 12 points. For the Alumni, the floorwork of Belle-rose and the close guarding of Reardon were the features.

The line-ups follow:

High School	Alumni
Layden, r. f.	r. f., Franzoni
Dick, l. f.	l. f., Bellerose (Capt.)
Vargas	Beale

Crowley, c.	c., Hagan
MacGillivray	
Keefe, J., r. g.	r. g., Reardon
Canty	
Keefe, L. (Capt.) l. g.	l. g., Reed
Levins	Bove

RUTLAND WINS OVER BENNINGTON.

The Rutland High School basket-ball team, playing its second game of the season, defeated Bennington High School, Friday night, January 15, at the Armory, by the score of 22 to 12.

The game was played at a very fast pace and Rutland's offense, with Joe Canty and Crowley doing most of the scoring, showed to advantage.

Rutland's five man defense was always formed before Bennington got started and Bennington's plays were usually broken up before they did any good.

LaFlamme, Bennington's center, was the star of the game and all of the Bennington plays were centered about him.

Coach O'Brien used thirteen players in the game.

The line-ups follow:

Rutland	Bennington
Dick, r. f.	r. f., Hall
Vargas	Tiff
Crowley, l. f.	l. f., Plumb
Minard, Eddy	Osterlee
Layden, c.	c., LaFlamme
MacGillivray	
Keefe, L., r. g.	r. g., Crawford
Keefe, J.; Gemo	
Canty, l. g.	l. g., Sibley
Goddard, Levins	

RUTLAND DEFEATED BY FAIR HAVEN.

The Fair Haven High School basket-ball team defeated Rutland High, Friday night, January 21, by the close score of 9 to 7.

The Rutland team, playing with Crowley and Canty out of the line-up, put up a good fight, but lacked the scoring punch.

The score was tied at half-time, Fair Haven took the lead in the

third quarter, but the score was soon tied again until a goal from the center of the floor by Laramie won the game for Fair Haven.

Captain Leo Keefe and Layden were the mainstays of the Rutland team, while Laramie shone for Fair Haven.

The line-ups follow:

Rutland		Fair Haven	
Dick, r. f.		r. f., Durick	
Minard			
Layden, l. f.		l. f., Foley	
MacGillivray, c.		c., McFarren	
Levins			
Keefe, J., r. g.		r. g., Casey	
Goddard		McGuinness	
Keefe, L., l. g.		l. g., Laramie	

RUTLAND LOSES TO BENNINGTON.

The Rutland High School basket-ball team journeyed to Bennington Saturday, January 23, and were defeated by Bennington High School, 24 to 12.

Rutland's offense went smoother than in the Fair Haven game, and they worked the ball beneath the Bennington goal several times, but these opportunities were weakened by inaccurate shooting.

Th fine playing of LaFlamme, Bennington's center, was a feature of the game. His shooting was excellent, getting several goals from the center of the floor. Captain Keefe and Layden starred for Rutland.

The line-ups follow:

Rutland		Bennington	
MacGillivray, Eddy, r. f.		r. f., Hall, Osterlee	
Dick, l. f.		l. f., Plumb	
Layden, c.		c., LaFlamme	
Gemo, Levins, r. g.		r. g., Crawford	
Keefe, L., Goddard, l. g.		l. g., Sibley	

PROCTOR DEFEATS RUTLAND.

The Rutland five were defeated by Proctor on Friday, February 14, by a score of 16 to 7. Because of the fine defensive playing of both teams the ball was kept in the middle of the floor, with a result

that the R. H. S. players were unable to get close enough to the basket to make many shots.

The Chehy brothers and Faignant starred for the winners. Proctor won almost entirely because of her superior shooting. Captain Keefe, Crowley and Layden each scored a goal for Rutland.

In a preliminary game the second team defeated the freshmen, 22 to 10. Eddy and Porter starred for the winners, while Dwyer and Billado were the outstanding freshmen players.

The line-ups follow:

Rutland		Proctor	
Crowley, Keefe, J., r. f.		r. f., Chehy, F.	
Layden, Dick, l. f.		l. f., Chehy, J.	
MacGillivray,, Levins, c.		c., Faignant	
Canty, Vargas, r. g.		r. g., Bruggiani	
Keefe, L. (Capt.) l. g.		l. g., Welch	

SPRINGFIELD DEFEATS RUTLAND.

The Springfield High School basket-ball team triumphed over Rutland High School, Monday night, February 21, by the score of 20 to 9.

Rutland, playing clean, fast basket-ball, took the lead in the first quarter, but the game soon developed into a foul shooting contest that worked to Springfield's advantage.

The ability to take advantage of the foul shots offered them was what won for Springfield, ten of their points coming in this manner.

Adam Tarro starred for Springfield, getting four foul shots and three floor goals. Captain Keefe, Crowley, and Goddard played well for Rutland.

The line-ups follow:

Rutland		Springfield	
Layden, r. f.		r. f., Tarro, A.	
Keefe, J. l. f.		l. f., Tarro, C.	
Crowley, c.		c., Dressel	
Keefe, L., Goddard, r. g.		r. g., Birt	
Canty, l. g.		l. g., Whilhelm	

THE SOUTHERN VERMONT TOURNAMENT.

For the first time in several years, Rutland failed to last out until the finals in the Southern Vermont tourney. The team's lack of shoot-

ing ability hampered them especially when they were placed against the Bellows Falls five who nearly won the tournament.

The Rutland-Bellows Falls game was closely played with both teams showing fine defensive tactics. As in several of the previous games this season, Rutland lost only because of the team's inability to get long shots. Thru an unlucky accident in the last half Captain Fish of Bellows Falls broke his leg.

Proctor and Bellows Falls emerged victorious from the semi-finals, having defeated Fair Haven and Bennington. The final game was by far the most closely contested game of the series. Bellows Falls lead by a narrow margin until the last quarter when Proctor gained the lead by a rally of five points winning the tournament by a score of 11 to 10. Faignant and John Chehy starred for Proctor, while Foster and Barry lead for Bellows Falls.

The tournament awards were as follows: The "President's Cup" for the player most valuable to his team was presented to Bernard Zeno of Bellows Falls. The championship trophy was received by Captain Faignant of the Proctor team.

The cups for the winners in the free throw contest in the Senior and Junior divisions went to Albert Partridge and Sam Nalibou, both of Woodstock.

The all-tournament team was:

Right Forward Rocco Zamiello, Black River Academy
Left Forward John Chehy, Proctor
Center and Captain Warren McFarren, Fair Haven
Right Guard Bernard Zeno, Bellows Falls
Left Guard Lawrence Welch, Proctor

WINTER SPORTS.

This winter is the second one in which Rutland has taken an active part in winter sports. Our boys again showed their school spirit by answering the call to take part in the winter carnivals. The fact that they did not accomplish much was, by no means, due to their inabilities, but to hard luck. In this case, the hard luck was the lack of snow. With no snow, there could be no practice, and we believe that if our team could have practiced more they would have been at the top of the ladder.

The first carnival which Rutland attended was at Bellows Falls. A team of eight, consisting of Eddy, Hinckley, Reedy, Hill, Rabidou, Jillson, Hinsman, and Harrington represented the school. The boys went down without a coach and conducted themselves in a praise-

worthy manner. In the ski dashes and cross country run which took place the first day of the carnival, Rutland placed high. Harrington, Eddy and Hinckley won places in these events. In the morning of the second day Rutland won a hockey game against Brattleboro with a score of 3 to 2. In the final game of the series Rutland was defeated by Keene by the close score of 4 to 3. The Rutland hockey players were Eddy, Jillson, Hill, Rabidou, Harrington and Hinsman. The ski-jumping was the last event of the program. Reedy, Hill, Rabidou and Jillson, all four taking the jump for the first time, were Rutland's contestants.

The team also went to Chester, but it did not have a chance against its opponents. Our hockey team played two games with the Sutherland Club of Proctor and beat them both times.

These contests practically include Rutland's part in winter sports. Our team this year was not perfect, but it deserves credit for its spirit and enthusiasm. Not one of these boys were skilled in the art of skiing or ski-jumping, yet everyone of them did his best to keep up the standard of the school. With this team as a precedent we can feel confident that our future hockey and skiing teams will be successful.

THE TRACK SEASON.

With the return of spring most of the fellows begin to think about track. Rutland seems to have a track team which will lead the state in track as Rutland teams have always led. Although we have lost Captain Pierce and Yarrington by graduation, we will have the new captain, "Nanny" Sabourin, with "Ted" Hinckley, Don MacGillivray and "Buddy" Fox, who have already proven themselves good trackmen, besides a great many more hard working Sophomores and Juniors, who are developing into future track team material.

THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Rutland enters its baseball season this year with the best schedule it has had in years. As a member of the Marble Valley League it is matched against some of the leading baseball teams of the state. The school's prospects in baseball are exceptionally bright and if the usual large squad reports for practice, Rutland cannot fail to have one of the leading teams of the state.

RUTLAND JOINS THE MARBLE VALLEY LEAGUE.

Rutland High School has accepted the invitation extended them to join the Marble Valley League during the baseball season this

spring. Other members of the League are the high schools of Vergennes, Proctor, Pittsford, Brandon, Fair Haven, Middlebury, West Rutland and Black River Academy of Ludlow.

The Rutland schedule as now planned is:

May 3.....	Vergennes at Rutland
May 4.....	Rutland at Proctor
May 10.....	Pittsford at Rutland
May 17.....	Rutland at Brandon
May 31.....	Rutland at Fair Haven
June 8.....	Middlebury at Rutland
June 11.....	Black River Academy at Rutland
June 15.....	Rutland at West Rutland

THE GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAMS.

The girl's basketball squad closed its season by playing a fine game against the strong Troy Conference Academy girl's team. It was one of the fastest games of the season and the R. H. S. girls were excellent in their passing and shooting, leading at the half by a score of 18 to 9. The T. C. A. team staged a comeback in the last half and with Ross as high scorer, they tied Rutland in the last forty-two seconds by a score of 25 to 25.

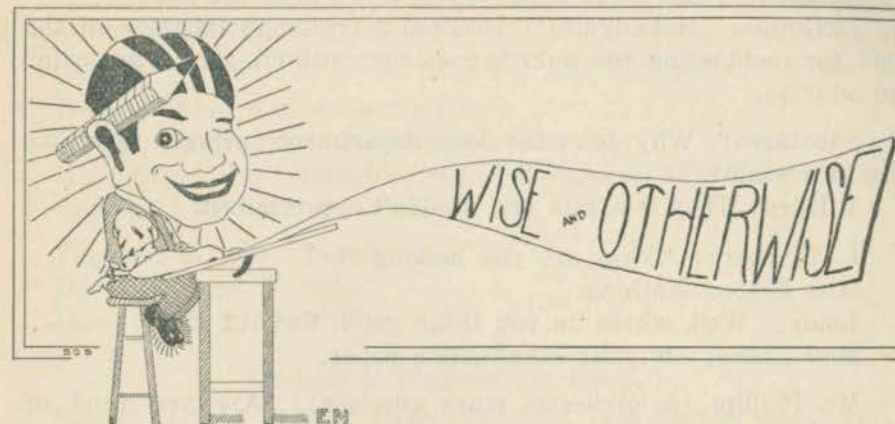
Manager "Pete" Rice '27 as center made ten points for the Red and White and certainly closed her basketball record with credit. Captain Holland playing center the first part of the season was an incentive to the team, and altho during the last part of the season she was unable to play because of injuries she showed as much enthusiasm as anybody.

The interclass basketball games caused much rivalry and closed with the sophomore team winning the cup presented by members of the faculty.

Considering that Girl's Basketball was organized for the first time the season has been a distinct success, the girl's teams won four games and tied one out of a schedule of seven games.

The members of the squad were:

Mabel Rice, Manager	Dorothy Davies
Esther Holland, Captain	Virginia Noyes
Kitty Grandy	Janet Goddard
Genevieve Demarais	Lyla Herrmann
Irene Chamberland	Frances Mason
Folrence Perfetti	



George Rounds: I don't see how you can tell those Boyden girls apart.

Rabidou: That's easy. Dot always blushes when she sees me.

Mr. Purdy: Compare the education in the "Little Red School-house" with Modern education.

Zeke Eddy: The 3 R's used to be Reading, Riteing, Rithmetic; now it's Rah! Rah! Rah!

Miss Dickson: (to Maynard Welch who has been day dreaming) "Mr. Welch you must be in love. If I were your private teacher—" We wonder.

Mr. Bump: A fruit may be identified by its seed.

Ken Day: What about Juicy Fruit?

'27: Glad to see you back in school this year. Whatcha taking?
Conway: Everything that isn't nailed down.

Joax: Above the roar was heard Claire Wall's voice.

Willcox: (In auto) Gee Ed, that was an awful joke they had in the Red and White.

Layden: Which one?

Marion: The one about you and me being out for a ride and you asking me for a kiss. I was supposed not to have said anything and you are pictured as being too dumb to sense my tacit agreement.

Marion: (a few minutes later) You're not so dumb, are you?

Mangan: What's the editor of the Red and White like?

McGinnis: McLaughlin? He fired a freshman reporter off the staff for mentioning the unknown soldier without giving his name and address.

Sabatasso: Why don't the Joke department spring a new joke once in a while?

J. Riley: They're afraid you wouldn't appreciate it.

L. Fineberg: What are you looking for?

Miss Beebe: Nothing.

Louis: Well, where do you think you'll find it?

Miss Beebe: On your examination paper.

Mr. Phillips (as orchestra plays selection): Are you fond of music?

Visitor: Yes, indeed, but don't stop the boys.

Alumni: What are you taking up in R. H. S.?

Eaton: Space.

Parker: Well, Phyliss, I suppose you've come to see the sights of Rutland?

Phyliss: Yes, Fran dear, and I thought I'd come and see you first.

Crowley: Gimme an ice-cream cone.

Helen Frankewitz: Five or ten?

Crowley: Just one.

M. Phillips: Min Cheney swears she's never kissed any fellow.

A. Farnsworth: Isn't it enough to make any girl swear?

Mondella: Why are there no insane asylums in Arabia?

M. Considine: Because there are Nomad people there, you sap.

Pierce: Prouse is an awful dumb-bell.

W. Spencer: What's he done now?

Gordon: Sent a letter of condolence to the College Widow.

Porky Ryan: What's the most nervous thing next to a girl?

Tubby Tree: Me.

Teacher: Why do you use such obscene language?

Livak: I was born near the mouth of the Volga.

Joax: Freshmen often act foolish, and many of them are not acting.

Ma Berry: While you stood at the gate bidding my daughter good night, did it ever dawn upon you—

Red-top Quigley: Certainly not sir! I never stayed that late.

Walsh: What d'ya do last period?

Halpin: Took part in a guessing contest.

Wow-Wow: But I thought you had an exam in Miss True's Math.

Brainy: I did.

Farnsworth: Pa, it's raining.

Dad: Well, let it rain.

Dan: I was going to, Pa.

* * *

Bushels of Biographical Bunk.

"Jack" Quigley: Here, fellow students, is a man of great versatility, a man with a past. He is also known as "Venus," alias "Wally" alias "Charley White-Sox" alias "Hector." Jack is primarily a linguist, in fact he talks a language known only to himself. Secondly his terpsichoric ability has won him fame. He has the technique of a Paderewski, the grace of Isadora Duncan and a style all of his own. As a man of amours he has successfully wooed and won and jilted all the wimmen at the High School (with the exception of the faculty). He is well known as "Jack," he prefers it. They call him "Jack" at home for short, he tells us.

"Zip" Gemo: Zip as we all know is a diamond in the rough. However, are we all acquainted with his epicurean habits? It is discreetly whispered around the corridors that Zip came by that name because of his orchestral renderings at the soup plate.

"Kiyi" Beardsley: Barrett Levins tells us that when "Kiyi" was a little lad of seven or eight, his Pa and Ma used to dress him up in a little Lord Fauntleroy suit and nice straw hat and take him to church. His little playmates, Barrett Levins, Tom Porter, Ed. Dooley and Bill Burke were not such little gentlemen. As "Kiyi" was walking up the church steps one day, the ruffians, thinking they were calling cows yelled, "Kiyi, Kiyi, Kiyi." In a great rage Howard, who thought they were poking fun at him broke away from his parents and chased the young hoodlums through the streets. Since then he has been known as "Kiyi."

"Goose" Gosselin: Another colorful character is Senator "Goose" Gosselin. Between driving Nash nondescripts, "Goose" has developed many other sterling qualities. We predict that Mr. Gosselin will

some day give Porter Dale a run for the senatorship. He is called senator because of his constantly heckling his teachers with questions of general disinterest. A witty bystander (Joe Avery) upon hearing Hubert call signals decided that it sounded like a goose quacking and so we know him as "Goose" Gosselin. P. S. He is a leader in the Fran Chapter of the Masons.

Joax: Mr. Ed Conway announces that he is bored with the quips and cranks of youthful jollity.

MacGillivray: That is a beautiful dress you've got on.

"Babe" Cutler: Do you really like it?

"Don": No, truthfully I am just being conventional.

"Bud" Fox: Hurry up, Smart, run out and get some black coffee, Jack's fainted.

Lawson (five minutes later): Shall I get some cream and sugar?

Miss Dickson: Bove, what happened to Pompei?

Perry: Some feller named Vesuvius destroyed it.

Solicitor: Will you help the "Old Ladies Home?"

Lanzillo: Where are they?

Janet Fiske: (highbrow) I prefer to read "Browning."

Skinny Ball: (lowbrow) Oh yes, did Peaches get her divorce?

Charles Spencer: I had a date with you, didn't I Virginia?

Virginia Kent: No, but you thought you did.

The Red and White Publishing Company Announces the Following New Books:

"A Day At the Rink" or "A Dash Around the Ice" by Bunsy Keefe and Ben Dick. This is a very well written collaboration by two of America's foremost fancy and speed skaters of today. It tells of the many hard knocks two determined young men underwent to master skating. A fine book for beginners.

"Men I Have Known" or "How It Feels To Be Wooed By Famous Men" by J. Simpson.

In this remarkable narrative of her life Miss Simpson reveals the intimate lives of her very many suitors, her likes and dislikes, and her analysis of Men. Charmingly written it will be enjoyed by all.

"Public Speaking" or "Winning the Audience" by Harry Dorion. Mr. Dorion has written another good book. Wonderfully well planned.

Mr. Dorion brings out the hardships of the public speaker. As a model of a well thoughtout speech Mr. Dorion gives an excerpt from one of his own. "Now fellow students, let me urge you to attend this game. Rutland High has always led this state in anything Physically, Athletically, Mentally,—and otherwise."

Miss Nugent: Translate "fugit."

Van Reedy: Male Insects.

Miss Nugent: Male Insects! Why?

Jimmie: He flees, isn't he?

Dick (indignantly after game): Gee whiz, I was kicked out on four personals before the game was half over. Something's wrong, I only committed three.

Goddard (unthinkingly): That's all right, Archem, it wouldn't have made any difference in the final score.

Waitress (in Bennington): Will you have Beef Soup or Consomme?

Gemo: Naw! Gimme pickles!

Coach O'Brien: You're ineligible, Canty, what are you flunking?

Joe: Modern Progress.

Coach: Yes, Modern Retardment all right.

* * *

WISE WIT.

"Enjoy marriage now, pay later."

Tom Eddy (in debate).

"It isn't necessary for a family to have a victrola or piano—they can listen to their neighbor's."

Babe Cutler (in debate).

"The Singer people inaugurated the installment plan 65 years ago, altho of course it took the younger and better generation to develop it."

Francis Forcier (in debate).

"What'll cake-eaters do when they'll have to rely upon rye bread?"

Al Penta.

"This is the worst bunch of shots ever collected—why the girls could outscore you!"

Coach Purdy.

(Go to it, girls, that was a nasty dig!)

"—is a terrible team. You've got a fair chance to win this game."

Coach O'Brien (predope on game).

"We'll read the Morning Bull (bulletin)."

Mr. Bump.

"Stenographers are supposed to work eight hours and sleep eight hours, but not the same eight hours."

Mr. Phillips (to brilliant but sleepy class).

* * *

V. Chamberland: My, you must love to be a soda jerker.

Fiucci: Why?

Virginia: You lead such a stirring life.

Hill: I want some winter underwear.

Clerk: How long?

Hill: How long? Say, I don't want to rent 'em, I want to buy 'em.

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Joe Canty: Gee Doris, you sure are a nice girl.

Smith: Yes—but I'm so tired of it.

Forcier: It's wonderful how my hair parts in the middle.

Perry: Yes, on a dead center.

Dorion: How much do you charge for the shave?

Barber: A dollar and a half!

Dorion: What! How's that?

Barber: I had to hunt for the beard.

Joax: He was so expensive, father called him Bill.

Bob Wilson: What kind of a woman was Eurydice supposed to have been?

Mrs. Crowley: Why what do you mean, Robert?

Bob: Why in the notes it says that when Eurydice died, Orpheus went to the lower world to seek her.

Hutchins: Does my face need powder?

Beldon: No, soap.

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